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## HONOR MEMORY OF PATHFINDER.

Tablet Dedicated to Gen. Fremont is Unveiled.

Daughters of Revolution in Patriotic Programme.

Bronze Plate Set in Wall of Aliso-street Building.

Honors were added to the memory of Gen. John C. Fremont, the "Pathfinder," when Eschscholtzia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, yesterday unveiled, with appropriate ceremonies, a tablet marking the location of Fremont's headquarters in Los Angeles.

This affair brought together a company not particularly large, but of a remarkable character, when its elements are considered. There were many pioneers of Los Angeles and veterans of the Civil War; members of patriotic societies, Sons of Veterans and men who wore in the lapels the buttons showing Spanish-American War service. There were bright-faced and eager-eyed students of the high schools and educators, who recognized in the event a significant realization of the service that Gen. Fremont rendered to our country and particularly to California. As a background to this gathering there were assembled considerable groups of Spanish-Americans and Chinese.

The programme took place on the south side of Aliso street, about fifty feet east of Los Angeles street—near the exact location of the old Fremont headquarters as it was possible to reach. Here, across the wide sidewalk, had been erected a speakers' stand. It was just below the bronze tablet that had been set into the wall of the building now covering the location where the original adobe stood that housed the "Pathfinder."

American flags were used in profusion at the stand and a large flag covered the tablet until it was drawn aside by the hands of Miss Elizabeth Benton Fremont, regent of Eschscholtzia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, sole surviving offspring of the statesman-soldier.

THE PROGRAMME.

The programme was in charge of Mrs. James Hyde Forbes, Regent of Eschscholtzia Chapter. It opened with music by the Los Angeles Polytechnic High School Band, followed by invocation by Dr. Baker P. Lee.

The presentation of the tablet to the city was made by Mrs. Forbes, who spoke of the honor which the chapter feels in having the privilege of this paying a tribute to the character and loyalty of Gen. Fremont. She expressed the hope that in the development of the manhood of this city there will be incorporated such qualities as those which gave sterling worth to the man Fremont, and to his work as a soldier and a statesman.

The tablet was unveiled by Miss Fremont, amid applause, and on behalf of the Mayor, Rev. Glen MacWilliams, his secretary, made a brief speech of acceptance, the tablet was unanimously dedicated at the City Hall.

Mrs. Maynard Force Thayer, State Regent of California, of the Daughters of the American Revolution, then spoke on the work accomplished by Gen. Fremont, and the necessity at this time for a consideration of the need of a citizenship that should inculcate his ideals and emulate his principles as shown in his notable career.

"We have discovered recently that we have in the United States, people who are with us but not of us," said this speaker, and she declared that no opportunity should be lost to impress the fact that citizens here must be Americans first, regardless of the hands of their nativity, and that while inculcating proper lessons when we honor the memories of the men who, like Gen. Fremont, have accomplished great things for the nation and for California. She said that the Daughters of the American Revolution felt particularly honored in having the privilege of placing this memorial tablet.

At the close of the programme Gov. Johnson also made a brief address, reviewing the work accomplished by Gen. Fremont. The assembly joined in singing "America" and then dispersed, although many of the pioneers remained to greet Miss Fremont.

ON TRAFFIC.

Santa Fe Official Goes East Today to Attend Important National Association Meeting.

Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager Byrne of the Santa Fe will leave today for the East to attend the meeting of the American Association of Passenger Traffic Officials at French Lick, Ind., next Tuesday and Wednesday, and the dinner in honor of President Ripley of the Santa Fe at the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago, the 19th inst. It will be the seventieth birthday of the veteran head of the Santa Fe.

A recent decision of the United States Supreme Court laying down the principle that each class of railroad traffic must be self-supporting and exhibit a profit in itself makes the coming meeting of passenger traffic officials of unusual importance. Ways and means of either increasing the returns from passenger business or of cutting down maintenance expenses will probably be the major topics of discussion at the meeting.

Music and dancing every afternoon and evening, October 23 to 30, Broadway Automobile and Flower Show, Boston Store Building.

## The Man who Made California History Reconstruction in Mexico



At the unveiling of the Fremont tablet, Near the intersection of Aliso and Los Angeles streets yesterday. At the right is Miss Elizabeth Benton Fremont, who unveiled the bronze plate, and at the left, Mrs. James Hyde Forbes, regent of Eschscholtzia Chapter, D.A.R., who presented it to the city in the name of the chapter.

### Officer Slays Youth.

(Continued from First Page.)

"Smitty" but he suggested they stop, and the motorcycle was halted. They were chatting with the girl when they saw Sgt. Cahill and Patrolman Shanno coming into the park while making the rounds of their beat. Wishing to avoid meeting the policemen, they hurried to their motorcycle and started away.

Sgt. Cahill became suspicious of their haste. He said to Shanno: "Let's see what those kids are up to," and they ran towards the boys, shouting for them to stop.

The motorcycle was geared to run at a speed of eighty miles an hour, according to tests made later—a powerful two-cylinder machine. The boys sped away.

Sgt. Cahill and Patrolman Shanno ran in pursuit, and then turned and commanded a passing automobile, driven by D. A. Everett, a newspaper man of No. 512 South Flower street, to stop. They ordered Everett to pursue the disappearing fugitives. The motorcycle outstripped the motor car, the two boys turning into Avenue 44, almost past the door of the home where Harry Duncan shot and killed Police Sgt. Toolen early Tuesday morning.

The pursuers thought the fugitives had continued along Pasadena avenue, and they went as far as Avenue 44 before they were aware they had lost the trail. The pursuit then turned down Avenue 44 to Buchanan street, and on Buchanan street to Avenue 48 again.

There they met the boys face-on. The policemen stepped out on the running board of the motor car, calling to the boys to halt. Instead, the boys turned the motorcycle about and fled. SHOT PIERCES BOTH.

As they did so both policemen fired, shooting eight times. But one shot took effect. It passed entirely through Chester Nolen, without striking a bone to deflect it, and continued on into the body of Frank Ward, passing through just under the skin, so that a twitch of the fingers released it at the hospital.

At the time the motorcycle and the machine were speeding, Nolen, driving, slid off the back seat and crumpled in the highway. With his machine staggering under his uncertain control, Frank Ward continued to fall a few yards further.

Both were put into Mr. Everett's automobile and taken at once to the Receiving Hospital.

When Sgt. Cahill and Patrolman Shanno were taken before Assistant Chief Home, each declared he had pointed his revolver "up in the air" and had shot only to frighten the boys into stopping. The authorities of the killing could not be fixed on either man, as both had the same kind of ammunition.

Their two revolvers are .38-caliber, Smith & Wesson special police weapons. Sgt. Cahill's has a longer barrel than the patrolman's.

Although at the time of the shooting the boys were suspected of having committed no crime, except possibly that of stealing a motorcycle, investigation showed they bore no criminal records in juvenile delinquency.

POLICE RECORDS

Young Nolen was first arrested April 5, 1910, as an incorrigible, but released on probation. On June 27 of the same year he was arrested again for incorrigibility, but was allowed to go to San Bernardino with his parents.

September 15, 1914, he was arrested on the charge of having entered the Woodliff-Hulse electrical store, Third and Main streets, and having stolen a considerable quantity of goods. He was sentenced to Whittier reformatory, but the sentence was suspended because of his youth, during good behavior. November 4, last year, he was arrested for speeding, but was allowed to go to Yolo county with his parents.

He was a handsome boy, with clear complexion, regular features and an unusually bright eye. A short time ago he became involved with a girl and was sought by Juvenile Officer Marden to answer a serious charge. His family reported he was difficult to handle and did not like to work.

Young Ward, whose father is now in the County Hospital recovering from an operation, was first arrested March 4, 1910, for stealing a bicycle. He was declared a delinquent and released on probation. May 23, the same year, he was arrested on a charge of having stolen an automobile. He was committed to the George Junior Republic. A short time later he was stricken with typhoid fever and was permitted to return to his home to convalesce.

June 23, 1911, he was arrested on a charge of having stolen an automobile, but his guilt was never proved in court. August 15 he was arrested on a grand larceny charge, accused

of having stolen an automobile. The first night he was in the Detention Home, to which he was committed, he escaped.

Later, he was arrested in San Francisco at the request of the local authorities and was given probation there. He went east with his mother, returning west eight months ago. One month ago he came to Los Angeles, riding a motorcycle.

## J.M. Robinson

Seventh and Grand  
Saturday Sale  
Boys' Suits

\$5.00 to \$6.50 Suits \$3.95  
\$7.50 to \$10.00 Suits \$4.95

Upward of One Hundred Fifty Suits

For Boys from 2 to 6 years old. Bring the little chaps in and let them choose for themselves, and be properly fitted. Sale starts this morning at opening time—9 o'clock.

Russian Blouse Suits of all wool blue or white serge, also velvets, for little men 2 to 6 years.  
Reefer Coats of woolen shepherd checks and Scotch mixtures, velvet or self collars; browns, tans and grays, sizes 2 to 6 years. We would add that the above Suits are fully up to the Robinson Store standard in every particular—material, workmanship, trimming, color and all. The story in a nut shell is: We need the room for other goods.

—FIRST FLOOR—  
Children's Hair Cutting—Second Floor.

### New Arrivals for the Baby

Just in time for this Saturday selling of Baby things comes this line of Maderia embroidered dainties. These goods are completely worked ready to be put together. You must see them to appreciate their beauty and delicacy.

Babies' Caps \$1.00 to \$2.25—A dozen different styles and sizes, and the prettiest styles you ever saw.

Embroidered Yokes 25c to \$1.25—These yokes with their beautiful embroidered work are the making of the baby's dress.

Babies' Dresses \$2.25 to \$7.50—Here is the entire dress, all materials, all trimmings. Just waiting to be teamed up. Several styles.

—EMBROIDERY DEPT., FIRST FLOOR—

### Fancy Socks—25c, 35c and 50c For Infants and Children

New importations have arrived of the prettiest, daintiest socks for little folks one could well imagine. Plain colored styles with light or dark colored plaid or striped boots. A shade for every complexion, a style for every occasion, and every one a beauty.

Three exceptional values at . . . . . 25c, 35c and 50c

—HOSIERY SECTION, FIRST FLOOR—

### Infants' Hand Made \$1.00 Long Dresses . . . . .

Never before have we shown a dress at this price that was hand made through and through. But here it is. Made of fine, soft mercerized nainsook and daintily trimmed with Val. edge and feather stitching. It's marked \$1.00.

—INFANTS' SECTION, THIRD FLOOR—

### Intermediate Dresses For Girls at the Awkward Age \$7.50 to \$20.00

12, 14, and 16 year sizes. We have just received a new lot of the prettiest, smartest styled frocks for girls who are too large for junior sizes and too small for misses.

The styles are varied in the extreme. Some are of serge, or of serge and plaid silk combined. Others of corduroy or velvet with the new short Jacket effect. Strictly tailored styles are particularly suited to school wear; others, more elaborate may be worn for semi-dress occasions. Prices \$7.50 to \$20.00 each.

—THIRD FLOOR—

Grand Prize, Panama-Pacific Exposition San Francisco, 1915

Grand Prize, Panama-California Exposition San Diego, 1915



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## For Flavor and Quality BAKER'S COCOA is just right

It has the delicious taste and natural color of high-grade cocoa beans; it is skillfully prepared by a perfect mechanical process; without the use of chemicals, flavoring or artificial coloring matter. It is pure and wholesome, conforming to all the National and State Pure Food Laws.

CAUTION: Get the genuine with our trade-mark on the package.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780

DORCHESTER, MASS.



2 P.M. and NO lunch?

E-C's for yours—the toasted corn flakes with the inviting flavor.

At the better hotels and restaurants.

If you lunch at home, keep your pantry stocked with E-C Corn Flakes.

10 cents at all good grocers. DON'T ACCEPT SUBSTITUTES



the better the FLOUR the better the Biscuits

—and the "better" flour is Globe Mills' "A1"—which makes the "better" biscuits.

—Why do you wait? You can serve these "better" biscuits in the morning.

Globe Mills—Los Angeles

## FILM HOLIDAY FOR MONROVIA

Town will Close up and Screen Folks Work.

Indian Attack on Argonauts Piece de Resistance.

Military Field Phone to Used by Director.

Equipped for the first time in the history of motion-picture making with a field telephone system like those used by the armies now fighting in Europe, Henry Kablerke, director of the Monrovia Feature Film Company, will stage this afternoon under the auspices of the Monrovia Chamber of Commerce, one of the spectacular scenes of "The Argonauts," the photoplay now being filmed in the foothills of the Sierras.

Monrovia is the latest Southern California city to join the ranks of the picture-producing centers of the West, and she intends to let others know she is in the game to the finish. Today has been declared a holiday in consequence, and an invitation has been extended to all to witness the filming of an Indian attack on an immigrant train, with Director Kablerke handling the scene from a point more than a mile distant from the actual encounter.

Is a natural amphitheater formed by the foothills that are a part of the city limits of Monrovia, the scene will be enacted. A wild, picturesque spot, hemmed in on all sides by mountains, the location is admirably adapted for such a scene. A level stretch of a mile in extent lies just beyond the first of low hills. Back from this dry, sandy ground several heavily-timbered gulches extend, and it is from one of these shelters that the Indians will emerge to attack the immigrant train of five wagons, just as the tired, worn little band of about 100 settlers, carrying the cooler slopes of the mountains after a head-breaking journey across the desert wastes.

THE BLEACHERS.

From the slope of the outer line of the bleachers, the spectators will view the attack. The hillside has been cleared and will furnish a point of vantage for all who care to witness the spectacle. It is believed 5000 watchers will be there.

The Monrovia Feature Film Company has purchased 154 acres at the end of Myrtle avenue, in Monrovia, and ground will be broken today for the studio, developing plant, administration buildings, dressing-rooms and other buildings necessary to a complete picture plant.

Chamber of Commerce of Monrovia has planned to celebrate this afternoon, and there will be speaking, a picnic, a basket picnic, with free admission to the grounds for all visitors, and a lemonade for all visitors, and a moving picture people will work. E. N. Jenkins will also be a ground-breaking speaker at the studio and other attractions.

There San Francisco, in miniature, is to be the scene of the epilogue of "The Argonauts," the photoplay now being filmed in the foothills of the Sierras. Yesterday the big Indian scene was filmed, more than 150 people being used in the work. After another scene it will be filmed at 3 o'clock today.

TRUE TO HISTORY.

Every detail of travel in the days of the pioneers has been carefully worked out to

Uptown—Amusement AUTO AND FLOWER SHOW Every Well Known MOTO

Entire Floor Devoted MOST COMPLETE FLORAL DISPLAY OPENS TODAY, Admission 25c

DALACE OF PICTURES—New Play Cosmo Hamilton's Path The Blindness

Starring Edna Mayo—Br Shows at 10, 12:30, 2, 4:15, 6:45, 8:15

QUINN'S SUPERBA—SALVATION WITH BEATRICE MICH Mrs. Fiske's Greatest Best Role for DAMAGED Stars Today, 19:30

RPHEUM—The Only High Cl Every Night at 8, 10:45-11:15; 12:45-1:15; 2:45-3:15; 4:45-5:15; 6:45-7:15; 8:15-8:45

THE BROADWAY THEATRE "THE DUST OF EGYPT" "THE SN

STRANGEST Night in the World. A them swallow whole. Spectacles that never cease to amaze. Children love to come. See the capital and the including admittance 25 Cents. Tickets at 12:15, 2:45, 4:15, 6:45, 8:15, 9:45

WOODLEY THEATRE—SHOWING HELEN WARE IN "THE MISSION PLAY"—Every afternoon, 2:15—every evening, except 8:15, 10:15, 12:15, 2:15, 4:15, 6:15, 8:15, 10:15, 12:15

MILLER'S—VALESKA S REPUBLIC—Best Levee's SARINA DE STORE



**MOVIE INVASION.**  
**FLM HOLIDAY FOR MONROVIA.**  
The film will close up and see screen folks work.  
Attack on Argonauts Piece de Resistance.  
Military Field Phone to be Used by Director.  
The first time in the history of motion picture making with a telephone system like those used by the armies now fighting in Europe.  
Betsy Kablerke, director for the Argonauts Feature Film Company, will open this afternoon under the auspices of the Monrovia Chamber of Commerce, one of the most spectacular of the Argonauts, the photo-play now being filmed in the foothills of the Sierras.  
The film is the latest Southern production, and is a story of the adventures of a group of men who are sent to the Sierras to find a lost mine. The film is a story of the adventures of a group of men who are sent to the Sierras to find a lost mine. The film is a story of the adventures of a group of men who are sent to the Sierras to find a lost mine.

**ALL DEMAND OUR FOOD PRODUCTS.**  
**GROWERS' EXCHANGE MANAGER REPORTS THINGS LOOK GOOD IN EAST.**  
Strengthened demand for Pacific Coast food products throughout the East and North was predicted yesterday by General Manager Powell of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, on his return from a two-month tour of the eastern and southern divisions.  
"Things look much better for sales than a year ago," said Mr. Powell. "All evidence is for a strengthened demand for Pacific Coast food products."  
In the South cotton is bringing good prices, and is expected to be sold at a profit. The Middle West and North, as is well known, have had large crops, and prices are good. Things are decidedly brighter than they were a year ago.  
Mr. Powell was accompanied home by R. J. Grassley, the exchange's advertising manager. They will be joined the coming week by W. T. Keister, vice-president and general manager of Lord & Thomas, the big eastern advertising concern, and plans made for the winter and spring advertising of California oranges and lemons.  
Both these men accompanied Mr. Powell on his eastern trip, as also did David King, the exchange's orange sales manager, and Traffic Manager Mortenson, who is now in the northwestern agency at Seattle, the northern agency at Minneapolis, the central at Chicago, the northeastern at Boston, the southern at Houston. Three days were spent at each place.  
"Most of our time was spent in laying out plans for the new year's advertising campaign," said Mr. Powell. "I believe we are going to sell more oranges and lemons than ever before."

**Bad Business.**  
**GUESSWORK ON ROAD BONDS.**  
Cost not Based on Actual Surveys, Says Joyner.  
Lie Given to Hamilton by the County Records.  
Impossible to Know Cost, Says Pridham.  
Showing that less than one-fourth the amount of the proposed county road bond issue is based upon actual surveys and examinations of routes, County Road Commissioner Joyner yesterday filed a startling statement with the Board of Supervisors.  
This statement shows that of the twenty-one roads proposed to be constructed under the blanket \$2,500,000 bond issue, no surveys or examinations of any kind have been made upon fourteen; stadia or preliminary incomplete surveys have been made upon three, and complete surveys and locations have been made upon only four of the proposed routes.  
In other words, Engineer Joyner's report to the Supervisors shows that engineering data had been obtained on \$425,000 worth of the proposed bond issue, and upon no more of the remaining bond issue had there been anything like an accurate preparation.  
The major portion of the proposed

**Under Flag.**  
**SIXTY ADMITTED TO CITIZENSHIP.**  
ONE MARRIED WITNESS AND HAD TO GET ANOTHER.  
Unique Case Develops When Woman Becomes Alien by Marriage and Loses Right to Testify, but She is Made American Again When Husband Gets Evidence.  
A unique situation developed in Judge Trippett's court yesterday, during the examination of candidates for citizenship, when it appeared that one of the applicants, George T. Wilson, a subject of Russia, was compelled to secure another witness in his behalf for the reason that he had married the young woman who had originally intended to testify to his qualifications as a citizen.  
Wilson is a carpenter in Hollywood, and was formerly a rancher in the northern part of the county. One of his original witnesses was Miss Abbie Lynch, an American girl, to whom he was recently married.  
Under the law she assumed the citizenship of her husband and became an alien with the marriage, but with Mr. Wilson admitted to American citizenship, she automatically became an American again. Wilson was compelled to get another witness, as his wife was barred by the law.  
Hans Peter Mikkelson Ostergaard, a big Dane, petitioned the court to have his name changed to Harry Turner. "That sounds like a good American name," said Judge Trippett, "and the order will be made."  
Of the sixty certificates of naturalization issued by order of the court about forty were on the certificates of the Los Angeles Evening High School, and it is believed that in a short time all applicants will be furnished with such certificates thus doing away with much of the investigation by the court.  
Judge Trippett announced that Hon. W. D. Stephens would address the class in citizenship at the Los Angeles High School, next Wednesday evening on the subject of "Congress." On the following Wednesday evening, November 3, there will be a presentation of graduating certificates, by R. G. Van Cleave, principal, and C. C. Kelso, director.  
The following is a complete list of those who passed the judicial examination: Maximilian Fischel, David Jones, Carl Ferdinand Neumann, Isaac Isler, Oliver Stanton, Monroe, William Arthur Slater, George Charles Livingston, David William Jones, John McLean, Willoughby Harold Lantz, Marie Elizabeth N. Beumtzen, Ernest Herman Grether, Lizzie Graham, Alice Emily Pattinson, Marks Radomsky, Martin Lambert, Skillman, John Leonard Meder, John Joseph Leyden, Harry Douglas MacKinnon, Michelle Bruno, Robert Arthur Morrison, John J. Johnson, Otto Fridolin Funtner, Andre Pierre Menon, John Mills Wilson, George Thomas Wilson, Anna Gustafson Zakrisson, Hans Peter Mikkelson Ostergaard, Arthur Price, John Vlaschuer, Edward Simon Sandstrom, George Glasford Altkend, Vincent Mitchell, Nathan Shapiro, John Henry McCrink, Harry Green, Morris Mandel, Charles Baxter, John George Miller, Charles Walcott, Peter Paul, Benjamin Schofield, Daniel Handcock, Samuel Manhoff, Sumas Papilukos, Nikolaus Schleder, Wilhelm Benjamin Roembaum, Rudolph Hammar, Freda Charlotte Todd, Agostina Cerrina, Edred F. D. Barker, Axel E. Petersen, Anton G. T. Zeeman, Mortimer Hubert Feurtal, Frederick Hermann Zwanziga, Carlos Remedi, Frederick Herman, Frank Chourillon, Christofaro Fusano and Owen McDonnell.  
Try Maurice E. Kennedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids.

**EVENTS IN LOCAL SOCIETY.**  
The Sierra Madre Club will usher in the season's activities with a banquet this afternoon, to which wives and friends of members are bidden. This mode of diversion was initiated last year and so popular did the informal affair prove that it is being continued to the social calendar again.  
On the 20th the children are to be guests of honor at the second annual juvenile dance. If it was a coincidence that this should have been held for Halloween? At any rate, the dance is a social affair to be introduced, and there will be the usual dancing.  
Midweek, also, is to have a gala time with the polo matches bringing entries from San Francisco, Burlingame and Riverside. There is also to be a special tennis tournament for mixed doubles to be played by members and some national champions, which with the golf will offer a diversion of outdoor sports. All will find a delightful conclusion in the week-end dinner dance.  
**President Receives.**  
Aspirations in today's social events is the reception at the home of Mrs. Frederick West, No. 2515 South Grand avenue, (known perhaps better to her large number of friends as Helen Henderson Steckel), who as president of the Kate Tupper Galpin Shakespeare Club, will entertain members at tea.  
**Musical Tonight.**  
At the Merritt Jones Hotel, Ocean Park, Miss Lillian Adams will give a musical this evening, and will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. Charles Lyons, Mrs. Byron Hanna, Mrs. Ann Earl, Mrs. J. T. Bartel, Mrs. E. Adams and Mrs. E. Siegel.  
**A Recent Birthday Celebration.**  
Dulwyn Sylvester Timmis of No. 3888 Harrington avenue was made the involuntary guest at a merry gathering of his friends Wednesday evening, invited by Mrs. Timmis to thus celebrate the birthday anniversary of her husband, in the form of a surprise. Pink and white were used to adorn the rooms, and refreshments were served following the playing of old-fashioned games. Present were Messrs. and Mrs. M. C. Teitworth, E. Nelson, Fred Smith, R. K. Elyard, William O'Rourke, Oscar Wright, A. Greene, Philip Teitworth, Ezra Teitworth, A. Jenkins, John Honik, Miss Evaline O'Rourke, Miss Marjorie and Mary Teitworth, Miss Jenkins and Carroll Wright.  
**Sacred concert this afternoon and evening, Broadway Automobile and Flower Show, Boston Store Building.**

**Beauty.**  
**BROADWAY SHOW OPENING HERE.**  
Society is to Gather Amid Autos and Flowers.  
Competition in Decoration of Tables a Feature.  
Smart Set Leaders to Judge Charming Effects.  
An entertaining feature of the Broadway Automobile and Flower Show, which will open at the old Boston Store Building this afternoon, will be a table-decoration competition in which the leading furniture, china and silver firms will contribute of their best.  
Society will be peculiarly interested in this department of the big show, for every hostess knows how much depends upon her floral accoutrements for the success of her entertainments. And the last word in luxurious beauty will be exhibited by the ambitious competitors. It will be one of the very finest exhibits of the kind seen in this city.  
Three society women of the highest standing have consented to act as the judges—Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mrs. Avery McCarthy and Mrs. J. A. Van Kaathoven. It is felt that everyone will be content with their judgment on such a subject.  
The judging will take place at 1:45 p.m. today, and will easily form one of the chief attractions of the opening day when it will have a first glimpse of this wonderful exhibit. Everyone who owns or expects to own an automobile will be there, and all who love flowers will be equally eager to attend. Those who may not be included in these two lists form a very small contingent of the population.  
**BEAUTIFUL CUPS.**  
**PRIZES FOR FLOWERS.**  
It has looked as though Broadway were a flower garden during the past week, but it blossomed with instead of flowers although flowers were the raison d'être of those cups.  
In the windows of four leading jewelry houses, Brock and Company, Nordlinger's, Montgomery Brothers and Peagans and Company, these cups were displayed, each store vying with the other in tasteful arrangement and charming settings for the trophies of the Broadway Automobile and Flower Show.  
The following is the list of prizes offered to amateur flower growers in this exhibit:

**Low Welch (left) and Jules Jordan,**  
Of the Potash and Perlmutter Company, at the Mason, who will auction off the Cadillac Eight at the Broadway Auto and Flower Show today.

**ANNA PAVLOWA IN FILMLAND.**  
BY GRACE KINGSLEY.  
Two new geniuses in the motion-picture world last night proved their right to the title. They are Lois Weber, director, and Anna Pavlova, actress. In "The Dust of Egypt" the art of motion-picture making has gained another notch. A story of human and thrilling interest was told on the screen at Clune's Auditorium last night in a series of pictures among the most beautiful ever shown on the screen, and Lois Weber proved herself absolute mistress of the art of molding the elements at her command into a new form of artistic expression. Lois Weber has arrived where artistic sense and executive powers have been shown on the screen, and Lois is at the top among directors. Not for a moment during the two hours' run of the picture was there lack of motivating action or lack of beautiful and carefulness of detail. But more than this, there was the illusive but polished, the artful, the beautiful, the limitations of the ballet, that one watched with interest the exercise and unfoldment of her dramatic powers. There was no disappointment. Pavlova's art is plastic. She proved that last night by the humaneness and color of her characterization of the little dumb Fenella, to which she lent the illusive charm of physical and spiritual beauty and appeal, in spite of poverty and sordid surroundings. The art of Pavlova, delicate as thistle-down, but vivid as a rainbow, lends a new significance to pictures.  
The story is founded on an Italian legend, and lends itself naturally to artistic picturings. Pavlova dances like a butterfly. Those of us who remember Pavlova in the conventional ballet would hardly recognize her in her wild life but lovely dances on the beach and in the canyons where the moonlight night in the canyon with her lover she dances no more, but is dead one feels, for the respect which comes in death when she receives the blow meant for her betrayer.  
Doubtless the captivating but faithless Alphonso is convincingly handsome and devilish, and Rupert Julian as the brother is most effective. Enna Mason makes a lovely princess. The film opens with a view of Pavlova in a number of exquisite dances beautifully and effectively and artistically presented.  
One charm of the picture is that, while use is made of all the arts of photography, there is never a bit of garishness or clap-trap.  
**Sacred concert this afternoon and evening, Broadway Automobile and Flower Show, Boston Store Building.**

**Robber Rifles Cash Register of Eastlake Avenue Grocery, Threatening Owner's Daughter.**  
Walking into a small grocery store at No. 446 Eastlake avenue, in charge of Miss Rose Jacques, a highwayman armed with a heavy revolver early last night robbed the cash register of \$40.  
According to Miss Jacques, 22 years of age, and daughter of Mrs. T. A. Jacques, the owner of the store, the robber came while her mother was away for supper, and after ordering her into a corner at the point of his revolver, rifled the cash till. The girl told the police the robber wore no mask.  
The police believe he is the man who several nights ago attempted to hold up and rob a small drug and grocery store on North Flower street. He is described by Miss Jacques as being about 25 years of age, five feet four inches tall, and weighing about 125 pounds. He wore a dark suit and a dark soft hat.

**THEATRES—AMUSEMENTS—ENTERTAINMENTS**  
**BURBANK THEATRE—** Main Street near Sixth. Main 1570, 1572. Matinee Today—Tonight Last Time.  
**"UNDER COVER"**  
Beginning Tomorrow Afternoon—First Time in the West, "NEARLY MARRIED." The funniest farce ever written. Funmakers include Fred Astaire and all the Burbank favorites.  
Nights 8:30, 10:15. Matinee Saturday, Sunday and Thursday, 2:15, 8:30.  
**MOROSCO THEATRE—** Broadway near 5th. Phone, Main 271; AR 348.  
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#### TREND OF THE FINANCIAL NEWS.

**CHIEF EVENTS OF YESTERDAY.**  
 (At Home.) Progress in industrial circles continues unabated. The East reports a paucity of labor, and the scarcity of railroad cars to handle crops and manufactured goods is a reality. Many new industries are being launched. Bank clearings are of unparalleled proportions. The demand for money is increasing. The Gary steel mills have enough orders on hand to keep running day and night until next summer, and 5,000 more men may be put to work. Speculation continues to increase with prices of stocks being sent higher than ever.

(Abroad.) The Bank of England shipped \$6,225,000 more gold to the United States and \$500,000 to Japan to pay for war material.

(For details see financial pages.)

#### NOT HEARTBROKEN.

Mrs. Galt is not staining her tresses with any tears over the outcome of the New Jersey election. She is doubtless content to believe that her husband-to-be did his duty as he saw it.

#### SOME POSITION.

Thomas A. Edison and Henry Ford appear to be running neck and neck for the office of adviser extraordinary to the people of the United States, vice Andrew Carnegie, adviser emeritus.

#### "LET GEORGE DO IT."

This idea of settling the tramp problem before it reaches Los Angeles will be excellent, providing those who spread the net on the border railroad towns do not become weary of holding the sack.

#### AMONG HIS OWN.

Champ Clark is in the city and will doubtless take considerable satisfaction in the attitude of California Democrats toward his own personality and aspirations. The county's Democracy was a Clark unit until after the Baltimore convention.

#### ON THE WAY.

Men will have their masters until all men have attained mastery. There will always be some who are in command until all men are fit to assume command. Mastery is approximated through service, and no man gives commands with authority until he has qualified through intelligent obedience.

#### NOT MERELY TO ORDER.

In all business and social relations it is the extra courtesy that goes beyond their duty which counts for most of all. Any man with good sense will go as far in his attentions as his business demands, but the man who extends his kindness a little further than this is the fellow who makes you want to come back.

#### HOW THE WAR HELPS.

There is a very good local illustration of how the war has helped America industrially in the Los Angeles branch of the All-Chalmers Company. Many people who stock in this concern were a few years ago distressed to learn that it was of little value. Owing to more recent activities the stock is at present worth 60 cents on the dollar. This has happened in numerous cases.

#### ON FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

One would have a hard time formulating any sort of philosophic postulate from the final turn of affairs in Mexico. First, Madero overthrew Diaz, and Orozco was his general. So also was Huerta, who arrested his chief, and that night the provisional President was killed. Then Huerta fled before the forces of Carranza and Villa. In a little while, because there was a danger of one or the other succeeding, these two separated. Now Carranza is President. Orozco sleeps in a bandit's grave, and Villa will soon be a refugee or the subject of an execution.

#### AN ABLE WRITER.

Arizona is happy in having secured the services of Col. J. H. McClintock to prepare a history of that fine young State. For nearly thirty years Col. McClintock's pen has been one of Arizona's assets. He has kept her possibilities and aspirations before the world. During much of that time he has been responsible for the news of Arizona as it has appeared in the columns of the Los Angeles Times. Col. McClintock has had placed at his disposal a remarkable array of data for the composition of an authentic history and, when the work is completed, it will bear the stamp of thoroughness.

#### KING DAVID DESCRIBES JOHNSON.

The attention of Gov. Johnson is respectfully called to what King David said of him:

Why boastest thou thyself in mischief? Thy tongue deviseth mischief; like a sharp razor working deceitfully. Thou lovest evil more than good; and lying rather than to speak righteousness. Thou lovest all devouring words, O thou deceitful tongue.

—[32nd Psalm, Verses 1, 2, 3, 4.]  
 He scattereth himself in his own eyes. The words of his mouth are iniquity and deceit. He hath left off to be wise and to do good.

He deviseth mischief; he setteth himself in a way that is not good; he abhorreth not evil.

—[36th Psalm, Verses 2, 3, 4.]

#### THE NEW TRANNY.

A new tyranny is upon America. It is not impending; it is not inevitable. It is here. Paternalism is here. The office-holding caste is here. We are rapidly becoming a State and nation of office-holders.

Under the Constitution of a free and representative government, originated by colonial statesmen expressly to defeat efforts to nullify and disavow the personal rights and liberties of citizens, the centralization of power has been established.

Dictators, assuming titles as commissioners, are in authority. They receive illegitimate homage from multitudinous subordinates holding office through appointments from, and during the pleasure of, their superiors. The pressure of government is at this day deliberately, openly, defiantly to devitalize individual and corporate liberty, and to restrict commercial initiative to operation within the ever-narrowing sanction of paternalism.

A few days ago The Times called attention to some of the political transformations—"abominations" would be a better word—effected in California by the present administration. Ignoring Gov. Johnson's abuse, and showing bluntly what has been accomplished, it may be said that he has increased the State expenditures from \$33,000,000 for the four fiscal years ending 1913 to \$74,000,000 for merely the two fiscal years ending 1915; and that the bulk of this abnormal increase has gone into commissions empowered as never were commissions empowered before in the world's history of republican government for the minute supervision of practically every kind of personal and corporate business.

The Governor has pleaded for this centralization of power because it allows for "greater efficiency." In other words, because it weakens the effect of opposition, permits him to vote the army of office-holders as a ward-heeler polls his leeches, permits him to override and crush such initiative and movements as are not pleasing in his sight. A potent king scarcely does more.

To a lesser degree, in every State, something of the kind has taken place. And inevitably this complacency of the people has been felt and acted upon by the Federal government, which has added thousands to its army of dependents in the past two years.

The latest session of Congress passed such laws, originated such commissions, and sanctioned the increase of such multifarious offices as are compatible only with either Socialism or enlightened monarchism, and are utterly incongruous in a republican government, for they were designed to centralize power, to abrogate and disavow hitherto unquestioned and unquestionable personal rights, and to find lucrative "jobs" for thousands upon thousands of people who thus become agents and advocates of paternalism.

"One consequence," said Herbert Spencer, "is that men who might otherwise repudiate further growth of officialism are led to look on it with tolerance, if not favorably, as offering possible careers for those dependent on them and those related to them."

Herbert Spencer looked ahead and saw what was coming; he predicted with unerring foresight the new tyranny and called it "The Coming Slavery." In the current number of the Forum the essay is reprinted with an introduction by Senator Lodge, who points out, specifically the alarming increase in the office-holding class and other contemporary facts illustrative of Spencer's accuracy. Beginning in September, the Forum instituted the plan to publish a series of Spencer's essays particularly applicable to present conditions. The series includes "The New Toryism," with expository contributions by Elihu Root; "The Great Political Superstition," with comments by Nicholas Murray Butler; "The Duty of the States," comments by William Howard Taft; "Over-legislation," comments by Judge E. H. Gary; "The Coming Slavery," comments by Henry Cabot Lodge; "Specialized Legislation," comments by Charles W. Eliot; "From Freedom to Bondage," comments by Augustus P. Gardner; "The Postscript," comments by David Jayne Hill.

Throughout the ages noiseless and noisy revolutions, anarchy and rebellion have ever been waged in the effort to procure some equitable adjustment that would reconcile the ineradicable right of personal liberty with the necessity of government. The centralization of power, whether in an individual tyrant, in an oligarchy, in a bureaucracy, has ever proved destructive to personal liberty, and will prove so. Socialism, paternalism, in whatever guise or nomenclature, presuppose such centralization of arbitrary power as completely represses and violates individual initiative and liberty.

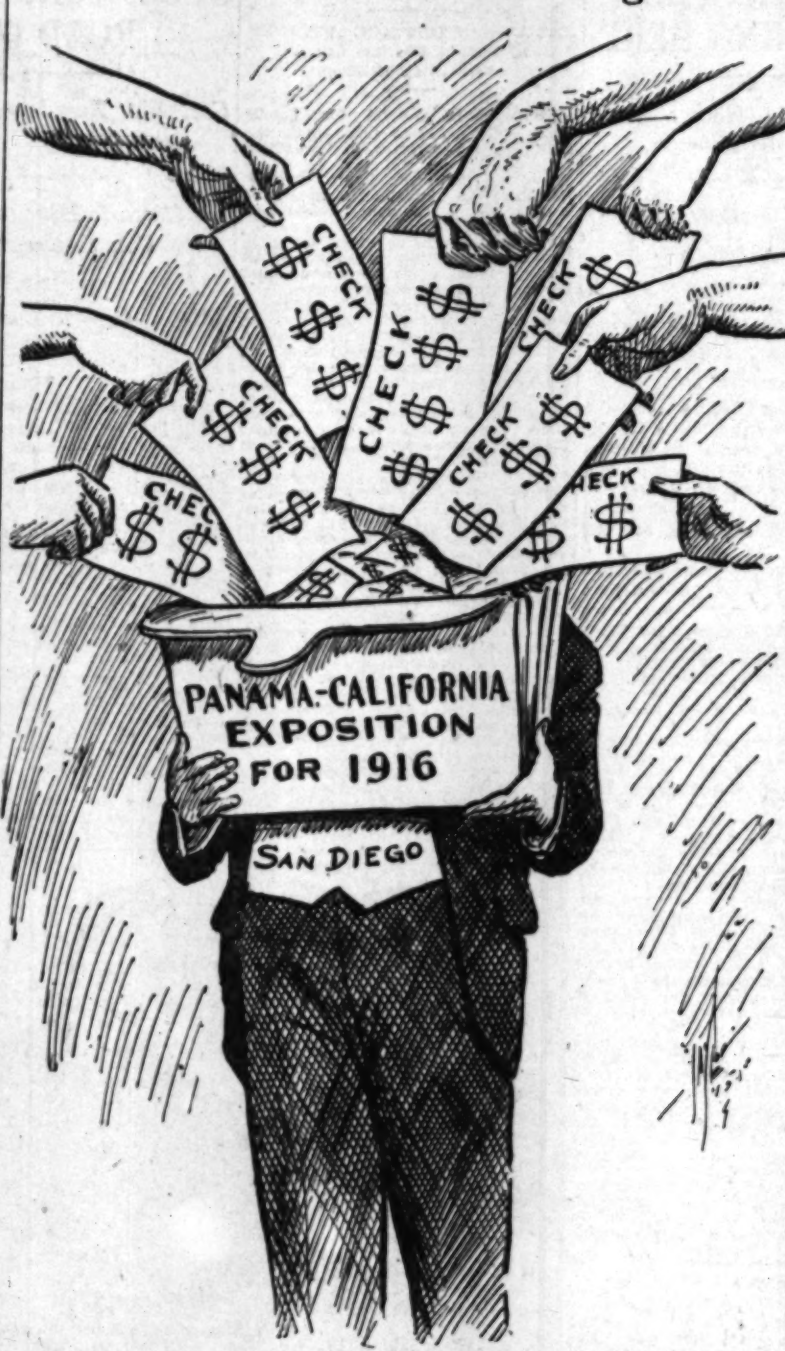
"Speaking of the individual, Spencer wrote: 'If, without option, he has to labor for the society, and receives from the general stock such portion as the society awards him, he becomes a slave to the society. Socialistic arrangements necessitate an enslavement of this kind; and toward such an enslavement many recent measures, and still more the measures advocated by the Socialists, are carrying us.'"

Spencer showed that individual liberties must be relinquished in proportion to the material dependence placed in the state, for no form of co-operation, small or great, can be carried on without regulation, and an implied submission to the regulating agencies.

Under penalty of confusion and failure the reformers, the Socialists, are compelled to have powerful and authoritative leaders who can, with violence and penalties, enforce their wishes and policies. Without these prerogatives of power there would be none of that "greater efficiency" which today is put forward as justification for the new tyranny.

"And the experience of those who are loudest in their advocacy of a new social order under the paternal control of a government," said Spencer—and mark how applicable these words of a quarter of a century ago are today—"shows that even in private voluntarily-formed societies the power of the regulative organization becomes great, if not irresistible; often, indeed, causing grumbling and restiveness among those controlled. Trades-unions which carry on a kind of industrial war in defense of workers' interests versus employers' interests find that subordination almost military in its strictness is needful to secure efficient action; for divided councils prove fatal to success. And even in bodies of co-operators, formed for carrying

## Make It a Sure Thing!



on distributing businesses, and not needing that obedience to leaders which is required where the aims are offensive or defensive, it is still found that the administrative agency gains such supremacy that there arise complaints about the 'tyranny of organization.' Judge, then, what must happen when, instead of relatively small combinations, in which men may belong or not as they please, we have a national combination in which each citizen finds himself incorporated and from which he cannot separate himself without leaving the country. Judge what must under such conditions become the despotism of a graduated and centralized officialism, holding in its hands the resources of the community and having behind it whatever amount of force it finds requisite to carry out its decrees and maintain what it calls order! Well may Prince Bismarck display leanings toward state Socialism."

#### SEVEN GREAT EGOTISTS.

Lord Haldane, in a speech at Dundee, Scotland, said that while in days gone by he had been opposed to conscription and fought for the organization of the British army on a volunteer footing and had yet to learn that he was wrong, yet if the government were to bring forward to him proof or give it as their strong opinion that for the saving of the country it was necessary for the time of the war to depart from the old-fashioned practice, he would not raise a finger against them, but should be on their side, only he wanted this to be said by the government and not by whomsoever writes articles for the London Times and other newspapers.

The determination of Lord Haldane not to be instructed by mere newspaper writers does credit to his complacent, imperturbable, highly-elevated good opinion of himself. There are seven great egotists in the world. Lord Haldane is one, Kaiser Wilhelm is one, Woodrow Wilson is one, Bourke Cockran is one, and Hiram Johnson is the other three.

#### TROUBLE OVER CONSCRIPTION.

The telegraphic dispatches advise us that England is in a ferment over the question of conscription which is now being debated in Parliament. Mr. J. H. Thomas, who is leader of the railwaymen of Great Britain and is also recognized as leader of the union workers of the United Kingdom, recently made a speech in the House of Commons against conscription which produced a profound sensation in London. He said the issue was "the army versus the people." He said that those who were primarily responsible for the early agitation of the question of compulsory service had never hesitated to declare that it was on the ground of expense and of "cheap soldiers." He begged those who were advocating conscription to realize what would happen. Nearly every branch of labor had passed a resolution against conscription and had also indicated to the Executive Committee that on its introduction they would resist. The trade-union congress had unanimously passed a resolution against it. After the experience with the munitions act, which could not be put in operation against 200,000 men, would anyone say what was going to happen with 3,000,000? If they adopted conscription for the railways, who was going to select the men? If the minister of the day was going to do so, then he must be responsible for the railways. If the railway companies were going to choose, then no matter how impartially they might act, the men left would say: "These were prominent union men and this is their way

of getting rid of them." Did they want an inconclusive peace? Did they want the war settled, not on terms of justice or merit, but on terms necessitated because of industrial troubles at home?

With an increase in the cost of living of 35 per cent, facing thousands who could hardly eke out the undivided attention of labor leaders would be required to keep peace in the country. On the first day conscription was introduced the government would have to deal, not with compulsory service, but with industrial revolution.

That was not the way to win the war. They had no right to ignore the overwhelming mass of working-class opinion. The worker was fighting to crush German militarism, but he was awake to the fact that there were people in England who would like militarism there, where it was equally dangerous.

The speech of Mr. Thomas was received with prolonged cheers. It was not unlike the speeches that were made by copperhead orators against the draft during our Civil War. It represented the cowardice, the selfishness and the lack of patriotism of union laborers in England.

It is not probable that conscription will be defeated in Great Britain. The selection of conscripts will necessarily be made by lot, and those who have not been chosen, and those who have escaped being selected because of age or infirmities, will not be able to indulge in any great amount of active sympathy for those who have been conscripted, for Chateaubriand uttered a truth when he said: "We bear with equanimity the misfortunes of other people."

#### A Forest Primeval.

[Youth's Companion.] In the mountains north of Pittsburgh, Pa., there is a magnificent forest of white pines, many of which were old when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. This forest is one of the last remnants of all the vast white-pine empire that formerly extended from Maine to Maryland, from Cape Cod to the prairies of Dakota.

The white pine was the most useful timber of this nation's early history. It was used in building houses and making furniture; it served as fuel; and sturdy, white pine masts carried the commerce of the young United States through all the seven seas. Pine-tree shillings were among the very earliest coins minted in America. The old white-pine flag was one of the earliest emblems of freedom that rose on the Western world.

The white pine is of an ancient and honorable race. It has the majesty, the vigorous individuality of the pioneer. It is one of the tallest of trees. It is poetical and picturesque, and its stately dignity adds serenity and distinction to every sylvan landscape in which it stands.

The "Cock Forest" that survives in Pennsylvania contains several thousand acres. The veteran pines are from two to five feet in diameter and from 100 to 150 feet high. Groves of aged hemlock and a scattering of oak, chestnut and maple mingle with the white pine. The forest would make an admirable State or national park. Indeed, a committee from the Pennsylvania State Legislature has recommended that this glorious remnant of "Penn's Woods" be acquired and preserved by the State.

#### Didn't Scare Them.

[Philadelphia Ledger.] Mother: If you can't keep the children quiet send them up to me for awhile and I'll sing to them. Nurse: Oh, that won't do any good. I've threatened them with that already.

## EUROPE FACING INSOLVENCY.

(CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES)

BY SIMON N. PATTEN,

Professor of Economics; author of "Reconstruction of the Economic Theory," "The Dynamic Theory of Economics" and "The Premises of Political Economy."

THE fact that Great Britain has already begun to draw on us shows that she is nearing the practical limit of her resources as distinguished from the theoretical limit. Theoretically, in view of all demands upon her and of the resources for meeting those demands which she possesses, Great Britain should be able to carry four years of the war, waged on the scale it presents today. In practice, however, that period must be reduced one-half. One year of war having already passed, the practical limit of resources may be looked for by the end of the coming year. Meanwhile we may expect Great Britain to come to us about every four months for a credit amounting at least to a fresh half-billion dollars.

In the sense of having revenues inadequate for its outlay, Russia has been insolvent for twenty years, and she has been making up her indebtedness by loans from France ever since the alliance was formed between those two governments. Italy has been similarly insolvent for the past half-dozen years.

For ten years the French have been borrowing to make up the national deficit; and, in addition, they have been loaning to Russia. In addition to her deficit and her loans to Russia, France, only a short time before the outbreak of the war, increased the term of service with the colors from two to three years—occasioning an increase of not far from 50 per cent in maintenance expense for the army and navy and a serious reduction in the earning capacity of the French people.

All of this means that the total expenses for the armies of the allies must be borne by Great Britain. When we figure out the war expenses as a whole, and remember that Great Britain has guaranteed as a whole the expenses of the allies, we confront two questions:

What are the war expenses of the allies? What are Great Britain's resources for the meeting of her obligations? If we count in all the expenses of the allies annually for the war, the direct military outlay is about ten billions; the indirect loss is about five billions, making a total sacrifice in values of fifteen billions. Giving Great Britain every favorable advantage in the calculation, let us assume that she need carry only the direct military outlay of ten billions. With what resources can she meet it?

There are two ways of checking up the British resources. One is based on the value of property held by the English people; the other is based upon surplus income of the British people. Under both heads fairly accurate figures are available.

At the highest estimate the surplus income is two billions a year. Assuming that the British government may take it all, how large a burden in the form of debt can be assumed without incurring insolvency? If we suppose the assumption of a total debt on the basis of interest at 5 per cent, they are paying now 5 1/2 per cent. In the United States for a fraction of it—Great Britain would be insolvent when it carried forty billions of debt, the total on which its two billions of surplus income could pay the 5 per cent. interest charges.

If we take up the basis of property values we find that the total wealth of Great Britain, at the beginning of the war, was estimated as being slightly less than that of the United States. A conservative estimate for our total wealth would be two hundred billions—probably from forty to fifty billions higher than a conservative estimate of Great Britain's wealth.

Roughly estimated under present conditions, about one-half of these property values are commercial values—that is, earning capacity as distinguished from what we have learned to designate as physical valuation. The other half—the physical valuation half—is divided again into two fairly equal parts, one of fixed capital and the other of circulating capital. So, while one hundred billions, being simply earning capacity, is not available as a credit asset, we find fifty billions more of fixed capital tied up in permanent improvements, leaving only fifty billions of circulating capital as quick assets to be realized on in case of dire necessity.

But as soon as Great Britain sacrifices her circulating capital her surplus income falls; and as soon as her surplus income is used up her circulating capital stops. Giving either form of liquidation to meet the yearly war expenses of ten billion dollars, the very highest amount to be realized is from forty to fifty billions; and such a total liquidation would leave Great Britain without any income at all—the situation of the Southern Confederacy in 1865, when absolutely nothing remained except the bones, and the men with guns in their hands instead.

Theoretically, therefore, Great Britain can finance the allies for a total of four years, of which one has already passed. Practically, as in the South, no such protracted period of real solvency can be maintained.

A long time prior to the expiration of her theoretical limit of four years, England must draw upon her credit with foreign countries. She has already drawn upon us. The practical limit of her resources is likely to be two years instead of four. Neither surplus income nor circulating capital can be drawn upon to its full amount without bringing the industries of a nation to a dead stop.

## RIPLING RHYMES.

### THE LONG ROAD.

That road is long to Easy street is true—all winners preach it; and if you move on sluggish feet, it's doubtful if you'll reach it. I see some lads who work for hire their leaden trillies dragging; the smallest effort makes them tire, and all they know is lagging. They face their work with dismal croaks and grumblings stale and wheezy; they'll never bask beneath the oaks that line the street called Easy. The road is long to Easy street, too rough for any telling, and one must tireless be and fleet who there would have his dwelling. Oh, watch the men who there abide, the men who dance and gambol, and you will see upon each hide the scar of stone and bramble. They met disaster with a smile, their men were bold and breezy, they vaulted over fence and stile, and reached the street called Easy. The sluggard who is so afraid that he too hard will labor will loaf and languish in the shade and curse his winning neighbor; and each misfortune overwhelms this man with spirit cheery; he'll never rest beneath the elms that line the street called Easy. WALT MASON.

## Pen Points By the Sea.

The next thing for the genius of the inventor will be the jittery baby carriage.

Swing wide open the doors of the Broadway Auto and Flower Show. It will be daily.

Sir Tom Lipton is coming to California. He will find that the exposition will be a tea. Help, help!

Quoting the language of the late American Ward, the British crisis "that was to arrive—hath arrived."

Vic Murdock says in his opinion Roosevelt has a chance to be elected in 1916. That's two, but it isn't certain.

The Seals have won the Pacific League pennant. Now let the fans of Los Angeles blow out the gas and go to bed.

The Pope appears to be having a hard luck with his peace proposals. In view of the fact that he is considered, but not believed, he will be all right.

Beyond the fact that 10,000,000 cubic feet of new excavation has just started on the canal, the situation at Panama appears to be all right.

President Wilson has issued his giving proclamation and, in view of what is to come, no man has greater cause for thanksgiving.

Mexico wants to borrow the millions of ten million dollars. But, some of our friends of ours whom we might mention.

Mrs. Amy Winship, aged 84, has been permitted to enroll as a student at the Kansas University. She has her life all before her.

Orville Wright has sold his interest in the airplane company bearing his name. Orville is intent on getting the money others can take a chance.

English girls are wanted to marry heroes. Not necessary to go all the way to England to capture a hero who is there are a few in Los Angeles.

We understand that the new soldiers do not interfere with the wearing of the female wearers. That is commendation, if you think that way.

It is just as well not to take on a little just with anybody with whom you would be ashamed to be found doing. Is no telling what will happen.

With cotton selling at 13 cents a pound the growers in the South are beginning to sit up and take notice. Down in the county they are giving three cents.

The ships compelled to stop at Horn by reason of the Panama canal have only the handicap of lost summer time down at the Horn, a day for the trip.

The case against Tom Taggart, a national committee man, charged with election frauds, has been dismissed. Tom works in an entirely new way.

Carranza appears to be a statesman and the man of the hour. He is to the view of the Wilson administration. But won't be kindly enough whippers?

Tim Spellacy has joined the army in the nonpartisan fight. He is to land, his brother is a job on the administration. And the serpent is over that all.

President Wilson is said to be the imposition of a tax on wool to recoup the weakened national treasury. Such a position used to be called perjury by the Democrats.

The life of Shakespeare will be at a coming meeting of the Shakespeare Club. If they know anything about the Bard of Avon they will be on the balance of mankind.

A man in Berkeley has made a holding his breath ten minutes and ten seconds. When we were kids we used to hold our breath to see how long we could hold it. She was laying on the padding.

The fact that Wilson cannot be elected is already in circulation. He is with the fact sought to be believed. Refusal to allow the Democrats to say indorses him for a second term.

The selection of a manager for the defense is meeting with some opposition. The famous lines: "The immortals stood the old Congressmen."

The suggestion of Germany to create a great continental navy for defense is meeting with some opposition. The famous lines: "The immortals stood the old Congressmen."

Washington, D. C., will be a political cauldron this winter and will be filled with the steam and smoke of the political pot. Washington is the power center of the world to feel the political pulse.

A financial statement of the Company shows that the net income on hand of \$45,743,132.10, the hoodoo of that 25 comes from the fact that the company is not to be able to pay off its obligations. Whether he should or not.

A TENT KNOCK. Till we watch the tent knock. Let us love and let us love. Of each other all we can.

On some morning with the sun. One of us shall be gone. Lonely for the others who are. —[Walter Mason.]

## XXIV<sup>TH</sup> YEAR.

## To Paige

You are cordially invited to headquarters during the acquaintance personally with der that we might be more wants in the future. Allow

**PAIGE**  
 The Standard of

Permit  
 "Paige" you at

**SMITH BROS.**  
 1616-18-20-22-24 S

**Premier**  
**PAIGE**



## All-Year

The New Hudson Combined Roadster and Coupe. In rain or cold you have a coupe, with ample room for three. The windows drop into the Hudson type.

There is a growing demand for a wise demand. The Hudson meets it in two ways. One is this Cabriolet—combined rain or cold you have a coupe. The other is the Touring Coupe. Come and consider these cars.

One extra body needed. Very. Yet you have a perfect summer winter car—both in one. Our allotment of these styles is getting half enough. But we want to get interested in this new development. Cabriolet, \$1800, f.o.b. Los Angeles.

**Harold L. Anderson**  
 1114-1128 South Olive

See our exhibit at the Broadway Automobile Show, Boston Store Bldg (opp. City Hall) 30th inclusive.

**C. S. Anthony**  
 1047 South Olive

Dealers wanted in outside territory, Atlanta.

**GLIDE**

**GLIDE**

**GLIDE**

**GLIDE**

**GLIDE**

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Amey Winship, aged 34, has applied  
permission to enroll as a student in  
Kansas University. She has her young  
all before her.

ville Wright has sold his interest in  
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he is intent on getting the money; he  
can take a chance.

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Wh cotton selling at 12 cents a pound  
growers in the South are beginning  
up and take notice. Down in  
they are giving three cheers.

Servia was as large as Russia the  
might give us a fine exhibition of  
ing. But they are all dressed up in  
-war clothes and have no place to go.

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only the handicap of lost time—  
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was laying on the paddle.

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ual to allow the Democrats of New  
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the selection of a manager for the  
not be known until December 1.  
ident Powers. That will give the  
enough to perform virtuoso  
new man before the season opens.

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the famous lines: "In their  
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Washington, D. C. will be a  
teal cauldron this winter and  
be filled with the advance  
try and divers Presidential  
ington is the poorest place in  
d to feel the political pulse.

financial statement of the Henry  
pany shows that there is a cash  
on hand of \$42,788,181.22. In  
hoodoo of that 23 cents Henry  
able to pay off tonight without  
his employees a game of  
ther he should or not.

A TENT SONG.  
"I'll watch the last low star,  
as we love and let us take  
if each other all we are."

In some morning with that star  
one of us shall lie away.  
lovely for the other's sake.  
—[Walter Hyman in The Poet]

## IN THE FIELD OF SPORTS



SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 23, 1915.—8 PAGES.

PART III.

# BROADWAY AUTOMOBILE AND FLOWER SHOW.

## To Paige Owners:

You are cordially invited to make our exhibit your headquarters during the show, and become better acquainted personally with our organization, in order that we might be more able to administer your wants in the future. Allow us to show you the new

# PAIGE

The Standard of Value and Quality

Permit us to  
"Paige" you at the Show.

1616-16-20-22-24 South Figueroa St.

PAIGE

1616-16-20-22-24 South Figueroa St.

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## SWEET HEAVEN IS DISCOVERY.

Fred Fairbanks Wins Fine Ball Game.

Krause Wilts Under Pressure in Ninth.

New Indoor Sport is to be Encouraged.

BY HARRY A. WILLIAMS.

Fred Fairbanks, the Oxnard demon, was yesterday weighed on the scales of public opinion, and found not to be underweight. Of course, there was not a large amount of public opinion present, most of it being downtown or aimlessly scattered around the suburbs. But such of it as beheld Fairbanks branded him as one of the most promising young demons seen here in some time.

REAL CLASS.

That which Fairbanks did to attract attention to himself was to beat the veteran left-handed gink, Harry Krause, 3 to 1, in a game that called for pitching competition. Some job for a young and tender demon who has never shovelled any coal to speak of in the professional ranks.

He held the battling Beavers to six hits, while Rader and Willett put over the deciding punches in the ninth, busting up a game which had been tightly tied since the third inning.

TRIES HARD.

Up to the fatal ninth Krause allowed only two hits. He almost pitched his head off as it was his last game of the season, and he wanted to leave the impression that he is still strong and capable, and good material for next year. That he should get soaked in the ninth was a great disappointment to him.

Strangely, it was a bushy by the name of Rush Meadows, who deprived Fairbanks of a shutout. Rush rose up in his night and spanked the unsuspecting new pitcher for a double in the first inning, and Bill Spens planted another two-bagger in the wake of it. After that only one visiting bloke reached second base on the Oxnard demon.

DISCOVERED.

Doc White discovered Fairbanks wandering around in the sugar beet belt a few weeks ago, and has since been grooming him for yesterday's achievement. He looks to be a very sweet pitcher. Possibly as he went about his daily life pulling up beets by the roots and carting them away to the refinery, the sugar soaked into him.

This being the case, he should be able to stick. Some fears are felt for him, however, with the advent of hot weather. This may cause him to ooze out of the pores of his skin, and the tendency would be to gum up the situation. There is not much danger of anything like this happening in the fall or spring, as in cool weather the syrup which he contains remains about the consistency of sorghum molasses and is not liable to leak out.

DISTINCTIVE.

He is one of the few athletes in the history of the game with syrup surging through their veins, and may prove to be the candy kid. And we are not attempting to hand out any taffy, either. Let us hope that opposing clubs will never find him soft like a marshmallow, but that he will prove tough like butter Scotch.

Billy Furtell was again in his well-known position at third base. Billy's justly celebrated knuckles have cooled off since being burnt by a box of exploding matches the other day, and he suffered no pain in the performance of his duty. Hereafter, he is going to use fireproof matches.

RUBE THERE.

Rube Evans sat on the bench all the afternoon, and held his feet in a bucket of water. He did this to reduce the inflammation caused by wearing Ery Higginbotham's shoes. He hopes that Ery will yet see fit to return the kidnapped shoes to their rightful owner.

President Maier had recovered sufficiently from having seen the game to attend yesterday's combat, and seemed pleased with the results and general outlook for the future.

FESSELMIST.

On the other hand, Walter McCredie seemed to be pessimistic. In order to get as far away from baseball as possible and still hold his job he wore his store clothes and inhabited a seat in the grand stand.

"If any guy will take this team off my hands I will go and get a job carrying a hod," said Mac. "Then would be a happy man." We have seen a lot of people who yearned to be millionaires, but never one who pined to carry a hod. Plainly, being a member of the idle rich is beginning to pall on

NEWPORT SPORTSMEN FORM SOCIETY TO ENFORCE POWER-BOAT STATUTE.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

NEWPORT BEACH, Oct. 22.—The death knell of shooting from power boats in motion was sounded here today when the Newport Bay Game Protective Association was formed here with a charter membership of forty members, for the purpose of enforcing the game laws, State and Federal, relative to migratory and shore birds.

Although the law covering the shooting from power boats in motion has been on the State books since 1909, no arrests have been made by the State authorities for its infringement.

## PAT MORAN NOT SIGNED.

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—Philadelphia baseball critics are worried because Pat Moran has not yet signed another contract to manage the National League champions. They say that Moran, who received a nominal salary this year, has made a demand for a substantial increase and that the officials of the club are in no hurry to talk business with him.

Those who know President W. F. Baker, however, insist that Moran will be liberally treated. Moran built up a pennant winner with rather crude material. He was an experiment when he took hold of the Phillies last spring, but he succeeded from the outset of his managerial career. Incidentally he made a pot of money for his employers, who had been forced to make good a deficit in 1914.

Moran may have received \$5000 for his services this year. Stallings, who landed the Braves in second position, got a salary of \$12,000, it is said, while Robinson, the leader of the Superbas, who finished third, drew a salary not in excess of \$4000. Bresnahan of the Cubs is said to have received at least \$10,000. Herzog of the Cincinnati Reds may have pocketed \$7000. Clarke of the Pirates got \$10,000, while Higgins of the Cardinals drew about \$8000. McGraw's salary for managing the Giants is believed to be more than \$20,000 a year.

Carrigan, leader of the Red Sox, has a contract which calls for a salary of about \$7500. Jennings of the Tigers commands \$10,000 a year. Rowland, the manager of the White Sox, gets at least \$6000, while Griffith of the Washingtons, in addition to being a stockholder, is paid \$10,000 each season. Donovan, the leader of the Yankees, drew \$5000, perhaps more, this year, and Rickey of the Browns possibly received \$7500. Fohl, the Clevelanders' new manager, will draw about \$5000 next year, while Connie Mack, a half-owner in the Athletics, is said to be on the club's annual salary list for \$20,000.

CHALLENGE CUP DOUBLE ORDERED.

ORIGINAL CUP WON BY A SOLDIER, NOW AT THE FRONT.

[BY A. P. KIGHT WIRE.]

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—Sir Adam Beck, director of remounts of Canada, has been ordered by the National Horse Show Association to donate a replica of the Canadian challenge cup for competition this year.

The original cup, which was won by an officer of the British army, now serving in the war, has been lost, and the association has applied to the French government for assistance in finding it.

C. WHITE IS KNOCKED OUT.

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Oct. 22.—Ptolaine poisoning handed Charley White a solar plexus blow today. For the first time in his career he went under, took a three count and for this reason will not be able to battle Matt Wells, one of John Bull's leading boxing representatives, in Milwaukee Monday night. Instead the battle will take place Thursday night providing something else does not bob up in the meantime.

Three doctors worked over the Chicago lightweight nearly all of the day in an effort to round him in time for the match.

## AUTOCRATS OF AUTOMOBILE ROW WILL BE PUT ON VIEW.

Stream of Machines Pours Into Broadway Automobile and Flower Show Building All Day.

Two Floors of the Building Reaching all the Way from Broadway to Hill Street are Loaded with Cars of all Types—Wonderful Floral Display on the Third Floor and Aeroplanes and Accessories on the Fourth.

BY AD G. WADDELL.

IN THE same class with the great Madison Square Garden shows held annually in New York, the Broadway Automobile and Flower Show, eclipsing anything of its kind ever before attempted on the Pacific Slope, opens today.

At 2 o'clock this afternoon the doors will be thrown open, and the great building on Broadway formerly occupied by the Boston Store will become the automobile capital of the West.

There was a private show last night. The exhibitors, their employees and representatives of the press were permitted to view the automobiles, the decorations, the large array of accessories and the most wonderful collection of floral favorites ever exhibited in a private show.

JAMMED.

With but a limited number of visitors at the dress rehearsal last night, the famous old store building across from the City Hall had the appearance of the Robinson store on a sale day. The exhibitors and their attendants and invited guests made up a crowd almost as large as that which attends the average automobile show on opening night. The eleven elevator men were kept busy until late into the night hauling the visitors between the first and fourth floors.

There was none of the exclusive-ness which will feature the great show apparent last night. The barons of the automobile industry in Southern California were all business. Salesmen rushed around in the snappy business suits which will give way to the conventional dress attire this evening. The women present wore tailored suits and hats, but tonight and every night until the close of the show the most beautiful women in the south will be seen wearing the most beautiful of gowns.

FEW LIGHTS.

Last night the cars did not shine forth under the glow of the shimmering lights. The lights shimmered only in part, and in the shadowy spaces between the Auto Club signs the cars, representing the great automobile industry of Southern California, held forth under white and khaki-colored tarpaulins like blooded horses in the paddock.

The show opens this afternoon at 2 o'clock, the opening ceremonies will not take place until tonight at 8 o'clock. The show will be open tomorrow also, and from 10 o'clock each morning until 10:30 in the evening until the show closes at midnight next Saturday night. A special feature of the show on Sunday will be the sacred concert Sunday afternoon.

DANCING, ALSO.

There is to be dancing every afternoon and evening, and the cafe and tearoom will be open during the hours of the show.

There are many special features in connection with the show which make it the most unique ever held in America and the greatest ever attempted on the Pacific Coast. In one of the Hill street windows, Smith Brothers, Paige, Premier and Peerless distributors, have a Paige Six touring car and a painting of the Paige factory as it appears at night while running full blast in an effort to keep production up to the demand for the cars.

In the south window on Broadway, Harold L. Arnold has planted a miniature Death Valley as the scenery for the famed Death Valley Dodge, the stunt car which has covered the entire Northwest. The floor of the window is covered with desert sand and the walls have been decorated with a scene depicting the dry beauty of the famous sun-baked death hole.

UNDER COVER.

Don Lee has the other Broadway window and his exhibit has been under cover from the time it was installed and will not be unveiled until a few hours before the show opens today; but it is known that he has a Cadillac Eight winter car finished especially for the show. In Don Lee's Hill street window, the cups and prizes offered by the show management are to be a part of the display.

The demand for show space was so great that even the space originally allotted to the press for working desks, was converted into an exhibit station yesterday. Councilman J. E. Conwell, manager of the wonderful motor salon, has been besieged by

(Continued on Second Page.)



1195 at Los Angeles

exhibit at the Broadway Automobile and Flower Show, Boston Store Bldg (opp. City Hall), Oct. 23rd to 29th inclusive.

C. S. Anthony

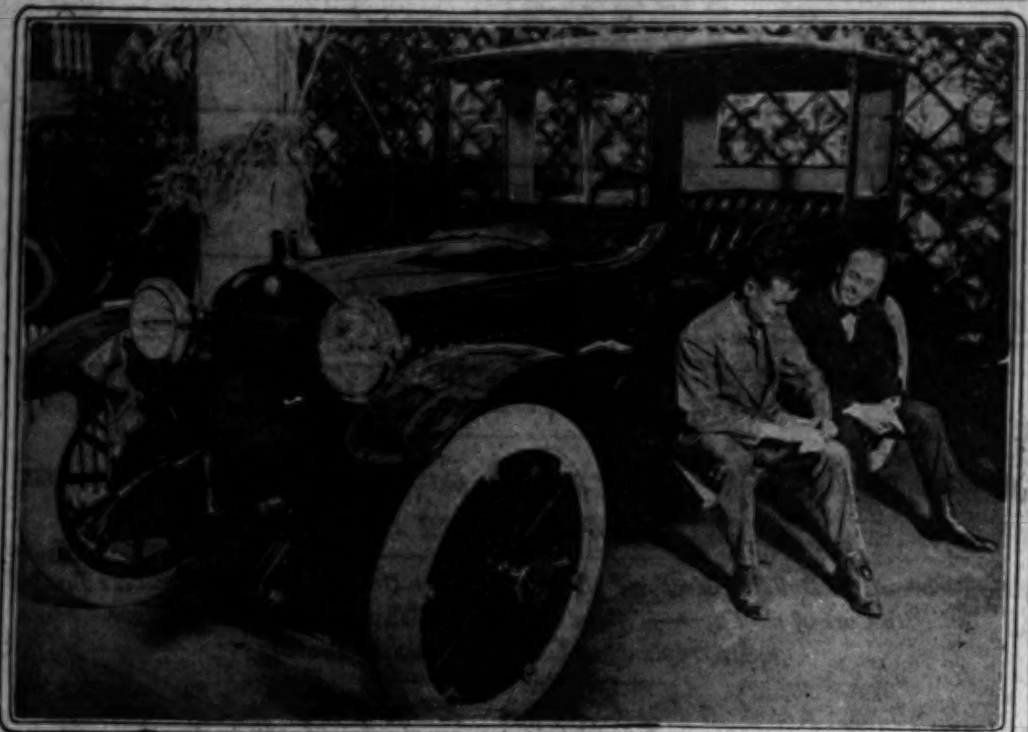
1047 South Olive Street

Broadway 952

shown in outside territory. Attractive proposition.



## Sales Made Before Show Opens.



Pre-show Hupmobile purchase.  
Jack Koerner sells car to the man during dress rehearsal at great Broadway Automobile and Flower Show when only exhibitors, their salesmen and members of the press were present.

## Auto Show Opens.

(Continued from First Page.)

exhibitors from all quarters applying for space. Even the large restroom was cut up and allotted to dealers. The English Motor Car Company wanted additional space but was unable to secure more than half the amount desired. The Maxwell exhibit is crowded on account of lack of space, due to the inability of the Lord Motor Car Company to get additional space after the first drawing.

The Cole Motor Company and the Chevrolet Motor Company of California are located in adjoining spaces on the first floor and both exhibits are crowded, while the concerns are showing only their regular models with special motor and cut-out chassis features. William R. Rues, who has the Mitchell stationed in a large space on the main floor, has been offered a large sum several times for a sale of his space.

While the large building is completely filled with cars, flowers and accessories, there is ample room for rest. Practically every exhibitor has arranged for chairs, tables and settees some place on his allotted space. There are chairs also around the dance floor and on the fourth floor, and many seats on the third floor among the floral displays.

## OXY FRESHMEN BEAT PASADENA.

## CRESWELL IS BRIGHT AND SHINING LIGHT OF GAME.

Pasadena High was defeated by the Oxy freshmen, 7 to 3, yesterday afternoon on the Occidental field. The Pasadena eleven was minus several stars because of injuries. Brooks, of the freshmen, caught a long forward pass in the first quarter and made a touchdown, kicking his own goal while Gerd, of Pasadena, put over a dropkick from the 40-yard line in the third quarter. Bobby Creswell of Occidental was the star of the entire game.

## AUTOMOBILE COMPANY FAILS.

HOUX CITY (Tow.) Oct. 22.—The Wyckoff-Curtis Automobile Company, one of the largest automobile companies in this section, filed a voluntary assignment in the District Court today. The liabilities are given as \$100,000; assets not known.

## HAMBURGER'S TO PLAY WOODMEN.

Hamburger's and the Woodmen of the World will meet in baseball at Graham Stadium, tomorrow afternoon at 3:15 o'clock. The Hamburger players are N. Boden, Perry, R. Sargent, B. Chapin, McAlphine, Eddie Klein, J. Manning, H. Sargent, Frank Wade. The battery is Manning and Wade.

## BIG AUTO CLUB RUN IS COMING.

The Automobile Club of Southern California is to have a great run to San Diego on Thanksgiving Day to celebrate the completion of the new State highway over the coast route. It is believed that there will be at least 500 machines in the large squadron which will make the run and more than 1000 motorists.

Never any place in the country has a motoring organization been able to stage a run of the magnitude of the runs held by the Automobile Club of Southern California, and the coming San Diego trip is expected to break all records for club runs.

Stanley L. Mitchell, secretary of the club, has taken the matter of special entertainment for the club members up with G. Aubrey Davidson, president of the Panama-California Exposition, by letter, and will go south to complete arrangements as soon as the Broadway Automobile and Flower Show closes unless President Davidson is able to come to Los Angeles some time during the coming week.

## RECORD FOR FIRST SHOW SALE GOES TO KOERNER.

THAT there is evidently some distinction attached to the purchasing of the first car at the Auto Show is apparent from the scramble and requests of buyers, seeking position No. 1.

While many auto owners have been awaiting the arrival of their new cars for a number of weeks and have received them simultaneously with the opening of the show, to Frank Price, well-known tire dealer, goes the distinction of buying the first 1914 car actually on the exhibition floor.

Mr. Price decided on a new car, but withheld his selection until the arrival of the car from the factory. Not content with the formal opening of the show he was right on the job at the "professional matinee" last night arranged for the benefit of motor dealers, accessory men and newspaper writers.

Accompanied by his wife the first

matter of business was a visit to the Hupmobile booth on the main floor, where salesman Jack Koerner was waiting. It took him less than five minutes to get out his check book and make the first actual sale on the show floor.

The car being the only all-year Hupmobile in the West is now being shown at the Greer-Robbins exhibit through the courtesy of its new owner.

"I have owned a number of motor cars," said Mr. Price, "having driven my smaller Hupmobile for several years. My intimate connection with the motor game has made the question of wear and tear both important and familiar to me."

"The Hupmobile is advertised as an economical car and I can truthfully say that my expense items have verified the factory claim in every detail. I have driven the '23' over the hardest trips in the State and have yet to see it fail."

## CRITICS FAVOR WASHINGTON TEAM.

GONZAGA IS RELYING ON ITS SPEEDY BACK FIELD FOR POINTS.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WRITER)  
SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 22.—The University of Washington will meet the team of Gonzaga College at Spokane and critics incline to give the victory to Washington. Gonzaga hopes to score through its speedy back field, ends and tackles and the place kicking ability of End Rush Al Finagold.

Games of lesser importance on the Pacific Coast are:  
Stanford vs. Palo Alto Athletic Club at Palo Alto.  
Pomona vs. University of Arizona at Claremont.  
University of Oregon vs. Whitman at Walla Walla.

## LITHOGRAPHERS TO MEET VILLE TEAM.

The Ville de Paris team will meet the fast-growing Western Lithograph Company, at the Exposition grounds on Sunday, October 24. McNary and Hendershot will twirl for the "Ville."

## LIST OF EXHIBITORS AT THE GREAT BROADWAY AUTO SHOW.

Automobile Club of Southern California  
Bekins-Speers Motor Company .....Haynes, Grant  
Earle C. Anthony, Inc. ....Reo, Packard  
Greer-Robbins Company .....Hupmobile, Chalmers  
William E. Bush .....Pierce Arrow  
Pioneer Commercial Auto Company .....White  
Harold L. Arnold .....Dodge, Hudson  
Chevrolet Motor Company .....Chevrolet  
Cole Motor Company .....Cole  
Apperson Motor Company .....Apperson  
Colyear Motor Sales Company .....Regal  
Don Lee .....Cadillac  
Oldsmobile Company of California .....Oldsmobile  
William R. Rues .....Mitchell  
California Elec. Garage Company .....Detroit Electric  
Washington-street Elec. Garage .....Ohio Electric  
Empire Motor Sales Company .....Empire  
Lord Motor Car Company .....Maxwell  
Smith Bros. ....Packard, Paige, Premier  
Ralph Hamlin .....Franklin, Baker and R. & L. Electric, Scripps-Booth  
W. J. Burt Motor Car Company .....Auburn  
Beardley Electric Company .....Beardley Electric  
Walter M. Brown Company .....Stutz  
Pacific Kieselkar Branch .....Kieselkar, Briscoe  
Hawley-King Company .....National, Oakland  
Saxon Motor Sales Company .....Saxon  
Irving Motor Sales Company .....Enger  
C. B. Anthony .....Glide  
Electric Vehicle Company .....Milburn Electric  
Locomobile Company of America .....Locomobile  
Chandler Motor Car Co. of Calif. ....Chandler  
Lynn C. Buxton .....Moon, Lexington  
English Motor Car Company .....King  
Eugene Schuler Company .....Allen  
ACCESSORIES  
Stulken Safety Signal, Western Auto Electric Corporation, Master Carburetor Co., Inc., Wilson & Willard, E. R. Holman Company, Miller Manufacturing Company, Pacific Ball-bearing Company, Ensign Carburetor Company, Electric Equipment Company, Hunt Engineering and Sales Company, Auto Sheet Metal Works, Puente Oil Company, Norwalk Tire Sales Company, Lamb & Dowell, Auto Trade Directory, Boyle Dayton Company, Bentel & Mackey, Gomor Sales Company, Firemen's Fund Insurance Company, Acme Electric Auto Works, Pull-Out Sales Company, A. Hamburger & Sons, C.A.C. Lubricants Company, Lar Win Traffic Signal Company, Garage and Repairmen's Association, Eugene M. Tilden.

## EXPRESSIONS BY MEN YOU KNOW REGARDING THE EIGHT CYLINDER CADILLAC

R. M. WALKER

Musa, Faris, Walker Co.  
(Fifth Street Store.)

We are very much pleased with our eight cylinder Cadillac.

We have found many things about this car that we did not have in our old four cylinder.

1. It saves about 50 per cent. of gasoline.
2. No vibration at 50 miles.
3. Water once a month.
4. Handles with ease of an electric car.
5. Extra steady on mileage; setting it at a given mileage there is very little roll or watching; absolutely steady.

Trusting this may be of service to you in knowing that the eight cylinder has proven so efficient, and we have driven it nearly 8000 miles and it has never had any disposition to do anything but get out and work and bring us home.

JOHN WOOTAN

Amalgamated Oil Co.

I have now had my car about two months, and have traveled 2500 miles over hills and valleys, mountains and desert, good roads and bad roads, and not only have I had no trouble of any kind whatever, but I can unhesitatingly say that every moment spent in the car has afforded me the keenest enjoyment.

I also desire to express my appreciation of the efficient and courteous treatment afforded me upon all occasions by the boys in the Service Department.

GRIFFITH J. GRIFFITH

April 30, 1915, I bought from you one eight cylinder Cadillac (seven passenger) car. Since that date it has been used by myself on all sorts of roads, covering a total distance of 6400 miles and it appears as good as ever, movement being strong, smooth and as quiet as when first purchased. I would not exchange it for any other car regardless of make or price.

There are over five hundred owners of eight-cylinder Cadillac cars in Southern California. We will gladly refer any prospective buyers to any of our owners, with the perfect confidence that they will all express the sentiments contained in the above. We will furnish names and addresses of any number of owners at any time.

H. MONROE BERNHEIM

W. B. Marwin &amp; Co.

I have to date driven my eight cylinder 1915 Cadillac in excess of 5700 miles.

On my recent trip to San Francisco I had occasion to call at your branch agencies in Fresno and San Francisco, and in justice to the men in charge, I wish to compliment them on the very prompt service given me particularly as I was a total stranger to them. The courteous attention extended in San Francisco will never be forgotten by the many Cadillac owners who had occasion to visit the San Francisco Fair. Personally I was so much impressed by it that I persuaded my cousin, while there, to purchase one of your eight cylinder cars, and from latest reports, I feel satisfied that he is as much of an enthusiast as I am in boosting your car.

P. D. MASON

Mason Bldg.

The eight cylinder Cadillac which I purchased from you some months ago has proven very satisfactory. It is an economical car to operate, very easy riding, and its superior performance as regards power, smooth running and simplicity of operation are most gratifying.

FRED L. FALLAS

Member Los Angeles Produce Exchange.

In answer to your inquiry of Oct. 18th, I am glad to state that my eight cylinder Cadillac is giving my family and me the greatest possible satisfaction and pleasure. We are having absolutely no trouble with it in any way. I do not believe it possible that an automobile could be more perfect.

W. B. BICKSLER

Bickler &amp; Smith

Referring to my 1915 eight cylinder Cadillac, permit me to say that I cannot conceive of a motor car being more satisfactory than the one I now have. So far it has been as satisfactory as would be expected from a high class car.

LOOKED GOOD.

When I saw the other hand has a team that had two years of American football experience on the California. It seems as if no change from Rugby to the other or the way around the game in one year, is not so much as you have seen. The Trojans, who have played the American football game from California in. If they let this slip by, they are 100 to 1 that they will have another.

NO SO GOOD. The other hand U.S.C. played a game with the L.A.C. and held a very close game. The Trojans, who have played the American football game from California in. If they let this slip by, they are 100 to 1 that they will have another.

THE INFERENCE. The Trojans, who have played the American football game from California in. If they let this slip by, they are 100 to 1 that they will have another.

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## BROADWAY SHOW PATRONS MAY TAKE ADVANTAGE OF AN OFFER

MOTORISTS of Southern California, through action taken on Thursday night by the board of directors of the Automobile Club of Southern California, will be enabled to join that organization during the progress of the Broadway Automobile and Flower Show without the necessity of subscribing the usual initiation fee of \$5.

This action has never before been taken by the club's directors, and is an innovation which probably will never be repeated.

Membership under these conditions can be taken out only during the auto show, and only at the automobile club's booth on the first floor near the main entrance.

Believing that the show will stimulate activity in the motoring world of Southern California, and also an interest in the efforts of the automobile club to increase the service of that organization to all automobilists to a degree heretofore not sub of Southern California, and to perfect the various departments for service to members.

It is an acknowledged fact that hundreds of eastern visitors having friends in Southern California have joined the Automobile Club of Southern California, although they intended to remain in the State but a few weeks.

They declare in each instance that this step is taken on their part out of gratitude and appreciation for what the club has done in erecting the most remarkable sign-posting system in the world, which they have used and profited by.

They have no wish to "sponge" off the generosity of others. There are thousands of motorists in Southern California, it is pointed out by President Fred L. Baker, who are indifferent to the great work the club is doing because they fail to realize that practically every week they have occasion to use the club's signs or the club's complete road information.

As a remarkably interesting feature of the big show, there will be the complete and thorough system of guide signs that has been placed throughout the entire building by the

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## See the Successful SAXON SIX &amp; FOUR

Now Exhibited at the Broadway Automobile and Flower Show

Quality, Style and Economy  
A Roomy 5-passenger Six of up-to-date design.  
\$885 F.O.B. Los Angeles

The most economical runabout built. Standard used engine design.  
\$445 F.O.B. Los Angeles  
(Electric Starter, \$50 Additional)

Saxon Motor Sales Co.  
F7559 1140 So. Olive

SPEDOLENE

"The Lubricant that Kills Heat"

The Standard Gear Lubricant. Designed especially for transmission and differential gears of motor cars.

SPEDOLENE is a lubricant with body which resists the tremendous strains and friction which occur in the motion.

SPEDOLENE is a lubricant which attacks heat and metal parts and STAYS BY THEM.

SPEDOLENE affords proper lubricating oil for the gear cases and running oil for the shafts and axles. It is unaffected by climate change, oil, dirt, water, acid, alkali, and is not affected by heat, cold, water or steam.

SPEDOLENE is a pure mineral lubricant and contains no graphite, tar, lye, soda, waste, or other impurities. It is the finest motor lubricant ever made.

SPEDOLENE will not gum, channel or corrode and improves with use.

SPEDOLENE will be exhibited at the Broadway Automobile and Flower Show, October 23rd to 30th inclusive.

C. A. C. LUBRICANTS CO.  
730 South Olive St.

## S.C. Men

## The Big Game.

## TROJANS HAVE CHANCE TODAY.

U.S.C. has One Opportunity to Beat Berkeley.

It Depends on Bears' Knowledge of Game.

Shine Against Old Rugby Players.

HOWARD ANGUS

That opportunity beats the door of every man who is playing with all her might on today. The Trojans have the chance they have ever had to win the game from California in. If they let this slip by, they are 100 to 1 that they will have another.

NO EXPERIENCE. The lack of football experience on the California. It seems as if no change from Rugby to the other or the way around the game in one year, is not so much as you have seen.

The Trojans, who have played the American football game from California in. If they let this slip by, they are 100 to 1 that they will have another.

FAVORITES. The Trojans, who have played the American football game from California in. If they let this slip by, they are 100 to 1 that they will have another.

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# Tap Today

## L.A. High Triumphs Over Hollywood, 9 to 0.



Woods, the demon L. A. half-back,

being assailed by the Hollywood players in the game yesterday. Woods was the most consistent ground-gainer on the field and his place kick in the twilight moments of the game helped considerably in clinching matters.

### CLIFFDWELLER RUNS LENGTH OF THE FIELD.

Red Sharp of L. A. High intercepts a Hollywood Forward Pass Behind His Own Goal Line and Rambles Over a Hundred Yards for Only Touchdown of the Game—Unexpected Strength by Moody's Players.

BY JAMES DE CAMP.

WHAT did the angry Romans say? "Rasberry," shouted 1400 L. A. High rooters rising and shaking clenched fists as Left Cliffdweller of the Hilltoppers intercepted a forward pass on his own goal line and tore down the whole length of the field for a touchdown.

NERVOUS. Perhaps the L. A. men were, in a sense of mind similar to the angry Romans during the first few minutes of the game, before the score was 0-0. The ball was kicked off to L. A. and the Hollywood players were rushed off their feet by the shadow of their goal line. But sharp's spectacular interception brought the 9 to 0 victory to L. A. High.

GOOD BACKS. Woods and Sharp of L. A. were the terrors of the day. They seemed able to steam along the whole opposing team around and make his yards while Hollywood players were good for long runs.

VERY EARLY. The touchdown was made early in the first quarter, except the Hollywood players who were penalized rather frequently for holding and the like, and the yard line only to have them tear through a hole in the line for twenty yards. At the end of the first quarter, L. A. was ahead 9 to 0.

ENTER SHARP. The second quarter Sharp replaced the first and started off with a forward pass, which was intercepted by Cliffdweller. Several yards were gained on the enemy's 1-yard line. Wood tried another field goal, but it was blocked. Coach Moody's players carried the ball to the 13-yard line.

MINNESOTA CAPTAIN IS DECLARED INELIGIBLE. (BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) MINNEAPOLIS (Minn.) Oct. 22.—Loris Solon, captain of the University of Minnesota football eleven, was this afternoon declared ineligible to take part in future intercollegiate competition. The reason given was that he played summer baseball on the Havre team under the name of "Stone," receiving money for his services in direct violation of the conference rule.

MINNESOTA CAPTAIN IS DECLARED INELIGIBLE. (BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) MINNEAPOLIS (Minn.) Oct. 22.—Plans of the University of Minnesota to send a "live stock" to the big football game at Harvard were abandoned today when it was learned that the university had been declared ineligible to take part in future intercollegiate competition. The reason given was that he played summer baseball on the Havre team under the name of "Stone," receiving money for his services in direct violation of the conference rule.

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### 1916 OLDSMOBILE

The Quality Light Car

There is no change in the running of your Oldsmobile going up the steepest grades. Gasoline is supplied to the carburetor unfailingly at all times.

The Stewart Vacuum gasoline system in Oldsmobile 48 insures even running under all conditions. It draws gasoline from the rear tank to a small tank under the hood, where the gasoline falls in an even, positive flow to the carburetor. No gasoline is forced wastefully through the carburetor to cause an over-rich mixture, sluggishness and carbonization. \$1095 f.o.b. Lansing, Mich. We will be pleased to demonstrate.



The Oldsmobile Co. of California  
Main 3130 12th and Olive F5647

See our exhibit at the Broadway Automobile and Flower Show, Room 200, Broadway Building (opposite City Hall), October 23rd to 30th, inclusive.

### THE "SIX OF '16"

1365 HERE Mitchell 1365 HERE

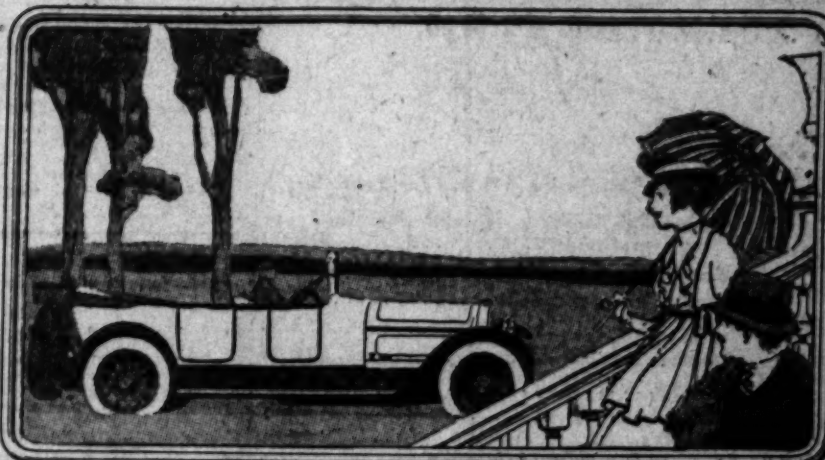
Seven passenger 30 extra

Every owner of "The Six of '16" is proud of his car. This pride is justified by its Action, Appearance and Service. Come and see the Big Car at a Moderate Price.

WM. R. RUESS  
10th at Olive

See "The Six of '16" at the Broadway Auto and Flower Show, October 23 to 30 Incl.

Main 7278 60173



### The NEW LOCOMOBILE

The Fine Vehicle has always distinguished the Fine Family. The New Locomobile, with its beautiful low lines and Over One Hundred Refinements, has an air of distinction that makes it the car of cars to express family standing.

Miss Elsie de Wolfe, the leading authority in design and decoration, famous for her unerring good taste, has become associated with the Locomobile Company, and her influence will extend to the decorative treatment of Closed Car interiors.

To those who wish bodies built to order, our Custom Body Department, a unique feature, has special facilities for executing exceptionally beautiful designs.

The New Locomobile exhibits Over One Hundred Refinements. The Body is lower and the Running Boards are lower. The extra wide rear doors, combined with the low step, afford great ease of entrance and exit. A closed motor bonnet with increased slope. New cowl. New Windshield with movable upper glass and movable lower curved glass. Electric refinements. Carburetor refinements. Enclosed motor valves. New Multiple Dry Disc Clutch. More complete noiselessness. More luxurious upholstery than ever.

No other high grade car combines all the following points of excellence: Four Speeds; Multiple Dry Disc Clutch; Low Easy Step; Left Drive with Center Control; Tires at the Rear; Clear Running Boards; Closed Motor Bonnet; One-Piece Mudguards; "Touch the Button to start;" Full Floating Rear Axle; Distance Rods; Rear Springs Shackled at Both ends; a car that is mechanically and electrically locked; Brakes that will stop the car in an emergency instead of simply slowing it down.

See Our Exhibit at the Broadway Automobile and Flower Show October 23 to 30.

The LOCOMOBILE COMPANY  
of America  
MAKERS OF FINE MOTOR CARS

"Every Highway Is the King's 'Hi-way'"

THE CAR WITH THE

### "PERSONALITY"

—at the—

Broadway Automobile and Flower Show

WILL BE LOCATED

On the Second Floor (center)

Opposite the Orchestra

If You Haven't Inspected the

### KING "8"

Beneath the Lil' Pond  
Do It Today, Tomorrow,  
And All Next Week

PAGES can be written about the qualities of the KING "EIGHT" BUT it LOOKS even Better than it reads!

FIND out for yourself WHY the King is still supreme

This Announcement Is from the

ENGLISH MOTOR CAR CO.

1132 SOUTH GRAND AVENUE

Home Phone F2381

Sunset Main 1400

Reliable Dentistry  
At Low Prices. Estimate, FREE  
Drs. Lutz & Lutz  
Eastern Dentists  
404 S. Hill St.  
Open Evenings.

FURNITURE SALE  
\$25,000 stock high-grade Furniture, Rugs and Stoves, now in our new store.  
GEO. W. DEWEY  
204-736 South Main

RUPTURE  
Dr. Joseph Pandey, European specialist, cures all curable ruptures permanently, no matter how long standing, for the age, without operation or injection, our detouring from business. For further investigation call at my office, 1111 Center St., Los Angeles, Cal. Phone Broadway 411. Hours 9 to 12, 3 to 6, except Sunday.



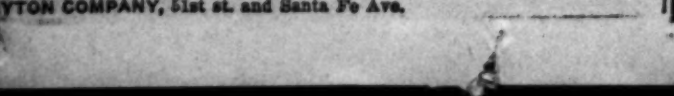
# Sherman a

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**Tough Fight.**

*Sid Neighbors Admits He is Scared of Outcome.*

ton Sto



our designed DRIVEN WITH AIR on exhibition at Auto Show. Speed, accuracy in measuring, beauty of design, best of workmanship, ease of operation, to be found in Service Station and Curb Air Pump made by the BOYLE-TYTON COMPANY, 51st st. and Santa Fe Ave.



# Sherman and Cubmen Fight Their Big Grudge Battle.

**Excitement Over Game.**  
SOUTH PASADENA, Oct. 22.—Additional interest in the game scheduled for this afternoon between the eleven of South Pasadena and Whittier High Schools has been aroused as the result of an alleged attempt made last evening by two machine loads of Whittier High School boys to prematurely burn a large bonfire erected by freshmen students on the school campus, the conflagration of which was planned as the celebrating event opening the 1915 football season.

The presence of numerous husky South Pasadenaans kept the Quakers from accomplishing their evident purpose, but the invaders did not leave without some manifestation of their enthusiasm for Whittier. A large number of posters exalting the alleged athletic greatness of Whittier High School were picked up about the grounds last night.

The rally and following bonfire was carried through as planned regardless of the presence of the students from Whittier.

**PLAY WAY DOWN IN SOUTH OF STATE.**  
San Diego High, which has shown great strength, is expected to put up a good battle against Heath's team—Morrison Expected to Star for the Freshmen.

**SPECIAL CARS FOR FOOTBALL GAME.**  
SANTA MONICA TO BRING MANY ROOTERS HERE FOR GAME.

**BILLY SOULES TO FIGHT CROOKS.**  
Billy Soules, the recognized amateur champion lightweight of the city, will box Crooks at the Western Athletic Club tonight. The bout will be the main event on the programme.

**SANTA ANA HAS HEAVY ELEVEN.**  
IN FINE TRIM, FOR GAME WITH POLY THIS AFTERNOON AT BOYARD FIELD.

**HIGGINS'S HOPES TO HOLD LAST DRILL.**  
SQUAD WILL LEAVE FOR NORTH THURSDAY OF NEXT WEEK.

**MUSIC AND DANCING EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING.**  
October 23 to 30, Broadway Automobile and Flower Show, Boston Store Building.

**EL TORO 5¢**  
An Imported Porto Rican Cigar

**BRENTWOOD PARK**  
Go to Brentwood Park Today  
See the new home building.

**MOTOR CAR DEALERS ASSOCIATION DIRECTORY**  
BEARDSLEY ELECTRIC — Beardsley Electric Co., 1250-1260 W. 7th. Home phone 53018; Pac. Wil. 788.  
BUICK — HOWARD AUTO CO., 1323 S. Flower St. Home 60009, Main 9040.  
CHALMERS — HUPMOBILE — Greer Robbins Co., Twelfth and Flower Sts. Bdwy. 5410; A1187.  
CHANDLER — Chandler Motor Car Co. of Cal. 1144 So. Hope St. Main 3459, F5047.  
FRANKLIN and SCRIPPS-BOOTH. Rauch & Lang and BAKER ELECTRICS. R. C. HAMLIN, 1040 South Flower Phone: 60249, Main 7877.

**LONG BEACH-MANUAL ARTS GAME LOOKS INTERESTING.**  
MANUAL ARTS and Long Beach High will meet this afternoon on the Tuller's field in what looks to be a rather evenly-matched game. Coaches of both teams have been eliminating the weak spots since last Saturday's contests.

The Long Beach back field, which has been considered weak thus far, is said to have been greatly improved since the L. A. High game. Capt. Dev. Anderson is said to be in form again and pulling off his long-distance punts as good as ever, while Van Brammer seems good at right half. An Arizona man, Couch, is showing up well at end.

Coach Fritsch of Manual has been trying to inject pep into his men during the week and perhaps they will fight a little harder than is their custom in today's game. He is relying on the famous Lamport family to do great things. Warren Lamport has been pulling off some wonderful drop kicks, scoring one against Pasadena last Saturday at a most difficult angle.

The Manual line-up will not be materially changed except that Fritsch is expecting to use the oldest of the Lamport boys, Claron, at quarter. This game will at least be made interesting for the beach lads by the sturdy city team work rather than in individual star plays. Judging from the work of the team in practice games here, White is making a big success of the plan of having a star team rather than a team of stars.

Word from South Pasadena is that practically their entire student body will be present tomorrow to witness the game and to root.

Additional local interest centers in the fact that the game will be the first league football game ever played on the new athletic field of Whittier High, a field occupying an entire city block, and recently completed at a cost of \$15,000. The field in grading, character and general arrangement, is believed to be unequalled by any high school field in the South.

**WHITTIER HOPES TO LICK SOUTH PASADENA SQUAD**  
[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]  
WHITTIER, Oct. 22.—Football enthusiasm in the Whittier High School has never run higher than this evening, when a monster jolly-up was held at the new athletic field, with a big bonfire and speeches. Footballically speaking, the sentiment of Whittier is "South Pasadena delenda est," for the inter-school season opens for Whittier and the Pasadena High tomorrow afternoon. Unusual interest in the contest comes from the fact that Coach White of Whittier was for the past three years the South Pasadena coach. A sort of White-present vs. White-past atmosphere hangs over the game.

The Whittier team will be seen in action tomorrow.

**CHAFFEY READY FOR BIG GAME.**  
REDLANDS RUNS AGAINST THE SPEEDY UP-COUNTRY AGGREGATION.  
[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]  
ONTARIO, Oct. 22.—Chaffey High opens the Citrus Belt League championship race tomorrow with a game with the scrappy Redlands team on the local campus.

Coach Art Lutz, former Stanford star, who has been instilling the fundamentals of the American football game into the Redlands aggregation, is reported to have a speedy team and Coach Fred Clapp has been putting the Chaffey team through some tough scrimmages work in preparation for tomorrow's game.

Coach Lutz of Redlands has given out the word that he considers the Chaffey team the strongest in the league and he believes that if Redlands wins it will be in direct line for the Citrus Belt hunting.

## THE LOS ANGELES TIMES ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE

UNIQUE AND PEERLESS

One Million Red Men.  
By Frank C. Carpenter.

Great Experts Discuss the Navy's Needs.  
Interviews by Edward Marshall.

Alaska — Descriptive, Historical, Contemplative.  
By Walter Lindley, M.D., LL. D.

Ornamental Trees for Southern California.  
By Ernest Brautman.

A Tale from Russia's Enchanted Corner.  
By Christina Kryto.

Wearing Out a Welcome.  
By Eugene Brown.

It's a Funny Old World.  
By James M. Wamack.

On the Road to Carson Village.  
By Ruth E. Wilcox.

A Puzzler for Perkins.  
By Kenneth C. Beaton.

Fulfilling the Law.  
By Vera Hestham Cole.

Exhibits of India at Panama-Pacific Exposition.  
By a Special Writer.

A Tragedy in the Alley.  
By Eulalia Wadsworth.

My Lady Tokay.  
By Annette Reynolds.

The Sod Breakers.  
By Warren McCulloch.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren.  
By Mabel Herbert Umer.

According to Custom.  
By Flora Barnes Munger.

Agricultural Conventions and Rural Progress.  
By M. V. Hartman.

Good Short Stories—City and House Beautiful—The Eagle—the Lancer — The Human Body — "Home, Sweet Home"—Poultry Culture—California, Land of the Sun—Poetry, Humor, Etc.

Illustrative Features

This week's issue is characterized by a number of exceptionally fine halftone illustrations, among them the following:

Full double-page view of Yucapa Mountains.

Full-page view of Mt. Wilson and Lone Pine. (A study by Mode Wineman.)

Full-page Group of Beautiful Trees Grown in Southern California.

Full-page Group of Current Newspaper Cartoons.

Half-page Group Exhibits of India at Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Half-page Group of Strange South American Indians.

And other smaller illustrations.

Ready for Readers Saturday Morning.







# AND LOAD OF GOLD GONE.

Angels and Thousands of  
Dollars Sought.

Angels Bought by Youth;  
Hunt On.

Hotel Man Nabbed  
in North.

Police authorities  
California yesterday failed  
to locate Howard Main, an 18-  
year-old messenger who disappeared  
last night after having been given  
\$1000 in gold pieces by the United  
States National Bank at Fourth  
and Broadway streets. Last night it  
developed that the young man pur-  
chased a motorcycle at No. 947 South  
Main street shortly before 1 o'clock  
on the day of his disappearance, and  
that he had used it in his flight.

Howard Main, the son of Mrs. W.  
Main, of No. 1214 1/2 Myrtle street,  
was employed only two weeks by the  
United States National Bank, as a  
messenger. He was given the pos-  
sibility of the recommendation of his  
employer, a trusted employee in  
the bank.

Howard Main was asked  
by the police yesterday when he  
last saw the gold pieces and dis-  
tinguished them.

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## CALL EXPERT ON HANDWRITING.

QUESTION AS TO WHO SIGNED  
TELEGRAM AND RAILROAD  
TICKET IS POINT.

Yesterday's proceedings in the Lip-  
aroid-Woolf conspiracy case before  
Judge Farrington and a jury in the  
United States District Court were  
mostly devoted to the expert testimony  
of Milton Carlson, called by the gov-  
ernment to identify the handwriting  
of J. Sherman Woolf, a Monterey at-  
torney, who is one of the defendants.

The joint testimony of Carlson and Earl  
Rogers, who sought to weaken the  
evidence of the witness, was highly in-  
teresting. The letters about which the  
testimony was given were two found in  
the house of Joe Brune in San Pedro,  
and a telegram sent by Woolf, it is al-  
leged, to Brune, the original copy of the  
latter being introduced. These letters  
and the telegram were signed by R. S.  
and J. S. Chano. The government  
claimed Woolf signed all the docu-  
ments.

The comparison of the writing was  
made by means of the original copy  
of the signature of Woolf to a South-  
ern Pacific Railroad ticket, by stipu-  
lation. The ticket carried Woolf from  
San Francisco south, and it is alleged  
that it was purchased by Woolf in  
San Francisco the same day that the  
telegram was sent to Brune at San  
Pedro. Carlson testified that the signa-  
ture of Woolf to the ticket and that  
of R. S. and J. S. Chano were written  
by the same person.

The statement of Harry James, the  
Chinese movie picture actor, relative  
to his trip on the Anelli, was ad-  
mitted by Judge Farrington as evidence  
against him, after the employees in  
the office of Capt. Charles T. Connell,  
immigration inspector, denying cate-  
gorically the evidence of James that  
he had been offered immunity in re-  
turn for the statement, had been  
permitted to testify.

There will be no session of court to-  
day, and it is believed that the cross-  
examination of Carlson will continue  
over Monday, if not longer.

## Munsingwear

The All  
Weather  
Underwear  
for Men  
and Boys

You will get an entirely  
new idea of underwear  
comfort and Union Suit  
advantages when you put  
on your first MUNSING-  
WEAR garment.  
The lithe, elastic "give" of  
fabric—the freedom of  
movement—the perfect  
"set" at every point are  
superiorities of Munsing-  
wear, most appreciated.

Garments for  
Men, \$1 to \$5.  
Garments for  
Boys, 50c to \$3.

Harri & Frank  
437-441 South Spring St.

Open Saturday until 9 P.M.

## "Eveready Lites"



Pocket Type,  
75c to \$1.50

There is much security and  
a great deal of satisfaction to  
be derived by carrying a de-  
pendable flashlight in the vest  
pocket. There are not one  
but a hundred uses for an  
"Eveready."



Children's Winter Footwear—  
every size, every style that's  
popular—moderately priced and  
perfectly fitted at STAUDT'S.

Staudt's  
The Popular Price Shoe Store,  
336 SO BROADWAY

## 50c Luncheon

(Served between 11 and 3)  
Cream Celery Soup, aux Croûtons  
Roast Young Turkey  
Cranberry Sauce  
Mashed Potatoes  
Fruit Salad  
Ice Cream  
Chocolate Layer Cake  
Demi Tasse

—Home of Outdoor Mattresses— —McCall Patterns—  
**Coulter Dry Goods Co.**  
(Founded in 1878.)  
U. S. Postoffice Sub-Station. W. U. Telegraph Branch. American Express Branch.

## 35c Luncheon

(Served between 11 and 3)  
Small Club Steak  
Baked Potato  
Apple Pie  
Tea, Coffee or Milk  
Cafe; Fourth Floor)

# Hundreds of Short Lengths in Silks, Woolens, Linings

Every solitary remnant, odd piece and short length in stock goes into this sale—and it will amply repay any woman for the little bother of looking over a great quantity of materials—to secure exactly the waist, skirt or even whole dress she may have been hesitating to buy at full price. Plain and fancy silks, in black and colors; ends of velvets, corduroys and velveteens; all short ends of plain and fancy woolens—in black, white and colors; all ends of satines, percalines, satins, linen canvas—all at exactly half price.



\$5.00

for Smart Hats  
that ought easily to fetch  
\$7.50 to \$10.00.

Five dollars ought to buy  
a smart hat—and it will, at  
Coulter's. Today, because  
we shall offer dozens and  
dozens of newest shapes  
(turbans, draped effects,  
sailors large and small, tri-  
cornes and others) at this  
low price.

Trimmings of every good  
sort—wings, feather fan-  
cies, beaded ornaments, ribbon,  
ostrich; colors navy, black,  
brown, purple; all. \$5.00  
(Millinery; Main Floor)

## An Attractive Showing of New House and Porch Dresses; Also Uniforms for Maids and Nurses

Correct apparel for maids, nurses, governesses, in these new arrivals; styles in both high and low neck, with long or short sleeves, to suit the necessities of the wearer. House and porch dresses \$1.25 to \$3.50.

### \$1 Silk Lisle Hose, Pair, 50c

Simply because we are closing out odd sizes (both regular and extra,) in these splendid fine silk lisle hose, on sale, in black only, at.....50c  
(Hosiery; Main Floor)

### Halloween Novelties at Half

Everything in this line—postal cards, booklets and all kinds of table favors of the very sorts you want for your Halloween entertainments, out at.....Half  
(Stationery; South Aisle)

## Special Values in Suits at \$19.75 and \$25.00

If you are looking for sales that are sales, you need come no further than Coulter's; these are broken size ranges, and certain models that we cannot, unfortunately, duplicate, hence the reductions:

### At \$19.75

Values \$22.50 to \$25.00  
—plain tailor effects in gray mixtures and stripes; in navy or black serge and poplin; in brown or green broad-cloths.

Box style coats, too, in black and white checks and navy serge; \$19.75

### At \$25.00

Values \$27.50 to \$32.50  
—serges, poplins, broadcloths—navy and some other shades as well, in rather elaborate styles of making. Sizes here somewhere or other between 16 and 40; if yours happen to be among them, you will be decidedly fortunate to secure so good a suit at.....\$25.00

New Sports Suits and Coats in Golfex and Alpine Cloths—stripe Alpine cloth suits, and coats in both materials. Some models are trimmed with fur; some coats are short, others are three-quarter length; in rose, green, browns, (tan and purple)—the newest for sports and Country Club wear.  
(Garment Section; Second Floor)



## Children's Coats

Cunning, warm coats, for children of six to fourteen years, in mixtures and invisible checks, with back and full belts, at.....\$5.00

Furs for Little Tots  
New arrivals; little muffs, with pocketbook in muff, at \$2. Larger sizes for girls up to 14 years.....\$5 to \$25

Children's Hats  
—in velvet, plush and cord-uroy; all sizes and a variety of shades, from.....\$1 to \$5  
(Children's Wear; Second Floor)

# Every Reason in the World for Buying Bedding Now

And hardly a single one for not doing so; prices are steadily advancing, real bargains are getting fewer and fewer; weather is growing cooler—now is certainly the time to buy!

### \$5 Blankets at \$3.90 Pair

Our leader at \$5—white or gray, with blue or pink borders; plaids in blue, pink, tan, gray, black and white; and black plaids, pair.....\$3.90

### \$5 Pillows, Pair, \$3.75

Just two numbers here; select all-geese feathers at \$3.75; and best mixed feathers, reg. \$3.00, pair.....\$2.10

### Sheets and Cases

The extra long ones; Coulter Special; good weight; even thread muslin; 3 and 1-inch hems; torn size; 72x99, regularly 75c, Saturday, 59c; 90x99, regularly 90c, 74c; Cases, 45x36, regularly 20c, 15c.  
(Bedding; Rear South Aisle)



The famous "Sham-rock" linens are sold nowhere else in Los Angeles.

### \$3.50 Comforts, \$2.90

Coulter Special—home-made comforts in five sizes; finest Imperial Valley carded cotton filling; best silkoline covers; stitched in scroll pattern; 81x90, regularly \$3.50 \$2.90; 72x84, regularly \$3, at \$2.50; 72x78, regularly \$2.50, at \$2.00; 60x80, regularly \$2.25, at \$1.75; 45x84, regularly \$1.25, at \$1.00.

### \$2.50 Satin Spreads, \$1.65

Full size—not a crocheted spread, but the real satin Marseilles; 80x90 in size, and regular \$2.50 quality, at this special Saturday price.....\$1.65

### 50c Mercerized Linen, 37 1/2c

64-inch fine white mercerized damask, in ten new designs.  
(Bedding; Rear South Aisle)

## Wide Flouncings 85c, \$1.95

Brand new, fresh and perfect 20-inch Organdie Flouncings; 27-inch Batiste and Voile Flouncings, and 10 and 12-inch Bands, in the handsomest patterns imaginable, for trimming gowns, for panels, bolero jackets and the like; your choice, yard.....85c

## And at \$1.95

White, cream and a few ecru Venise Edged Flouncings; 27 and 45 inches wide; dozens of designs, all of them new and all remarkably fine and dainty. Few duplicates, but scores of patterns in the lot.  
(Embroideries; Main Floor)



Only  
\$1.00

For clever vestees, guimpes, collars in flat or roll styles; collar and cuff sets, stocks and like pretty articles of neckwear, fashioned from organdie, voile and net; hand embroidered or trimmed with good laces; values here to and including \$2.50, for.....\$1.00  
(Neckwear; Main Floor)

## No More Popular Wash Goods Than These

**Kimono Crepes**  
—30 inches wide; pink, blue, lavender grounds; light and dark patterns with neat figures; special yard. 10c  
**Soft Crepes**  
—for underwear; 30 inches wide; in six different patterns; our usual 15c quality, yard.....10c  
Mercerized Crepes—a specially fine quality for undergarments, dresses or waists; selling at 25c; Today.....17 1/2c  
(Wash Goods; Rear South Aisle)

## Specials That Are On Sale Today Only

50c Triangle Wizard Mops; they clean, polish and renew the finish of fine furniture, woodwork, automobiles, etc., fully treated.....25c  
20c Whisk Brooms.....15c  
\$1.25 Military Hair Brushes; good bristles, wire drawn.....75c  
\$1.50 Clothes Brushes; extra good bristles; assorted ebony or cocobola backs.....98c  
35c Guaranteed Tooth Brushes; pure bristles; assorted bone and transparent handles.....20c  
(Three for 50c.)  
10c Cakes Physicians' and Surgeons' Soap, now 7c cake; 4 for.....25c  
25c Miro-Dena Tooth Paste.....15c  
20c and 25c Wool Powder Puffs.....15c  
(Two for 25c.)  
25c Can Odor-shun Deodorizing Powder.....15c  
\$1 and \$1.25 Solid Back Hair Brushes; assorted black ebony, rosewood and satinwood backs.....69c  
35c and 50c Hand Scrub Brushes; good quality of bristles; wire drawn.....25c  
\$1 Bulk Perfume; assorted odors, including violet and Muguet Lily, ounce.....50c  
(Toilet Goods; South Aisle)

## Clearance of Dress Shields at Half

Such styles as the following, in assorted sizes—  
\$1 Princess Brasieres.....50c  
50c Garment Shields.....25c  
20c Shirtwaist Shields.....10c  
20c to 30c Nainsook Covered Shields in regular shapes.....10c to 15c  
30c to 40c Silk covered Shields, in regular shapes.....15c to 20c

### Other Good Specials

60c Sanitary Aprons.....25c  
85c Sanitary Omo Belts.....30c  
25c Celluloid Hair Pins, assorted shell or amber, box.....20c  
10c Hooks and Eyes; odd lots and various sizes.....5c  
5c Wire Hairpin Cabinet, 3 for.....10c  
(Notions; South Aisle)



## NEW in Men's Furnishings

Bath Robes—in beautiful new patterns; Lounging Robes and House Coats, also; every one of them the smartest and best quality buyable.

New Mackinaws—for men who love the out-of-doors; who frequent Country Clubs or motor.

New Fall Shirts—snappy patterns from well-known makers (and no others); New Neckwear—striking and conservative styles.

New Underwear—in cotton or in wool; all sizes and styles.

New Outing Flannel Pajamas and Nightshirts, and new One-piece Pajamas, of outing flannel, something novel and very popular among men who have worn them.  
(Men's Furnishings; South Aisle)

COULTER'S—215-229 South Broadway

224-228 South Hill Street—COULTER'S



## Business: Money, Stocks, Bonds — Trade in Local Produce Market — Citrus Market.

## FINANCIAL.

OFFICE OF THE TREASURER  
Los Angeles, Oct. 22, 1915.  
Bank clearing yesterday were \$1,016,511.77, a decrease of \$43,000.00, compared with the corresponding day last year.

## NEW YORK MONEY MARKET.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—Money market, 3% 3/4, 3% 1/2, 3% 1/4, 3% 1/8, 3% 1/16, 3% 1/32, 3% 1/64, 3% 1/128, 3% 1/256, 3% 1/512, 3% 1/1024, 3% 1/2048, 3% 1/4096, 3% 1/8192, 3% 1/16384, 3% 1/32768, 3% 1/65536, 3% 1/131072, 3% 1/262144, 3% 1/524288, 3% 1/1048576, 3% 1/2097152, 3% 1/4194304, 3% 1/8388608, 3% 1/16777216, 3% 1/33554432, 3% 1/67108864, 3% 1/134217728, 3% 1/268435456, 3% 1/536870912, 3% 1/1073741824, 3% 1/2147483648, 3% 1/4294967296, 3% 1/8589934592, 3% 1/17179869184, 3% 1/34359738368, 3% 1/68719476736, 3% 1/137438953472, 3% 1/274877906944, 3% 1/549755813888, 3% 1/1099511627776, 3% 1/2199023255552, 3% 1/4398046511104, 3% 1/8796093022208, 3% 1/17592186044416, 3% 1/35184372088832, 3% 1/70368744177664, 3% 1/140737488355328, 3% 1/281474976710656, 3% 1/562949953421312, 3% 1/1125899906842624, 3% 1/2251799813685248, 3% 1/4503599627370496, 3% 1/9007199254740992, 3% 1/18014398509481984, 3% 1/36028797018963968, 3% 1/72057594037927936, 3% 1/144115188075855872, 3% 1/288230376151711744, 3% 1/576460752303423488, 3% 1/1152921504606846976, 3% 1/2305843009213693952, 3% 1/4611686018427387904, 3% 1/9223372036854775808, 3% 1/18446744073709551616, 3% 1/36893488147419103232, 3% 1/73786976294838206464, 3% 1/147573952589676412928, 3% 1/295147905179352825856, 3% 1/590295810358705651712, 3% 1/1180591620717411303424, 3% 1/2361183241434822606848, 3% 1/4722366482869645213696, 3% 1/9444732965739290427392, 3% 1/18889465931478580854784, 3% 1/37778931862957161709568, 3% 1/75557863725914323419136, 3% 1/151115727451828646838272, 3% 1/302231454903657293676544, 3% 1/604462909807314587353088, 3% 1/1208925819614629174706176, 3% 1/2417851639229258349412352, 3% 1/4835703278458516698824704, 3% 1/9671406556917033397649408, 3% 1/19342813113834066795298816, 3% 1/38685626227668133590597632, 3% 1/77371252455336267181195264, 3% 1/154742504910672534362390528, 3% 1/309485009821345068724781056, 3% 1/618970019642690137449562112, 3% 1/1237940039285380274899124224, 3% 1/2475880078570760549798248448, 3% 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# Public Service: City Hall, Courts.

## WRINKLED SHIRT TROUBLE MAKER.

### STARTS FAMILY ROW WHICH LEADS TO COURT.

Husband Ripped Her Dress Off, Is Charge to Which He Replies with Accusation that Detective Trained Her on Auto Joyride and to House Party.

A wrinkled shirt caused John J. Stoffel and his wife, May B. Stoffel, to quarrel and finally to separate. The separation resulted in a suit for divorce being filed by Mrs. Stoffel alleging cruelty, and during the trial of the action before Judge Wilbur yesterday, Mrs. Stoffel avowed three times. She faintly shortly before the noon recess and twice during the afternoon session, being revived in the witness-room.

The wrinkled shirt episode was told by Mrs. Stoffel who said that on this occasion he needed a shirt. One had come from the laundry, but it was not ironed. He said he asked his wife to take out the wrinkles, but she refused. So he said, "I won't be a company man to a woman who won't take care of her own clothes."

The story Mrs. Stoffel told was that on her return from the concert, her husband charged her with being too friendly with a Mr. Albert, a violin instructor. She said he tore off a new dress and ripped it up. He also struck her, she said.

In the beginning Mr. Stoffel contented himself with opposing his wife's suit. At noon his attorney prepared a cross-complaint in which he asked for a decree on certain allegations. There was a private detective in the case. He testified to trailing Mrs. Stoffel and Mr. Albert. They rode with another couple to Universal City, then on to Chatsworth Park and back to the city. They dined at a Chinese restaurant and went later to No. 1430 West Fifty-third street. The two musicians, he said, sat on the porch for three-quarters of an hour and then went into the house. After watching for two hours the detective said they were still there.

Mrs. Stoffel admitted taking the ride, but it was at the invitation of friends, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Chaudet. The husband is an employee of the Universal Film Company, she said. These friends also invited Mrs. Albert whom they have known for several years. She admitted taking the trip related by the husband and the dinner at the Chinese restaurant. Also she said they went to the Fifty-third street house.

In reply to a question as to whose house it was, Mrs. Stoffel replied: "Why, it is the home of my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Chaudet. I went there because Mrs. Chaudet desired me to interest her husband in the case."

Mrs. Chaudet as well as Mr. Albert corroborated Mrs. Stoffel. As a jit-bus driver accompanied the sleuth, Judge Wilbur continued the case until this morning so that the driver could be summoned to testify. Mr. Chaudet was also sent for.

**DEGREE FOR WIFE.**  
**REALTY MAN DIVORCED.**  
Byron Erkenbrecher, realty operator, made no defense to the divorce suit of Mrs. Anna Erkenbrecher in Judge Conley's court yesterday. The charge was desertion, and the decree was granted on the evidence presented by Mrs. Erkenbrecher and her brother, Joseph F. Burkhard. The custody of the children, Byron J. and Joseph B. Erkenbrecher, was given to Mrs. Erkenbrecher, and Mr. Erkenbrecher ordered to pay \$150 a month for their clothing and education. This was all Mrs. Erkenbrecher asked for in the complaint.

The Erkenbrechers were married in this city April 28, 1917. The alleged desertion occurred February 21, 1914. July last Mrs. Erkenbrecher was sued for divorce, alleging desertion, was denied a decree by Judge Wood. At the trial Mr. Erkenbrecher, who did not contest the suit, testified unpleasantness arose after Mrs. Erkenbrecher inherited a large estate. She possessed a large income and he resented that she absented herself from home night after night.

Mrs. Erkenbrecher filed a new suit, based on practically the same allegations. In January, 1914, Mrs. Erkenbrecher, her husband left her apartment while she was alone. She testified she continued to live in the house, however, until February 21, 1914, when he left and made his home at the Jonathan Club. She said she never returned to the home at No. 647 South New Hampshire street where she resided with their two children and she has not seen him since that time.

while appearing as a moving-picture actor. He received as salary \$100 a week. Former Judge Gray asked him if he would be willing to give his daughter \$50 a week for her support and education. He replied he would not if anybody else had the say how it was to be spent.

"The court will name \$50 a month for the child," said Judge Conley. "As long as he earns \$400 a month, he can raise the amount. The welfare of the child ought to be the concern of both parties. I will give the mother the child's custody and the father is to be allowed to visit her at reasonable times throughout the 30 days of the year."

"I want to say to the father that under no circumstances is he to visit his daughter while he is under the influence of liquor. He is not to renew their quarrels in the presence of his daughter. Either party bringing this about will work a change in the custody of the child. Don't limit this child to \$50 a month," he said to Mr. Galbraith. "As they say in the vernacular, slip her more than \$50."

"I am willing to do that. Your Honor," replied Mr. Galbraith. Intoxication and cruelty were alleged in the complaint of Mrs. Galbraith.

**BLAMES UNION CAUSE FOR MURDER.**  
To a labor union Elizabeth Lamay yesterday attributed part of the blame for the killing of her mother by her father, Patrick Lamay, now on trial for his life in Judge Gray's court. Frequent quarrels developed in the family because Lamay had dropped his work when the union declared a strike, according to the testimony of the girl. Mrs. Lamay had besought him time and again to do something in order to gain for the family the absolute necessities of life, but he refused, she testified.

It was this agreement that was terminated on the night of June 30 by the shooting. When the heavy Colt automatic gun was introduced the prisoner palely recorded the moment. It was the first time he had looked at the weapon since it had been taken from him by the police.

Heart-rending was the portion of the girl's testimony having to do with the last moments of Mrs. Lamay. The mother on her tragic deathbed asked her to take care of the babies until they could help themselves, and obtained a promise to this effect. One of the Lamay boys offered testimony to the effect that his father five years ago threatened to kill his mother because of her union work. Mary Lamay, the 13-year-old girl, drew a diagram of the house in which the tragedy occurred and told of the events immediately preceding and following the shooting.

Police Officer Zeigler, who arrested Lamay, declared that the prisoner had said when taken into custody that if the gun hadn't failed to go off after the first two shots he would have made a better job of it. The trial will be resumed today.

**DEATH ENDS IT.**  
**ARRESTS DIVORCE CASE.**  
The question whether a divorce action where one of the parties died may be continued to determine property rights was decided by Judge Shenk on a motion to dismiss yesterday. He held that the court has jurisdiction; that a divorce action is a personal action and abates where one of the parties dies, and that property rights are incidental.

The question arose in the divorce suit of Lewis F. Quinby against Ida Quinby, the wife, and Lella Quinby, the daughter. The history of this suit deals with the trip of Mr. Quinby to Alaska. Before he left he gave his wife a power of attorney. During his absence she conveyed the property to their daughter, Lella. Mr. Quinby was absent six years and when he returned he alleged that Mrs. Quinby refused to reconvey the property to him. It represented in value about \$50,000.

He filed suit for divorce, charging desertion. She filed a cross-complaint setting aside the divorce. The suit came to trial Mr. Quinby died. The property rights were made a portion of the case.

Chester Quinby, a son, was appointed executor of his father's estate and through Attorney Will D. Gould sought to have the divorce set aside. Attorney Swanwick moved to dismiss it on the ground of lack of jurisdiction. The court granted the motion without prejudice, and it is probable that the executor will bring a suit to recover the property.

The court further held that Mr. Crane was entitled to a hearing before being discharged, and that the proper officer to conduct such hearing was the Superintendent of Charities and not the Board of Supervisors.

**MAY BEAUTIFY.**  
**BUT NO PLAYGROUND.**  
In an order made yesterday Judge Wilbur permits the city of Huntington Park to proceed with the improvement of the City Hall Park, but the city cannot provide facilities for a playground on the plot. The order arose out of the injunction suit brought by George Cyphers, who alleged that while bonds had been issued for making the City Hall Park attractive, the Trustees proposed to devote the funds to putting in swings and other facilities. He was brought to a temporary restraining order was issued, which remained in effect until yesterday, when the court ruled that it could not order the city to make the park attractive, and that the city must provide facilities for a playground on the plot. The suit will come up for trial on a date to be named Monday.

**CALLS HAIL.**  
**ATTACKS DRAIN LEVY.**  
The city, Mayor, City Councilmen, Board of Public Works, City Treasurer and the Tibbitts-Pace Committee were made defendants in a suit filed yesterday by Sylvia Grossman to prevent the collection of assessments for the Madison-Virgil storm drain. The complaint sets up that Councilman Wright and Councilwoman Lindy were unfair in their conduct of the public hearing on the 13th inst. It is alleged that the acts of the city officials are discriminatory, and that the assessments amount to a confiscation of the property assessed.

**NEUTRAL.**  
**NO WAR MESS HERE.**  
The bitterness of the war of nations was forgotten in the Juvenile Court yesterday when Marie Girard, born in France, was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Herman C. Borchert, German-Americans. English friends of the Borcherts testified in her behalf. The Borcherts were represented by D. L. de Vecchio, Italian-American.

Marie's mother died in 1912. Her father has not been heard from since the war broke out. She was brought to California by her mother, who fell ill. While dying she gave her daughter into the care of the Borcherts. They sent her to school and apparently an orphan, the foster parents decided to adopt Marie.

**INS AND OUTS.**  
**ABOUT THE COURTS.**  
**GIVE AND TAKE.** The demurrer of David B. Lyons to the answer of Thomas McAleer, filed in the outer suit involving the office of Registrar of Voters, was sustained by Judge P. R. Parker of Mono county, sitting in the extra sessions court, yesterday. Likewise, the court denied Mr. Lyons' motion to strike from the answer the contention that Mr. McAleer is Registrar of Voters and not a deputy county clerk.

**DAMAGES AWARDED.** For the death of Stanley L. Jordan a jury in Judge Wood's court, yesterday returned a verdict in favor of his widow, Mrs. Effie L. Jordan, and her four children, of \$15,000. Mr. Jordan was a victim of the Aliso-street wreck May 7, last. The Pacific Electric relieved the Santa Fe of responsibility for the wreck.

**SUES AUTOIST.** Linn S. Atkinson, a well-known contractor, was made the defendant in a damage suit for \$125,000 filed yesterday afternoon by Charles Myers, through his attorney, Charles A. Kleinman. The complainant, who is a basket maker, alleges that on September 14 he was run down by Mr. Atkinson's automobile, the machine colliding with his wagon. Mr. Myers declares six of his ribs were broken and as a result of the injuries he has developed a severe case of pleurisy. The complaint charges that the automobile was being driven at a reckless rate of speed.

**INCORPORATIONS.** City Laborers' Fraternal and Protective Association, Incorporated, Solomon Oliver, C. Partridge, George Seales, Y. L. Boone, Franklin A. Dean, Philip Givens, John W. Benson, D. Jones and A. J. Gadsden; no capital stock.

**At the City Hall.**  
**INVENTORY OF CITY PROPERTY.**  
LOS ANGELES IS EIGHTH IN VALUE OF HOLDINGS.  
City Auditor's Report to State Controller Shows Municipal Property Worth Over Sixty-six Millions, or Hundred and Thirty-two and a Half Per Cent.

The total value of public property owned by the city of Los Angeles amounts to \$132,500 for every man, woman and child in the city, figuring on a basis of a population of a half-million. This estimate of the municipal wealth of Los Angeles is made by the annual report of City Auditor Myers, which will be forwarded to the City Controller today.

According to the figures of Auditor Myers, Los Angeles ranks eighth among the cities of the United States in the value of public property owned by the city, the total being \$66,250,081. New York comes first with a total value of public property at \$1,162,000,000 and the other cities having more public property than Los Angeles are Chicago, \$190,000,000; Philadelphia, \$175,000,000; Boston, \$145,000,000; and Pittsburgh, Cleveland and St. Louis, which has only \$1,000,000 worth more than Los Angeles. San Francisco's public property is valued at \$45,000,000.

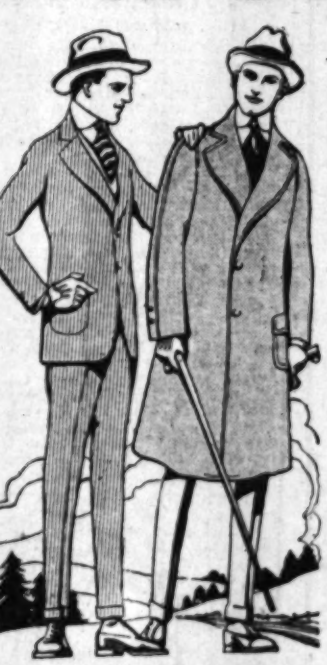
**Dear Children:**  
—At last—Saturday is here—and you know what Saturday means—yes, Fairland! And—another surprise, and such a surprise.  
—We are going to begin at 2 o'clock today, instead of 3—so be here on time. Don't forget the surprise.  
Your friend,  
The Hamburger Story Girl.  
(Fairland—Fifth Floor)

**Hamburger's**  
Established 1881  
BROADWAY AND EIGHTH STREETS  
SUNSET BDWY. 1168—HOME 10063

## VISIT HAMBURGER'S EXHIBIT AT THE AUTOMOBILE AND FLOWER SHOWS

—The newest and latest ideas in automobiles—the most beautiful flowers in all the world—will unite in drawing a great throng to see the various exhibits.  
—Of course, you'll visit Hamburger's display at The Broadway Automobile and Flower Shows—a display which merely hints at the host of economies and suggestions offered the motor enthusiast in Hamburger's Auto Supply Store.

## Well Dressed Men! at \$12.50



—A clothes opportunity, men—one that you'll want to take full advantage of, one you can't afford to "pass up."  
—It's an opportunity to buy such good clothes for so little money—\$12.50—that many men will buy whether or not they need a suit or an overcoat immediately, the savings will be so great.  
—Space will not permit detail—just note the illustration, the styles are the best of the moment, the materials are those most in demand and the workmanship of the highest order—all this in a suit or overcoat at \$12.50—a revelation in value giving.

**Men! Take a Tip! Wear One of These**

## New \$2.50 "Felts"

—Are just about the noblest line of soft hats we received this season. They're in the same shape as the higher priced "felts"—very well trimmed and lined on the inside with rich colored silks. Colors are pearl, brown, slate gray, navy blue and green; all sizes—\$2.50.  
—And at \$3.50 There Are More "Felts"—all New and Smart—See These, too.

## Novelties! These \$5 Shoes for Men

—And men's shoes this season swing more to the extreme than ever—"cloth tops" are considered the most correct.  
—You'll find a wide assortment of styles here at \$5.00. Shoes of tan and black calf, in either button or lace style—also the English cut "cloth tops," in black with gray or black cloth tops, and in tan with fawn cloth tops; all sizes—\$5.00.  
(Hamburger's—Main Floor—Today)

## "Kid McCoy" Belts

—for Men, \$5.00  
—Men, you'll find the "Kid McCoy" belt of great help to you—it's the secret of perfect health. A belt that develops deep breathing and does away with "that tired feeling."

**Reduces or Rebuilds—Strengthens and Supports.**  
—Today you'll have the opportunity of buying this wonderful belt at \$5.00—"Kid McCoy" sells them the country over at \$10.00.  
(Hamburger's—Main Floor—Today)

**La Rona**  
Triangles  
10 Cigars  
2 Packages  
25c  
—The 5c straight brand.  
(Cigar Dept.—Main Floor—Today)

## "Equity" Watches, \$5

—Men, you'll agree with us, after wearing an "Equity" watch for six months or a year it's the best \$5 watch on the market.  
—An "Equity" is a good timekeeper, and will give the best of service, and never any trouble—a watch you'll always be proud to carry—\$5.00.  
(Hamburger's—Main Floor—Today)

## NEW AND PRETTY Wearables

**FOR YOUR DAUGHTER**  
Coats, Dresses, Headwear—we have all that is newest and prettiest, strictly conforming to Fashion's autumn and winter requirements; for intermediates and girls of younger years.

Coats \$5 up  
Wash Dresses \$1.50 up  
Serge Dresses \$5 up  
Taffeta Dresses \$14 up  
**Beeman & Hendee**  
351-353 So. Broadway

## CHRISTOPHER'S

Our Sunday Dinners offer, we believe, the best value to be had in Los Angeles. Their increasing popularity is the best evidence of their worth.

## CHRISTOPHER'S CHICKEN DINNER

SUNDAY, OCT. 24—50c  
MENU  
California Olives Young Rabbies  
Oxtail Soup a la Anglaise  
ROAST YOUNG CHICKEN WITH DRESSING  
Or  
Braised Leg of Veal, Pan Gravy  
Pan Roast Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower  
Lettuce and Tomatoes, Mayonnaise  
French Vanilla Ice Cream  
Macarons Tea or Lady Fingers  
Coffee  
Served at Both Stores—5 to 8 p.m.  
551 BROADWAY 741 BROADWAY  
CHRISTOPHER'S

## Fresh from the Gardens of the finest Tea-producing country in the world.

**"GALLAHUE"**  
TEA  
B 74

Sealed Packets Only.  
Try it—it's delicious. BLACK GREEN or MIXED.

## \$10 Watches

**Two Specialties in Bulbous Plants for Which Our Firm is Famous**  
**H&S Giant Single Ranunculus**  
Our strain of these popular Spring flowering plants is by all odds one of the finest in existence. The flowers are of giant size and the plants of exceptional vigor. They attain a height of 18 inches.

**H&S Giant Single Anemones**  
A superb strain of the Giant Poppy Anemones, containing a wonderful range of colors. They vary from purest white to pink, scarlet, and black.

**Los Angeles Times**  
Saturday, October 23, 1915.



Dressed Squabs, 25c ea.  
Freshly Dressed Rabbits, 25c ea.  
Fresh Creamy Baking, 25c ea.  
Dressed Hens, 50c ea.  
Freshly Dressed Fowls, 50c ea.  
Fresh Ranch Pudding, 25c ea.  
No phone orders—no deliveries.  
(Deliveries—Fourth Floor)

ER SHOWS  
old—will unite in drive.  
a display which merely  
Supply Store.

\$12.50

full advantage of, one per  
little money—\$12.50—has  
overcoat immediately, the  
style are the best of the  
manship of the highest order.



See Tickers, too.

oes for Men  
cloth tops" are considered to  
and black suit, in either button  
or black cloth tops, and in the

Watches, \$5

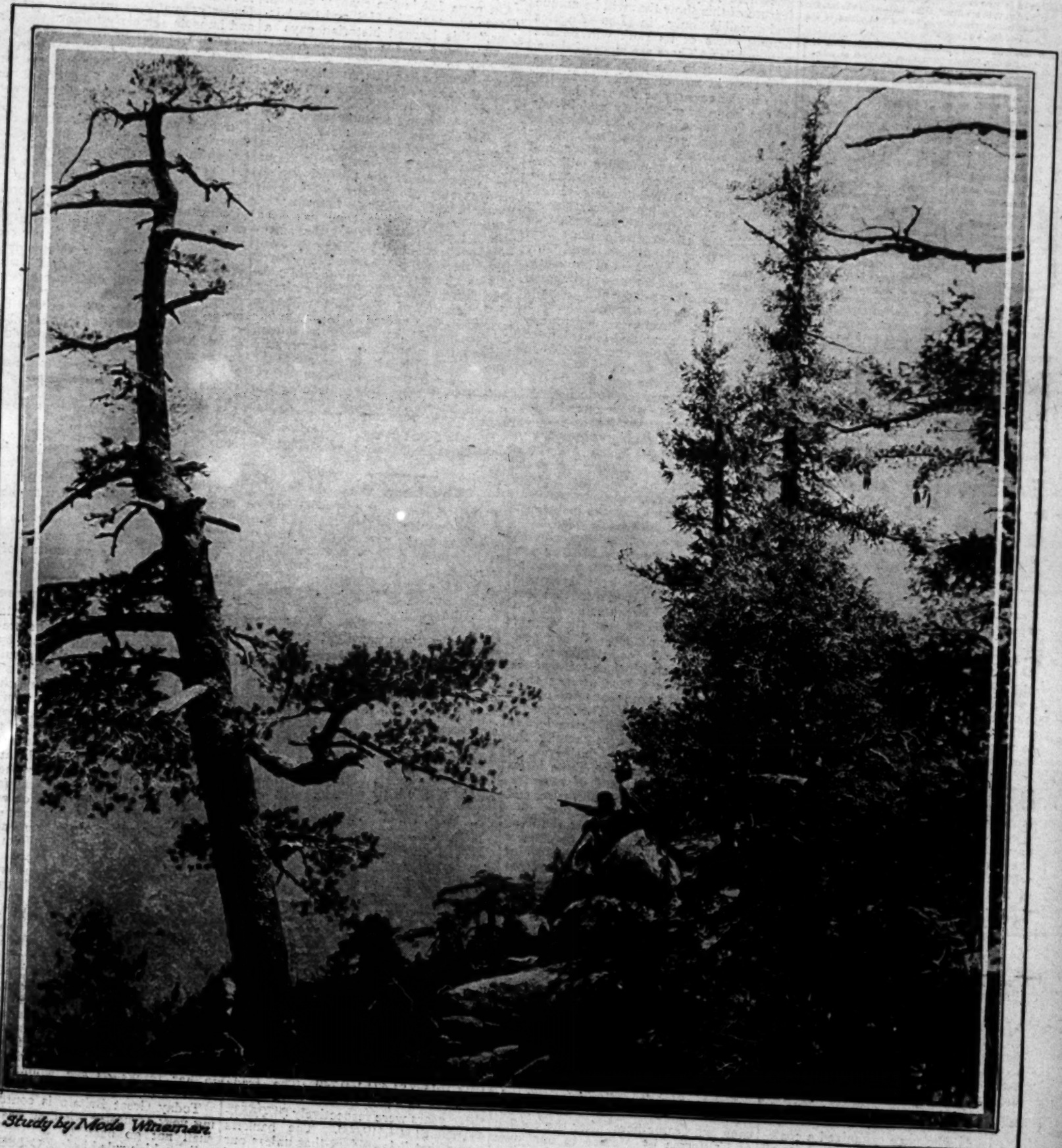
agree with us, after wearing  
watches for six months or a  
at \$5 watch on the market.  
a good illustration, and will be  
and never any trouble—no  
to carry—\$5.00.  
(Watch—Pine—7000)

Los Angeles Times

# Illustrated Weekly

TEN CENTS. THE UNIQUE MAGAZINE OF THE SENSUOUS SOUTHWEST 1781-1915

## Mount Wilson and the Lone Pine.



Study by Mado Wineman



## Two Specialties in Bulbous Plants for Which Our Firm is Famous

### H&S Giant Ranunculus

Our strain of these popular Spring flowering plants is by all odds one of the finest in existence. The flowers are of giant size and the plants of exceptional vigor. They attain a height of eighteen inches when in full bloom and far surpass the Dutch types in both beauty and size. The colors are as diversified as they are beautiful. There is absolutely no class of flowering bulbous roots which will give you more pleasure or a greater quantity of bloom for the money invested than these. They form a veritable carpet of flowers and bloom over a long period. By making a planting now you can have them in perfection during February and March. By making additional plantings next month and during December you can have a continuous display of bloom up to the first of May. Plant them and plant plenty of them. They are inexpensive and will more than please you.

PRICE—First size roots, Per Doz., 35c; Per 100, \$2.00. Postpaid to any address.



A BED OF GIANT RANUNCULUS AT OUR NURSERIES.

### Darwin Tulips

We strongly recommend this class of Tulips for garden decoration and for growing as cut flowers for your table. The colors are simply magnificent; the flowers are of enormous size; they are, in fact, the last word in Tulips.

CLARA BUTT—A clear, soft shade, of rosy salmon pink. Height, 2 feet.

MADAME KRELAGE—Bright lilac rose. Margined pale silvery rose, interior of bloom soft rosy pink. Very large flowers of superb form and substance. Height, 30 in.

PRIDE OF HAARLEM—Bright rose suffused with purple. An exquisite flower of superb form and beauty. Height, 30 inches.

EUROPE—Glorious salmon scarlet shaded with rose. Height, about 24 inches.

Price of any of the above Darwin Tulips, each 10c; per doz., 75 cents

### H&S Giant Single Anemones

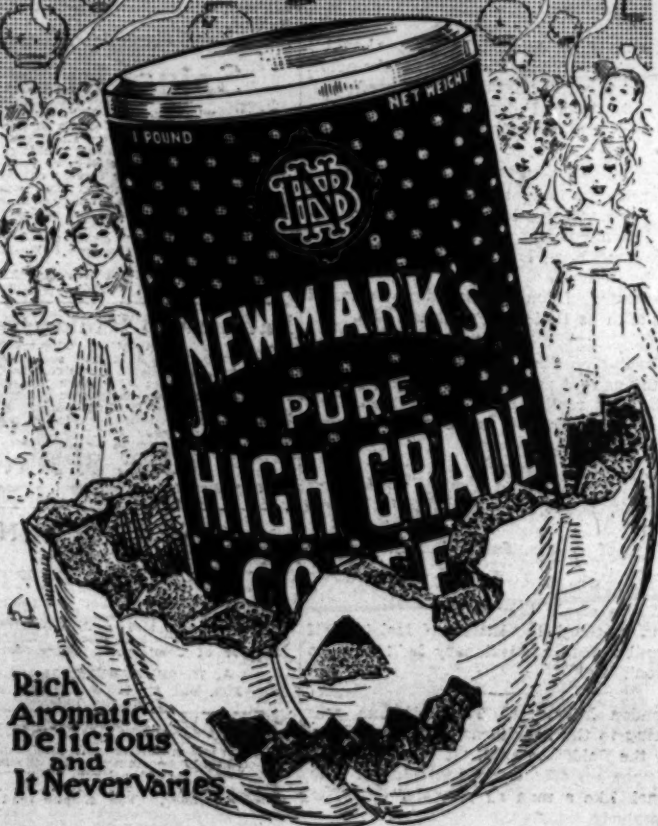
A superb strain of the Giant Poppy Anemones, containing a wonderful range of colors. They vary from purest white to pink, scarlet, crimson, purple, variegated, with innumerable intervening shades and combinations of shades. The flowers are of enormous size, reaching a diameter of five inches, carried erect on stems fifteen inches long. They may be planted in lines along a border or mixed in with other bulbous plants. They

are amongst the easiest of all bulbous plants to bring to a point of perfection and when in full bloom their beauty attracts the eye at once. Do not confuse our strain with the cheap Dutch Anemones. They are in a class by themselves, have larger flowers, richer colors and bloom with far greater freedom.

PRICE—First size bulbs, Per Doz., 35c; Per 100, \$2.50. Postpaid to any address.

**Howard & Smith**  
9th & OLIVE ST'S LOS ANGELES  
NURSERIES, MONTEBELLO  
MAIN 1745-10957

## Completes . . . the Festivities

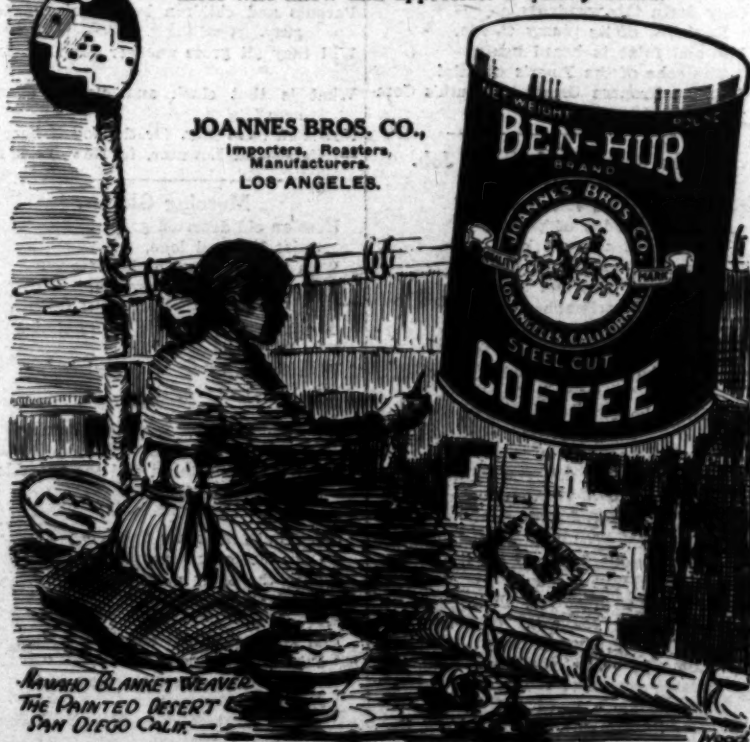


Rich  
Aromatic  
Delicious  
and  
It Never Varies

## —after America's Coffee Week

Nowhere in America has any Coffee been given greater recognition during "Coffee Week" than has Ben-Hur Steel-Cut. Its absolute freedom from chaff and dust, its strength, uniformity and its all-round excellence have placed it first in the hearts of those who know and appreciate a quality blend.

JOANNES BROS. CO.,  
Importers, Roasters,  
Manufacturers.  
LOS ANGELES.



MAKING BLANKET WEAVES  
THE PAINTED DESERT  
SAN DIEGO CALIF.



# Wearing Out a Welcome.

By Eugene Brown.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY  
(THE TIMES MAGAZINE)

Vol. XXV, No. 11. Single Copies, by mail or at  
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Jan. 4, 1913; May 31, 1913; March 27, 1925.

OBJECTS, SCOPE AND AIMS.

Devoted to the development of California and the Great Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural resources and the word-painting of their wonders and beauties. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles strong in fact, statement and information; brilliant editorials, correspondence, poetry and pictures; the Home, the Garden, the Farm, and the Range.

Not partisan-political in character or affiliations. It is an independent weekly vehicle of present-day thought, exploration and description; a journal of views, opinions and convictions; the steady champion of Liberty, Law and Freedom in the industries, holding up the hands of all good men and women, without distinction, who are honestly seeking to better their condition in life and to serve the cause of Home, Country and Civilization.

California in tone and color; Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's Desire."

The Illustrated Weekly is delivered to all subscribers of the Sunday Times—more than 103,000 in number—and being complete in itself, is also served separate and apart from The Times news sheets when desired. Advertising rates based on circulation. Write or ask for them.

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To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found available; otherwise the return is not guaranteed.

Entered as second-class matter, January 6, 1912, at Los Angeles (Cal.) P. O., under Act of March 3, 1879.



Average Week-end Output, exceeding 103,000.

## THE CITY AND THE COAST.

LOS ANGELES is getting to be so safe, now that the traffic ordinances are being enforced, that a pedestrian can leave home in the morning feeling almost reasonably certain that he will come back alive at night. Heaven knows the present strict measures were sadly needed.

GLENDORA has purchased an automobile fire truck. If this keeps up, it will be necessary for Congress to give a vote of confidence in the usefulness of the horse that nobody uses. Dobbin is still used on the battlefield, but he may be pardoned if he feels that he was not raised to be a soldier.

BEAUMONT holds its apple and its flower show at the same time. This is a fine combination, for a rosy checked apple is a great beauty. Some day the business of growing apples in the highlands of Southern California will be one of the most profitable in all of this rich section.

PRESIDENT WILSON will show bad judgment if he does not bring his bride where orange blossoms bloom in their greatest effulgence and where a whole State's supply will welcome him and her.

NOW Los Angeles has a theater which shows nothing except dances. If this house is a success, the people who have been wondering what is to become of the drama can go and find out.

IT IS possible that our nonagenarian friends who have organized a centenarian club in this city would advise all of us with more wisdom than most of us will show in following their advice.

## Los Angeles' Great Show.

DURING the last days of October there will be held on Broadway in this city a show unique in history and possible nowhere in the country outside of Southern California. It is to be a great exhibition of automobiles and flowers.

The last days of October are right on the verge of what William Cullen Bryant named "the melancholy days." They are right on the verge of what an English writer speaks of in this wise: "Fades o'er the moor the brief November day."

At the show to be held in Los Angeles in the very last days of October there will be on exhibition a galaxy of flowers as brilliant, more striking in their beauty and vastly more numerous in their variety than could be gathered elsewhere in June or July. Another feature of this show that will be unique and possible only in Los Angeles among cities of its rank will be the automobiles. There are more of these, in proportion to the population of the city than in any other city of similar size in the country or the world.

The abundance, variety and beauty of the flowers will mark the richness of our soils and emphasize the salubrity of our climate. The number and glamour of the automobiles will emphasize the wealth of our people. There will be no resort to hothouses or conservatories for the magnificent blooms that will be shown there, except in rare instances of exotics coming from the tropics. Undoubtedly these, too, will make a large feature of the show, and in another way emphasize the number of our wealthy people and the taste and cultivation of our population.

Southern California is very rapidly becoming the playground of the United States, and it is no doubt with this in mind that the promoters of this show have undertaken the exhibition. The idea is not so much to dazzle the eyes of the natives as to please our visitors.

## A Notable Achievement.

NO OTHER State in the American Union boasts a history of such thrilling interest as California. From the times of the earliest European settlers to the present day the history of the State thrills with noble deeds.

The Spanish conquistadores, whether decorated with earthly titles or not, were numbered among nature's noblemen, and although not wearing crowns they were uncrowned kings. Can less be said of the Englishmen who opposed the Spaniards on the Coast? Freighted galleons plowed her seas pursued by Sir Francis Drake in his English ships. With the advent of the Americans came a race of men than whom the world can point to no nobler examples of manhood. The argonauts who sought the golden fleece in her Pactolian streams were among the most remarkable men of history.

So the history of the State in its every page is redolent of romance, shines with glamour of enterprise, and is full of the aroma of adventure.

The Christian church after the days of the apostles can point to no chapter in its history more remarkable for self-sacrifice, for earnest faith and unflinching devotion, than the story that tells of the deeds of Junipero Serra and the other Spanish missionaries who devoted their lives to win the heathen to Christ and to spread civilization among the native savages.

Many histories have been written of these stories of varied achievement, some of them fair, some of them very unfair. Perhaps there is no chapter in the history of the State in which more misleading work has been done than that relating to the sequestration of the church lands of California. So many so-called historians have either in ignorance or with malice prepense attributed this spoliation to the Americans who came here after the cession of California by Mexico to our own country.

We have before us a history of the

State covering this period and dealing with this episode from a source so disinterested that it must put to silence every tongue that would attribute the robbing of the church to the Americans. The volume referred to is from the pen of Fra Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M. (Order of Friars Minor). The work is an exceedingly ambitious one, the volume in question being the fourth on the history of Upper California, and it is Part III of the general history of the State. The chapter which deals with the subject in mind is No. 18, beginning on page 494. This is entitled "Crime Against the Missions Consummated." On page 505 it scores relentlessly the late Pio Pico and a number of others, all Spanish, all Roman Catholic, all Californian. The date of Pico's overt act in sequestrating the church lands was 1846, before the Americans appeared here.

On page 583 in the chapter entitled "Peace at Last; The U.S. and the Missions," this learned historian pays a grand tribute to the Americans, particularly to Col. Richard B. Mason. Three weeks after this American was made Governor of the Territory, which occurred May 31, 1847, Col. Mason issued the following announcement: "To all whom it may concern: All persons occupying any of the mission buildings at Santa Clara and San Jose without the permission of the Catholic priest (padre real) are hereby required to vacate said building immediately. Ample and sufficient time has been afforded to occupants of the aforementioned mission buildings to seek other places of abode, since the decree of Gen. Kearny concerning said mission, dated March 22, 1847. The alcalde of the pueblo of San Jose will take measures—if rendered necessary by the said occupants continuing to remain in the mission buildings—to carry said decree of 22nd March into effect as the latter clause therein directs. If required a military force will be sent to the pueblo to enforce the judicial acts of the alcalde."

Our limited space forbids further quotations from this very excellent history.

## Why Loan Was Made.

THERE is a good deal of difference of opinion among the American people as to the wisdom of the loan of half a billion dollars negotiated between a syndicate of American bankers and the joint commission sent over to this country by England and France. This difference of opinion as to the wisdom of this proceeding branches off in two directions, namely, the necessity and purpose of the loan, and then the effect of it upon the other belligerents in the great contest now tearing Europe to pieces.

The bankers in justification of their act have issued the following table of exports to various countries from America during two years:

Principal Countries to Which Consigned	1915	Year to June 30, 1914
United Kingdom	\$11,792,000	\$94,372,000
France	\$8,297,000	\$18,819,000
Canada	\$60,092,000	\$44,717,000
Italy	\$84,329,000	\$4,339,000
Netherlands	\$42,287,000	\$12,214,000
Sweden	\$5,274,000	\$4,644,000
Cuba	\$5,538,000	\$8,882,000
Australia	\$3,631,000	\$5,775,000
Japan	\$1,518,000	\$1,104,000
Norway	\$5,976,000	\$2,007,000
Turkey in Europe	\$7,674,000	\$6,099,000
Mexico	\$4,154,000	\$5,745,000
Argentina	\$3,550,000	\$4,179,000
Germany	\$5,952,000	\$44,794,000
Brazil	\$5,650,000	\$5,944,000
Belgium	\$5,538,000	\$5,538,000
China	\$4,402,000	\$4,402,000
India British	\$3,600,000	\$3,600,000
Austria-Hungary	\$1,340,000	\$2,712,000
Other countries	\$71,955,000	\$81,527,000
	\$2,764,509,000	\$2,844,579,000

This table is followed by another showing the character of the different exports to all countries. This it will not be necessary for our purpose to present here. The merchandise imports to the United States from all countries for the fiscal year 1913-1914 were \$1,893,926,657, and for the fiscal year 1914-1915, \$1,674,169,740. The trade balances in favor of this country for these years were respectively \$470,653,491 and \$1,694,419,600. The bankers argue that it is evident that unless our exports are curtailed by the inability of

would-be buyers to make payments the trade balance in favor of the United States will be larger than for the year just closed. From the document from which we are quoting we copy the following on this subject of international credit:

"The difficulty about making international payments must be distinguished from any ordinary problem of money-raising at home. It is a different problem. A would-be buyer in London might have ample funds to his credit in a London bank, against which he could draw for payments at home, but he could not use it for payments in New York unless he could find someone who would take it in exchange for a New York credit. In other words, it is not a problem of raising money but a problem of exchange."

As the document says, settlement some time or other must be made by the transfer of some kind of property. Under normal circumstances exports and imports so nearly balance that the difference is settled by shipments of gold or a temporary use of bank credit. "But with monthly balances running above \$100,000,000 this method is impracticable." For this reason foreign exchange fell disastrously against the European nations doing business with America. This subject we have treated before in these columns, and need not go over it again, except to note that the British sovereign whose par in United States money under normal circumstances is \$4.8665 has been down as low as \$4.49. The fall in the Russian ruble marks a discount of 36 per cent.

In spite of immense shipments of gold from London the fall in British exchange occurred, and unless something were done it must go disastrously lower, and if such a thing occurred, or even if the depreciation marked above should have continued there is no doubt in the minds of American bankers, shippers or business men in touch with affairs on a large scale, exports between our country and Great Britain and France would have been greatly curtailed, possibly brought to a full stop.

Americans opposed to the loan have pointed out that the British and French peoples held American securities worth perhaps eight times as much as the accommodation they sought. To this the answer is that these securities are in the hands of individuals and not under the control of the governments of the countries involved.

## A Misleading False Prophet.

FEW people can recall the agitation in Great Britain just before the middle of the last century raised by the late Richard Cobden, the result of which was to put Great Britain on the so-called free-trade basis, which has characterized the fiscal history of that country now for nearly three-quarters of a century. The writer is one of those few people who can remember that agitation. Although but a child at the time, he remembers distinctly the discussion of the subject in the family circle around the hearthstone on winter evenings. His family were farmers in Ireland, and all of them were ardent followers of Cobden and Sir John Russell. In other words they were ardent Whigs, and cast their votes in favor of the policy advocated by Cobden and his Whig followers.

One of the objections raised by the Tory opposition was that with all nations in the world on a protective tariff basis England would be at a great disadvantage if she alone practiced free trade in international commerce. To this Cobden replied that the advantage of free trade would be so enormous that all people must see it, and that if Great Britain went on the free-trade basis the world must necessarily follow in her tracks or she would outstrip them all in commerce.

Today Great Britain is contemplating very earnestly whether or not she shall not go back to the protective policy which ruled before Cobden came







*By Eugene Brown.*

So they have had palms for a steady diet downtown. They were to be a thing of beauty and joy forever. But they don't seem to look the part.

Some one remarks that the palms don't  
up as they are in curled hair and fuzz look  
like negro mummies with straw hats on.  
They do not. An Ethiopian mummy doesn't  
wear a hay top.

These cement caverns or overcoats in which the palms are nestled are not as attractive as they once were. When they were new and stainless they were rather gladdening to the eye. The whole effect was somewhat pleasing. It seemed as if some rare plush plant with a green topknot had been transplanted from a stone quarry to beautify an otherwise desolate city. They had been deposited tenderly on the curb edge of the walks as if to become emerald oases in a desert of dusty business.

But time and sacrilege have somewhat marred these granite vanity boxes. A though they are given a stenciled protection under the provisions of city ordinance No. 19,999—marked down from 20,000—they have been somewhat stained and defaced by the Vandals, Huns, Goths and other wild men of the Coast. When the ordinance pedestrian wants to spit he is likely to amble up to one of these massive receptacles and spill his face over this palm-studded patch of scenery. If he has a blue pen

Everyone must sympathize with Long Beach in having to face settlement for the disaster which occurred there on Empire Day in 1913. At the same time, Long Beach should deplore the representations of their attorneys that the people who were killed while on the floor of the municipal pier were down there there uninvited and at their own risk. Surely no California city would care to bring against itself an indictment of inhospitality. To do so would be to make an announcement which no organization in the country would be likely to forget.

This idea of watching the automobile drivers as they leave the beach cafes at night is a good one. No man has a business at the wheel if he has a fogged brain and an unsteady hand. It is only his life that was in danger, or even that of his passengers, who might be heartless enough to say that it was their own business if they took such chances, but the people they run into and those they run down are entitled to protection.

Chickens at Huntington Park have been keeping under cover every morning lately while the birdmen were sailing overhead in their aeroplanes.

or a piece of chalk he tries to improve the decorative scheme with some ideas of his own. Sometimes a man carrying a load of hardware or wet goods will knock against one of these cement troughs and chip out a segment. Lots of things may happen—and have happened, as the dumb things themselves bear mute witness.

If another Gale should come along and demolish these fronded tropical excrescences what would be done with these granite growlers? The Mayor would like to knock the bottoms out and string them together for a subway. Chief Snelvely wants them for individual bath tubs at the police station. Take a hobo and stand him up in one of these stone jars while a bluecoat turned the hose on him and the tramp problem would be solved for the winter season. Abbot Kinney wants 'em to use as cuspidors along the beach so that careless persons will not expectorate in our otherwise clean and wholesome ocean.

Another suggestion is that they be utilized for tombstones. Invert one of these ponderous sarcophagi over the last resting place of an Idle Wild Worker and it would doubtless hold even that turbulent spirit down. Another hint is to wheel them around to the back end of the lots and use them for garbage catchers. They might be used to keep rabbits or chickens, or fill them with water and stock them with fish. Let the real estate fraternity take charge of them and use them as experiment stations. They could get samples of soil from many different sections and demonstrate what kind of onions, alfalfa, kale and beans the various districts could raise.

Oh, yes, some use can be found without feeding them to the rock crusher or sawing them up into steins.

The curled hair, in which the tapering trunks of the palms are so tenderly swathed, might easily be made up into mattresses for the deserving poor or converted into false whiskers for the movie men. The supply of whisker material for film performers must be very nearly exhausted. The only apparent waste would be in the palms themselves. They might possibly be whittled up into toothpicks or unselfishly donated to the buxom lady palmists of South Main street for use in advertising their mystic gifts.

The suggestion that the palms be nurtured, cultivated and encouraged is not frequently heard. When every palm seems to need the attention of a barber, a waitress and a doctor the cost appears swell unduly. But it might be required of every proprietor to take care of the specimen in front of his particular place and then offer annual premiums for the exhibitor showing best results. These hints are garnered and offered as fodder for patriot thinkers. Take your pick, but don't keep picking away at a poor dinky palm that never harmed anybody.

Thomas Dixon has leased several hundred acres of land as a studio site and will proceed to create a great picture to be called "The Fall of Nation." He is in the right place to come into a full realization of our nation's danger. If ever this country gets into any trouble the enemy will not fail to recognize the weakness of the Pacific Coast and its miserable pretense of defense.

Somebody has been discussing school lunches in this city. We are for them entirely, and the warmer and bigger and better they are, the more chance the school children have of becoming the sort of men and women this city desires as future citizens. A nourished body means a nourished brain, which gives the educator material for polishing.

That busy little bee who made reputation for himself by improving each shining hour should go down to the sawdust of the mill at Sawtelle and take lessons from the bean thresher which has been working all night by bonfire light.

The Liberty Bell is coming to Los Angeles November 15. We trust that neither Carranza nor Villa will capture it for use in Mexico.

will confide to the little lady in the fur-tipped boots all there is concerning the affairs of his neighborhood. He will tell the casual passenger about the beauties of the corner lots out his way. He will noisily discuss the German army with the conductor or the man in the seat ahead who handed him a match. If he is a smoker he will blow his cloud so that it penetrates every corner of the car and the more villainous his cigars are the wider circulation he will give their smoke. When he expectorates he doesn't always choose the right spot. The skirt of his nearest lady neighbor is apt to be included in the range of spray.

Almost invariably the masculine passenger never knows what to do with his feet. Ordinarily he might handle or rather pedal, them with grace and dexterity and even take them to tangent functions with some credit; but the minute he is aboard a car his feet become elephantine in size and they seem to trail the whole length of the car. He may strive to tuck them away in a corner but when he is not looking they flop out and start to wander over the place. He pulls them back but drag them over somebody's corns in the doing and is cursed for the awkward lummix he admits he is. When he

tries to nurse his foot over his knee on end of it seems to rest in his neighbor's lap and the other sticks out in the aisle for a yard or more and leaves its dust impress upon the apparel of everybody who passes. For an ordinary skirt to pass through a car without gathering samples of the soil from a half dozen different city blocks is quite impossible. It frequently happens that while lost in the excitement of the baseball page a passenger will stick both feet straight out in front of him. This will practically barricade the aisle and fresh arrivals have to take the hurdle to get by. Either that or they absently minded fall over the offender and two or three sets of feet will be tangled up in an apparently inextricable mass. Sometimes it may be necessary to call in the conductor to pull them apart and sort them out. If a man gets back his own feet he is in luck.

If Lord Chesterfield came back to earth and became a commuter he would soon lose the reputation for courtliness and grace which followed him to the beyond. Now that women have the vote and a man's job the sterner sex no longer give them the courtesy that was once accorded. It is now a free-for-all for the best seat. If a man acquires a comfortable seat it takes more than a smile to dislodge him. A girl might even stand on his shoes without his taking a hint. He will hold his paper in front of his nose and appear to be completely oblivious of beauty in distress. The pink-faced youth who used to remove his cap to offer his seat to the first lady passenger is reported as being among the missing. His place is taken by the shallow chap who smokes a cigarette and occupies two seats if he can. Sometimes it seems as if all the disagreeable and impolite people in the world were numbered with the daily passengers of the street cars of America.

The old Lyceum Theater between Second and Third on Spring has been painted white and the American Bank Building at Second and Spring has received a coat of red. There ought to be a campaign on the subject of painting buildings. An entire block looks better where a single structure receives this refreshing treatment. Why not be patriotic and have a blue building on the same block?

Orange county held a good, old-fashioned fair at Santa Ana with races and vegetables, handiwork and home cooking. It was good to get away from automobiles, flying machines and modern contraptions for a breath of spell and remember the wholesome simplicity of other days.

the empire to raise taxation revenue in some way, and as the income tax is not sufficient they have levied a tariff duty on things heretofore free and have increased the tariff on others heretofore taxed. It is quite natural that English people should not comprehend this complicated subject as some of us do in America. With a largely increased tax on tobacco and tea it is alleged that these commodities are controlled by two gigantic trusts in Great Britain. This is an old free-trade cry in America, and the error of it is seen by simply pointing out the fact that the trusts were not created by the tariff but existed before the increase was put on. Of course except as a war measure a duty on tea and tobacco was unjustifiable in Great Britain, as it affords no protection to any British industry, these things not being produced in the British Isles at all.

Perhaps no other American statesman ever understood this subject as well as (certainly none better than) the late Nelson Dingley, Jr. His philosophical dictum was that everything produced in this country in greater quantity than necessary for home consumption, leaving a surplus for export, should be protected.

The same thing is happening in this country among the free traders of the United States that is taking place in Great Britain. The reduction in the tariff made by the Underwood act has resulted in a terrific deficit in the treasury. Now they are considering restoring the duty on raw wools, and it is about certain that the duty will not be remitted on sugar, which by the Underwood act goes on the free list January 1, 1916. One of the first things that will be done when Congress meets will be at least to repeal that part of the present tariff act.

Revenue must come from some quarter, and with the new-fangled income tax and the so-called war tax levied on the people of the United States when we are not at war, the deficit is piling higher and higher in the treasury accounts. To meet this deficit new taxation of some kind must be resorted to. Either the income tax must be extended so as to reduce the amount exempted and at the same time the sliding scale must be increased so as to make those receiving big incomes pay more, or the revenue must be increased by indirect taxation. Now the genius of real legislation as recognized by all statesmen at the present time is to make laws as nearly general in application as possible, and if anybody has ever inveighed against equal rights to all and in favor of special privileges to none more emphatically and with greater violence than the free traders, his voice has not been heard in the land.

Of course all ripe statesmen and thoughtful persons recognize the principle that those who have most stake in a country should bear the largest share of the burden of supporting the government. This is so under the principle of raising revenue by a tariff just as emphatically as under an income revenue. The people with the most in the country use the largest amount of imports and therefore pay the largest percentage for the support of the government.

## Street-Car Morals.

**S**OME one recently suggested an essay on street-car ethics. We fancy it would ordinarily be short—about three words, in fact: There are none.

Morals, ethics and etiquette are carelessly unshouldered and cast aside when a party clambers aboard one of the capacious vans of the transportation companies. A man who will be a model of discreet decorum even in the presence of his rather frivolous stenographer will flirt outrageously with a street car if the grass widow on the front seat happens to wink his way. On a car he will engage in confidential conversation with a person whom he would not recognize on the open highway.



# A Tragedy in the Alley. By Euleta Wadsworth.

## LARRY'S PLACE.

LARRY DESMOND'S tiny chophouse was right behind my father's drug store and wasn't more than eight feet wide, just room for the row of high stools and the counter behind which Larry tried the steaks and made coffee. It was not distinctive in appearance except, perhaps, for the little glass vase of wild roses or a few green leaves of the foliage which stood on the end of the counter, always. But it was unique in character. No rough language was ever used there, and it stood for no word of gossip against man or woman. Before my short legs were long enough to clamber up on the high stools that reputation was widely established for Larry's place.

Larry himself was a bustling little fellow with a gentle smile and a twinkle in his sober brown eyes and a kindly wit that endeared him to everybody. No one knew where he came from, what his connections were, nor what became of his earnings. Never a cent did he spend on himself. As long as I can remember he wore the same greenish old derby and dark striped trousers generally covered by his very white long aprons. Even those he washed himself that the check which monthly carried away his earnings might be larger. Our town folks wondered curiously about Larry. I, too, often wondered because I liked him. His sober eyes, when the twinkle wasn't there, touched something deep in my heart. But no man had his confidence.

During my senior year in high school I was staying in the store of nights to relieve father. Often when I closed up, I would drop into Larry's for a tamale and a talk. Even as a little chap my dimes went for tamales instead of candy. More because I liked Larry than because I liked the tamales.

One night I had locked the doors early. There was a nasty gale blowing up from the southeast, filling the deserted rain-pelted streets with its howl. I wasn't ready to go home, so I stepped into the chophouse. I had just met Helen then. Perhaps I felt the need of a confidant. Larry was alone. It was spring in spite of the storm. Maybe that accounts for his confidence.

"Come in, come in, me lad," he smiled. "Tis evident I'll not be overrun with customers tonight. We can have a word." Larry had just brogue enough to emphasize the gentle sweetness that made him the favorite of every boy in town.

I got up on one of the high stools. Larry leaned against the cold gas stove behind the counter. The twinkle in his sober eyes brightened.

"Well, Bertie," he observed, "ye're growin' up. Yes, sir, ye're growin' up. Ye're a man now." He smiled reminiscently and added more to himself than to me: "Tis the same with them all. Growin' up."

My heart warmed more than ever to him. There was nothing I longed for at that moment more than to be a man, a full-grown responsible man. Before I realized it I was telling him about Helen.

"Them days come to all, lad," he said, referring to Helen, and his eyes suddenly lost their twinkle.

When I used to spend my candy money over this same counter and Larry looked like that, a lump always came up in my throat. This time the old lump didn't come, but I wanted to clasp his hand. He was silent some seconds. Then he straightened his shoulders as if to shake off a burden.

"But 'tis all right, 'tis natural," he granted, "even if 'tis not happiness for long. And there's—there's compensations." His face brightened again. He looked at his shoes a moment. Then looked up at me with a shy grin.

"Would ye believe it, lad, if I told ye I've a girl—a fine strappin' girl—the same age as yerself?" He chuckled at my look of surprise.

"I'm keepin' her in a fashionable school, so she'll learn the fine ways of a lady. When she's finished, she'll be comin' up to keep house for her old daddy. 'Tis a bungalow I'll have to be rentin' then. And I'll be havin' to build a sharp picket fence around as high as the house to keep the lads out. Her eyes are that blazin' with them high spirits she has, and her cheeks is like tomatoes."

"Her name is Rosie," he went on, his voice tremulously tender, and added after a

pause, "after the mother she can't remember."

I don't know why I felt it was not death that had robbed Rosie. Maybe it was the sudden set of Larry's mouth.

"I call her my wild rose for the spirits in her that's always runnin' over. Sure 'tis a wild rose she is." He laughed softly. And I understood the reason of the little vase of wild roses.

He put no promise of secrecy upon me, but I felt what he'd told me was in strict confidence. Often during the following summer when I went into the chophouse and others were there, Larry would give me a knowing look and a wink. I understood what he was thinking of and knew I was the only one who did. Once as he set my steak before me he narrowed his twinkling eyes.

"'Tis the bungalow I'll be rentin' soon," he whispered.

After that I went to the university for my course in pharmacy, and in vacations worked in a city drug store. I didn't see Larry again till I finished and went home to take full charge of the store. To my surprise I found him still living in the little eight-by-ten room back of the chophouse. He was shabbier than ever; though the aprons were still like snow. His smile, that gentle kindly smile, was unchanged, but there was a look in his untwinkling eyes that forbade questions. He looked frozen when you caught him off his guard. And the little vase of wild roses was gone from the counter.

It was in November that I was going home late from Helen's. She had set the day that evening. I was walking on air. I hoped Larry would be up so I could get a cup of coffee. I knew I couldn't sleep. I hurried along, even though I didn't expect the place would be open. Not a soul was on the main street. The saloon doors were all dark. But as I turned the corner I saw to my satisfaction a dim light shining through the door of the chophouse. The steam was so thick on the glass I couldn't see inside, and I didn't hear a sound until I opened the door and stepped in. Larry stood in front of the counter, disaster-fearful, wrecking disaster—stamped on his face. I was rooted to the spot.

"Go way," he gasped, "you must go way," at a woman who stood close to him, her back to the door.

She replied in a low, rapid voice.

Oblivious of me he cried brokenly:

"Go way from here, go way from here."

The woman shrugged her shoulders and turned away with an insolent laugh. She was young and pretty.

After she went out I still stood there stunned by the look on Larry's face. He stood rigid, staring at the closed door. My first impulse was to go. But I felt it would hurt him less to ignore the occurrence. And perhaps my presence would steady him.

"Is it too late for a cup of coffee, Larry?" I finally found my voice.

He seemed not to hear me. He drew the back of one hand across his eyes and turned with bowed head behind the counter.



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"Can I get a cup of coffee?" I repeated, "and a tamale?"

"Coffee, coffee,—yes—yes," he said confusedly, his eyes on the floor, attempting a business-like tone.

He began bustling about behind the counter. But his bustling didn't get anywhere. Finally he put a steak on the broiler. I didn't let on that he'd made a mistake but ate it in silence while he placed and replaced the bottles and cans on the shelf and kept his back to me. I got up. And when he turned from the cash register with my change, he said without looking at me:

"Some customers is naggin'. I guess I was a bit upset when ye was comin' in." There was a slight emphasis on "customers."

On my way home I pondered deeply on the occurrence. I wondered if I'd ever be certain of the girl's identity. The thought was still haunting me the next afternoon as I walked up the street and saw her coming. Big Matt Connolly was standing in front of his saloon, his shining blond hair and the diamond studs in his shirt rivaling the brightness of the winter sun. I stepped up to him and waited till she passed.

"Who is it, Matt?" I asked.

He raised his eyebrows and motioned back with his head.

"A new one in the Alley. Beauty, ain't she? I see where some fellows will be gettin' daffy."

A sick feeling came over me. I didn't go into Larry's that night or the next. Somehow I didn't want to see him.

The next evening a customer came into the store and asked if I'd heard about the murder in the Alley. Some fellow had come in on the afternoon train from the city, he said, and gone down there and raised an awful row and ended up by killing one of the girls. My hand shook as I took down the receiver and called Matt Connolly. I couldn't wait, though I knew what he'd say before I asked him.

"Who was it, Matt?" I asked.

"The new one I showed you on the street yesterday," Matt's voice held regret. "Too bad, ain't it? She was pretty."

Three days later, with the murderer locked up at the county seat and the inquest

over, the little funeral procession went quietly through the winter twilight to the cemetery north of town. It was late, I'd heard, because they waited for the train to come from the city with the flowers. Our town had never seen anything like the pall of pink rosebuds which completely hid the casket. Two carriages containing Matt Connolly, a couple of gamblers, and some girls from the Alley followed the hearse. I was alone in the store at the time, and the sound of the horses feet, even in the soft slush of the street, was so loud in the purpling quiet of the evening that it drew me to the door. Instinctively I had avoided Larry since that night I had met the girl in his place; but now I found him standing close beside me in the doorway, also a watcher.

He was entirely unconscious of my nearness. He stood like a man of stone. The twitching pasty whiteness of his face tore my heart. I almost groaned aloud at his anguish. I wanted to grip his hand. As if he had divined my impulse and would ward it off, he straightened himself with an effort. He forced a smile—a ghastly, twisted smile. His stiff, dry lips began: "It is—it—" His voice failed him. "Tis a foina day," he finished thickly. His face drew convulsively. He turned in-doors.

That night Fred Brunson, the undertaker, came into the store.

"What name did you put on the coffin-plate?" I asked. In death I thought the real name might be used.

Fred's calm blue eyes filled with a sudden blur.

"Damn it, Bert," he swore, to cover his emotion. "I—I could tell you something. But I won't. It's strict confidence. But the party who paid for the fine casket and the flowers and everything instructed me to engrave just 'A Wild Rose.'"

The months that followed brought peace to Larry's face. And finally the vase of wild roses came back to the counter.

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(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.)

For The Times-Mirror Company, Owners.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of October, 1915.

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In and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

(My commission expires Nov. 9, 1915.)

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COLTON is the hub city of Southern California. The place was so named when the Santa Fe built its tracks across those of the Southern Pacific. Colton was founded about 1872, when the South-  
ern Pacific began to build from Los Angeles  
to the Pacific coast.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

# California, Land of the Sun, by the Western Sea.

[Saturday, October 28, 1918.]



**G**LORY over us; America is to have an adequate army and navy. Trust the American people for good, common sense—in the long run. There are lots of Americans who are not in favor of any enlargement of the army and navy, and a few who would abolish the little force we have, both on land and on sea. The end in view of all is the same, thank heaven, the maintenance of national peace.

The sensible Americans, brethren, are those who want an adequate army and navy. It would be absolute madness not to provide means of defense in case of attack. Look at the Dardanelles and Constantinople if you want an object lesson emphatic and enlightening. Suppose Turkey had failed to defend Constantinople, the capital of the empire. What would have been the result today? If you want an answer, turn westward and look at China, a prey to the greed of Japan, although she is vastly larger in territory, vastly more numerous in population, and of vastly greater wealth.

It is all very well to talk of peace, but there is no peace possible as the world is constituted, and as humanity is composed at the present time, excepting by being prepared to repel any attack from any hostile nation. Any numbers, territory and wealth are no guarantee of peace, unless the territory is fortified and the people organized to repel invasion. On the contrary, the larger the territory, the more numerous the people and the richer the country, the more tempting prey it is to the cupidity of neighbors, either remote or near.

Even with all the disposition to be peaceable that characterizes you Americans, you have been on the verge of war more than

once during the past year, and are not safe out of the woods yet. Your President, beloved, is an exceedingly peaceable man, a true follower of the Prince of Peace. Yet his own actions have brought us perilously near to war more than once in spite of his excellent peaceful intentions. Intentions go a very short distance in the right way unless they are backed by good judgment. You know the proverb about where the road leads that is paved with good intentions. Your own aquiline man, Gen. Sherman, told us what war is, and it is there that the good intentions of the President have been paving a road and are still paving it.

Universal peace will be possible when nations learn a lesson that individuals have learned long ago, to mind their own business. When individuals interfere in the domestic affairs of neighbors there is war a good deal nearer than the face of the moon. Your excellent President thought it was his business who was President of Mexico, how he became President, and whether the Mexican people, as a whole, wanted him to be President. Mr. Wilson's ardent sense of morality led him to interfere when Huerta was dictator of the sister republic to the south. This interference with your neighbors brought you into actual war. If Mexico had been a strong nation it would have brought you into a prolonged, costly and bloody war. The President learned a lesson by that.

You have another proverb about the burned child dreading the fire. But one cringing of the infant's digits does not guarantee him against fire for ever, and in the opinion of your Eagle your President is right now putting his digits perilously near the fire of war again. He has invited the South American republics to join with him in the pacification of Mexico, and this has tied him up to abide by their decision. Their opinion is that Senor Carranza should be recognized by the United States as the de facto and de jure President of Mexico. The idea is to bring peace, but fine as the intention is there may be another cobblestone in the long road that reaches that terrible place Sherman said war was.

Senator La Fontaine is a Belgian statesman, and ought to be able to speak with deliberation and wisdom as to the evils

of war and the way to keep out of it. This Belgian was in San Francisco a week ago, where he delivered an address before the International Peace Congress. His subject was world organization, and some of his remarks were ripe wisdom, indeed. Listen: "The whole world is to become one city, and in fact it is already one. Our individual life, as our public life, is deeply international. There are no more self-supporting countries, and the far-reaching economic consequences of the great war have made this obvious to every one."

That is just the view the Eagle has always taken of this subject. The same morality, the same sense of justice, should rule between nations that prevail between individuals. There was a time when might was right throughout the world, from the monsters, that trampled the feeble under their tremendous feet to the giant savage who took away his booty from the weaker brother. It required ages to work out a sense of justice between individuals among mankind. Why, friends, the Eagle tribe would beat you all hollow in this. When you were still quarreling among yourselves, and when the big stick was the only ruler among you, the Eagle tribe had reached a status of development where it was recognized as the part of wisdom that the members of the tribe should not prey on one another.

Well, you have worked out a sense of justice and a high code of morality that govern between individuals. Until you work out such a code of morality and justice to govern between the nations there will be wars and wars and more wars, continuing world without end. International relations and the spread of commerce between the nations are great peace workers, in spite of all appearances. When your tribes were divided into many smaller units there was no such thing as peace on the earth. It was everlasting war. With the extension of kingdoms and empires, wars have become less frequent than before. Of course, you are more numerous than you ever were before, your wealth is much greater than in past generations and your science has multiplied offensive weapons of war beyond anything you have ever known in the history of your race. The conflict now raging in

Europe is likely to cost you fifty million dollars; fifty million days' work of a single human being all blown to pieces, all put out of existence, is the horrible tale of foolishness.

The Eagle has hoped since the war broke out that it would end where it began. He thinks it will be against the interests of your race, and not at all conducive to peace, if any of the nations engaged in the conflict were destroyed or reduced to a condition of great feebleness. The Eagle persuades himself that after it is all over and the warring nations get together to make peace, then, if the result is to quit just where they began, to put no nation out of existence, and not to make either party to the war triumph pre-eminently over the other, that it will be better every way for all humanity, and particularly for the nations engaged in the war.

Can it be otherwise, friends? If it is, then you are more stupid and foolish than "the beasts that perish." If, when you come to sum up the whole results of the conflict, take account of the tale of death, strike a balance showing what was lost in the war, you do not concede that the whole thing was a mistake unaccountably foolish, then you haven't the wisdom your race claims to have. No; you are less wise than the brute creation if, as you come to survey the battlefields and contemplate the awful death list and the terrible destruction of property, you have any more stomach for wars for fifty years.

Your Eagle is an American bird, and believes his country and yours is the hope of the whole human race, and, therefore, your Eagle rejoices to read that a majority of you have come to your senses and are determined to provide an adequate navy and a large enough army to defy the world that will make your country a prey, will levy tribute on you and rob you of your freedom as sure as two and two make four, unless you are prepared to repel attack.

Yours for peace,



**S**ENATOR KERN is very optimistic about the United States army, because, he declares, there are sixteen million men members of various fraternal organizations, most of which already have uniforms, who can be trained for death or glory.

It sounds so simple. We can see sixteen million heads proudly raised as they read the Senator's words, and sixteen million pairs of legs hastening to the training camps, sixteen million hearts beating as one in noble patriotism, wondering if the service uniform will suit them as well as the one that induced them to join their particular society.

If Great Britain had only had the fraternal order habit, what an army Kitchener could have raised. And what a lot of money they could have saved for recruiting posters.

Anyone can see the immense power of wealth—in fraternal orders. Sixteen million men already imbued with the joining habit, the uniform habit, the secret password habit, the following habit. What more do we want? Many of them already shine at marching and drilling—we have seen how prettily they can do it in our very own streets during one of their big conventions. True, a large majority of them looked a trifle passe, successful business men with bald heads, obvious paunches, spurious teeth and spectacles. But even that is in our favor. Europe is using up the youth of her manhood as gun targets.

Europe has shown herself quite unpleasantly nasty on the age question. We could teach the world wisdom by killing off our middle-aged and elderly men first, giving them the opportunity of dying handsomely for their country in the glow of battle instead of in their downy beds of senile decay, and reserve our young men for the perpetuation of the race.

Any woman will tell you that there is nothing quite so terrifying as an irascible old man bent on mischief. The more jagged his nerves, the more rebellious his stomach, the more perverse his liver, the more rheumatically his legs, the more diabolically unpleasant he can be. And the first duty of a soldier is diabolical unpleasantness, ruthless, unreasoning, unscrupulous vengeance.

Such an army would have so many advantages. It would be so much less dangerous to the fair sex. War babies would be almost unknown.

The United States will be hailing Senator Kern as its savior yet.

Joy—for Beauty.

**A**CERTAIN ex-popular actress is con-  
tributing beauty receipts to the woman's pages of the news press. Blushingly, we admit a deep interest in the beauty of women. Wherefore we are wont to scan these fascinating columns that out of the fulness of our knowledge we may some day lend some unendowed sister the benefit of our advice.

The ex-actress begins by assuring us that joy is the first requisite of beauty, and that beautiful gowns, preferably rich and costly, since cheap clothes ever detract from beauty.

"Women," says this lady, "pursue beauty in the wrong way. They try to stimulate it with rouge and cosmetics, whereas they should secure harmony of surroundings, artistic environments and stimulate their beauty by joyous and artistic activities. Personal beauty cannot flourish in unlovely surroundings or cheap clothes. The woman who desires to enhance her personal appearance should clothe her body in wonderful clothes . . ."

There is yards more of it, just like that.

And it all appears in the columns of a newspaper devoted to "The People."

It explains so much that we had never understood before. How justified are those dear struggling wives who shower daily reproaches on inefficient hubbies. Well, they know that by wilfully failing to make slews of money in their horrid businesses, they are brutally denying woman her logical pursuit of beauty in the only way that can bring success.

No wonder so many sisters bemoan the awful necessity for sacrificing their chastity. How else can they secure those wonderful clothes, those joyous activities, those harmonious surroundings? The very essentials of beauty are so often cruelly, shamelessly denied them by a despicably unsympathetic employer or an impossible husband.

And yet . . . what of the artists? What is that they persist in saying about the nude? We seem to remember certain great ones foaming at the mouth when some silly prudes harped on the desirability of drapery. How often have they assured the world that beauty unadorned is the only real beauty, that a woman with any claims to beauty can only be depicted sans even a wisp of chiffon if they are to do justice to their subject?

These conflicting arguments are very disturbing. But there is one thing to be said for the artists; their methods are much simpler and less expensive. And even the beauty specialist prattles of art. Most any woman can afford the nude. That would obviate the annoyance of cheap clothes, anyway.

For our own part, we will never be guilty of condemning a woman to cheap clothes and inartistic surroundings. We shall recommend her to stand firm for beauty, and wear rich and wonderful clothes—or none.

That Surplus Money.

**W**E ARE conscious of a sympathetic thrill of anguish when we read the laments of the bankers of the country about the embarrassing oceans of surplus capital that are piling up in their vaults. The war has brought this awful calamity upon us. It appears that their opportu-

nities for lending have been cruelly diminished, that they are overwhelmed with idle capital for which no use can be found.

It sure is a rotten shame, just about the most aggravating calamity one can imagine. But we did our best. With heroic sympathy, we offered our own pet bank to dispose of a few thousand for them, on pretty good security, too, and even offered to pay a nominal interest, say 4 per cent., with the generous idea of helping them out. But they were noble fellows. They won't let us share their burden. They protect us against our own generosity by blandly assuring that no business can be accepted under 6 per cent., anyway, and then they manage to convey the impression that they would be doing one a favor.

One can have nothing but admiration for these proud bankers. With splendid courage they elect to shoulder their own burdens—and they will continue to pay us 4 per cent. on any spare capital we can deposit in their savings department—just to show their grit.

Mount Etna.

Gateway of Orcus, from the dim abyss  
Of ocean rising to the clouds that kiss  
Thy splintered peak, what awful secret holds

Thy gloomy bosom in its calcined folds!  
Though at thy base the waves' soft mur-  
muring

Mingles with scent of flowers that round thee cling.

Yet ever, from thy summit stern and high,  
A smoky portent stains the azure sky,  
Grim omen of the wrath that lurks beneath  
And swords forever loosened in the sheath.

Snow capped, you brood o'er all the smiling land,  
A sun kissed mountain on the lipping strand,  
Yet when the fettered fires at last awake  
And grim Plutonian gods their slumbers break,

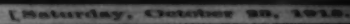
Through thy dark portal, dominant and wide,  
Shall pour Tartarean wrath on every side.  
The pent up vengeance of the underworld  
From thy scarped heights in burning torrents hurled.

—[D. B. Van Buren, in New York Sun.











FOR Wife and Mother.  
For Daughter and Maid.

Home, Sweet Home

## The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

### New Cancer Remedy.

ON TWO different occasions during the last three months reference has been made in the Human Body department of this magazine to a new treatment for cancer that was causing a stir in the medical world. It was pointed out that this new treatment is given in the form of a vegetable compound called autolysin, which is injected under the skin hypodermically; and that some very remarkable cures had resulted. Yet the comments made heretofore were necessarily somewhat tentative, as only meager statistics were available at that time.

Reports from various medical sources which have just appeared, however, indicate that the remedy is fulfilling the promises of its earlier achievements. It does not appear to be an infallible cure for every cancerous condition, to be sure, but it seems to exert a curative effect in a far higher percentage of cases than any other known remedy. In short, the advent of this remedy, which often gives relief in cases hitherto considered absolutely beyond hope, seems to open a new chapter in the history of medical progress.

It will be recalled that autolysin, although used hypodermically in the same manner as most serums, is not really a serum in the strict sense of the term. Serums are animal, or bacterial products, whereas autolysin is a peculiar extract made from twelve nonpoisonous plants, some of which are familiar to everyone, such as the pansy, and common mustard. But nevertheless the final product of these twelve harmless plants as represented in autolysin is a very different substance from anything hitherto used hypodermically. It contains various ingredients, chief among which is chlorophyll, which is the substance that is largely responsible for the green color of plants. And it is believed by the discoverers of this new remedy that chlorophyll is the element which causes the breaking down of the cancer cells when the autolysin is injected into the circulation of the cancer victim.

### How Autolysin Acts.

Autolysin in its original form was developed by Dr. Alexander Horowitz, an Austrian chemist living in America, who used it in the form of a poultice, which produced such remarkable effects that it commanded the attention of the medical men who were seeking the hitherto elusive remedy for malignant growths. The new product, which is used hypodermically, has been developed largely through the efforts of Dr. S. P. Beebe, professor of experimental medicine in Cornell University, who has just published an exhaustive account of the results obtained by this new remedy.

In considering the results of these experiments, it should be remembered that all the cases of cancer treated by Dr. Beebe and his associates were those which had reached the hopeless stage in which neither surgical measures, nor any other known form of treatment, gave any promise of success. The patients were in a condition known to physicians as "inoperable"—that is, they had reached the stage where they were facing certain death. Yet many of these hopeless cases are now well; and a high percentage of others are so much improved that ultimate recovery seems to be merely a matter of time.

But even in cases in which complete cures have not been produced autolysin has proved a boon in relieving the two important symptoms which make cancer a hideous, as well as a most loathsome affliction. First of all, it relieves the excruciating pain in most cases which hitherto has resisted all medication except doses of morphine in ever-increasing quantities. In certain instances the promptness with which pain has been relieved by this remedy seems almost miraculous, and several instances are recorded in which a single dose of autolysin has given complete and permanent relief from the cancer pains.

Such promptness of relief is not the rule, however, but, as pointed out in Dr. Beebe's statement, the pain usually subsides after a few doses, even in the most obstinate cases. To quote Dr. Beebe exactly: "Relief from pain after autolysin injection may be prompt, i.e., almost complete relief may follow within twenty-four hours of the first

injection. It may be slow, requiring from one to three weeks' treatment, and, in a small proportion of cases, very little relief may be obtained. In most cases, however, very marked relief from pain may be expected within ten days. The opiates previously used to control it may be very much reduced or entirely suspended. Very few, indeed, of our patients have needed to continue morphine or codeine after two weeks from the time treatment was begun."

### Autolysin as a Deodorizer.

Another remarkable effect produced by autolysin is to reduce the odor which frequently accompanies this affliction. "Those who have had much to do with cancer," says Dr. Beebe, "need not be told of the disagreeable effects upon the patient and upon those who come in contact with him, either in the hospital or at home, of the terrible, penetrating stench of malignant growths which are infected. This one factor often works to the detriment of the patient in preventing his admission to the hospital; the nursing problem is difficult; the unfortunate is often shunned by his relatives and friends, and the medical attendant evades his responsibilities. A variety of local antiseptics and deodorizers have been used to ameliorate this condition, but in most instances they have little value and often are so irritating as to cause increased pain and discomfort. No relief obtained from autolysin injection is more prompt and certain than is found in these conditions. A foul, purulent, putrid discharge will in a very few days give place to a thin, serous, nonodoriferous, nonirritating discharge. A stench which filled the whole house cannot longer be detected at the bedside with the patient exposed. Such a relief may not be curative, but it adds vastly to the patient's comfort. In many instances it would be worth while to give the injection if for no other reason than to get rid of the awful stench."

### General Effect Upon the System.

As would be expected, a remedy which produces such pronounced effects upon cancerous growths in the body, also produces unusual effects upon the body itself. Obviously, it would be impossible to cure the cancer patient merely by removing the cancer, unless the general condition of the body was also improved. In using autolysin, this improvement is first shown by an increase in the number of corpuscles in the blood. And, in most cases, this change for the better begins within a few hours after the initial dose. Since the blood corpuscles, both white and red, are known to play such an important part in carrying on the vital functions of the body, it has been suggested that this action of the autolysin alone may account for its curative effects in cancerous patients. In any event, the general condition of the patient as well as the condition of his blood, is improved at the same time that the destruction of the cancerous growth is taking place.

But, of course, the all-important feature of the autolysin treatment is its effect upon the cancerous mass itself. And in this respect autolysin apparently is in a class by itself. "Many of the patients treated have had external growths which can readily be seen, measured and palpated," says Dr. Beebe. "In these cases, there is no doubt that accurate observations can be made. In the cases of internal growths such accurate and satisfactory data cannot be obtained. Change in the size of the tumor mass may take place promptly. Accompanying the change in size there usually is a change in the consistence." And it is officially reported that a high percentage of these cancerous masses diminish in size and eventually disappear, with a cessation of the accompanying cancerous symptoms.

### How the Remedy is Administered.

It was stated a moment ago that autolysin is administered hypodermically. The natural inference would be that the remedy to be effective must be injected directly into the cancerous mass itself. Such is not the case, however. The usual place of injection is under the skin of the upper arm, regardless of the cancer's location in the body.

As injections given in this manner are

taken up directly by the circulation, it is obvious that autolysin acts through the medium of the blood—that is, through the general circulation—rather than as a local agent. The contents of the hypodermic syringe placed under the skin of the arm is taken up by the circulation and finds its way into every portion of the body. But in some mysterious manner, autolysin acts selectively when brought in contact with cancer cells, breaking them down, and preventing the reformation. As a result of this destructive process a foreign substance is thrown into the blood-stream, producing a slight rise in temperature a few hours after the administration of the remedy—a "reaction" as physicians call it. The greater the destruction of the cancer cells, the greater will be the reaction produced, as a rule.

The amount of this reaction is registered day by day by the clinical thermometer, and serves as a guide to the physician for regulating the daily dose of the remedy. For it should be understood that the cancerous mass can only be reduced piecemeal, and by repeated doses given each day for a period which varies between one month's time as a minimum, to three or even four months as a maximum.

Obviously, then, the autolysin treatment of cancer is a somewhat slow and tedious one. But when one considers the alternative—when one reflects that no other known remedy will even check the progress of any inoperable cancer except temporarily, and utterly fails in averting the final catastrophe, the mere time element of the treatment sinks into insignificance. It is really a matter of accepting a rocky road, or of having no road at all. And when we consider that this difficult highway may lead to the ultimate goal of good health, the nature of the roadway is scarcely worthy of consideration.

### Facts and Cold Figures.

The number of cases of hitherto incurable cancers which have been treated, or are under treatment at the present time, is large enough so that some very definite conclusions may be drawn as to the value of the remedy. In one of Dr. Beebe's reports, for example, he gives a summary of 100 cases which have been under treatment with autolysin for a period of at least two months. At the close of this period, fifteen cases had recovered, fifty-seven had shown decided improvement, and twenty-eight had apparently received no benefit. "If we consider that these patients have been for the most part a most hopeless type to deal with," says Dr. Beebe, "it appears that fair results have been obtained from the treatment."

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This certainly is a modest statement of the case when we consider that if these same 100 cases, which were beyond the help of any other known remedy, had not been given the autolysin treatment, practically every one of them would have been one stage nearer the grave, and many of them would have reached that goal. Bearing in mind, therefore, that fifteen of these "incurable" cases have now recovered, and that fifty-seven others are distinctly improved and may ultimately recover, it appears that this new treatment for cancer possesses qualities absolutely unapproached by any other known remedy.

It is interesting to note that the remedy seems to act somewhat more effectually, or at least more rapidly, upon cancers located in certain organs of the body. For example, cancers of the face and neck seem to yield more readily than any other types; but cancers of the breast respond to the treatment almost as readily, while cancers in other locations are somewhat more resistant as a rule, although the ultimate results seem to be the same if the treatment is persisted in.

### Paper Shirts for Soldiers.

[Pearson's:] Paper shirts, made in Japan, are now being served out to the Russian soldiers for use in the cold and wet weather, which is rapidly approaching on the eastern front. A number of these paper shirts were used by the Russians last winter, and they proved to be much warmer and cheaper than ordinary shirts.

The paper used is called "hash-ikrazu," and is made from the bark of the mulberry tree. It has been used by the Japanese army and people for many years, its only drawback being that it cannot be washed.

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THE BEAUTIFUL SCHOOLS. A MOVEMENT WHICH IT IS TO BE HOPED WILL EXTEND. 1916 Beautifying Committee, to- gether with the judges in the school grounds contest, have joined forces in asking that the work of beauty- in the grounds of schools be made a regular part of the curriculum.

# The City and the Home Beautiful.

By Ernest Brauntun.

Gardens, Grounds, Streets, Parks, Lakes.

## Agricultural Conventions and Rural Progress.

By M. V. Hartranft.

### ANNUAL GATHERINGS.

THE forty-sevent annual State Fruit Growers' Convention will meet at Visalia November 18 and 19. Marketing, insect control and cover crops will be the main features considered at the session. These annual gatherings of fruit growers have brought the orchardists from one end of the State to the other in an intimate relationship that has been of lasting benefit. Above all other subjects that of distribution and marketing looms paramount. Can a real programme of progress be hammered out on the anvils at this convention? Who has the plan?

#### Ahuacate Growers' Meeting.

According to original advices the Avocado Growers' Association is expected to be in session the coming week from whom we shall learn more cultural ideas in detail than in the first session, which was devoted largely to organization. These early meetings of avocado growers will be of historical interest in later years because the fruit of this tree is to become as important a part of our life as the fig and the olive within a very short time.

This item brings to mind a letter upon the subjects spoken of in this department a few weeks ago, extracts from which as given below will be explanatory:

"Responding to your request for experience in sprouting ahuate seeds in water, I am glad to state results of such experience as I have had with this remarkable tree, which I believe is destined to become one of the most important ever introduced to California.

"Out of a planting of something over 2000 seeds, I placed a score or two in water, some hundreds in sawdust, some in plain sand, and practically all the remainder in a mixture of leaf-mold and sand (about one-third sand.) Of those in water, some were in glasses, so as to watch their development. They were about as long in sprouting as were the others, and I could see no advantage whatever in this method, but on the



WINTER GARDENING IN KERN FOOTHILLS.

Many vegetables will not grow well in our hot days of summer, but seem to thrive on the colder climate of our winter months. Winter gardens are the easiest kept, require less labor and generally are more satisfactory than summer gardens. If you want a winter garden you must set aside one regular hour a day and begin on cabbage, cauliflower, carrots, beans, spinach, radishes and kale right now. You can join the Chamber of Commerce Gardening Club, which meets under leadership of School Garden Director Schufelt every Saturday noon. The gardening programme for October is being distributed free at these meetings. Any man or woman, boy or girl can grow onions or lettuce after they are shown how. Forget your past errors and try again.

contrary a decided disadvantage in the consequent double-handling to afterward pot them, or bed them. Leaf-mold, with some sand added, is the very best medium according to my experience. Practically all thus planted made beautiful, vigorous trees.

This agrees with Dame Nature also, since this is the kind of a bed she sprouts them in, and one should remember, too, that she provides shade, or semi-shade, until the tree is pretty well advanced—that is, until the young sapling can begin to rear its head up high enough to get a glimpse of sunshine through the shade of the forest. The ahuate (or aguacate, as the Mexicans spell the name,) is such a great lover of water that I am led to believe the word agua (water,) as a part of the name, must have considerable significance. Having no Spanish dictionary at hand I am unable to verify this. My experience is that you can hardly give a young ahuate too much water, providing (and this is most important,) you make sure there is very free drainage. No plant exists that is more grateful and more responsive to good treatment. When well treated, its erect, vigorous stem and beautiful glistening leaves, varying from different shades of red to the darkest, deepest green, seem to fairly breathe forth their gratitude and joy, its aspirations heavenward showing an immense and abounding vitality. But in order to make the truly phenomenal growth of which this wonderful tree is capable it must be amply and constantly supplied with the elements necessary to its growth. For instance, while it will endure neglect for a short time and continue to live, when you afterwards supply tardily the food it should have had before, the chances are it will die in the midst of plenty. 'Earth, air, heat and water, and the greatest of these is water,' might be considered the proper formula. An abundance of fire (sun,) after being properly 'hardened off' will cause it to rejoice, and express its gratitude in the richest foliage you ever saw, providing always, you remember 'the greatest of these is water.' In fact, it's something like the date palm, of which the Arabs say: 'Its head must be in the fire and its feet in the water.' But never 'feet in the water' to literally—that is, without the best of drainage.

'Register me as a strong supporter of the name 'ahuacate,' the original name, which has come down to us through the

Toltecs, who in turn are supposed to have derived it from the great and wonderful civilization of ancient Peru (see Bureau of Plant Industry Bulletin 77.) For such a beautiful and truly remarkable tree, one of the finest that grows on this earth, to be saddled with such a meaningless hybrid of a name as 'avocado' is simply inexcusable, in view of the fact that Californians can now so easily seal for all time the only true and proper name, now while the culture is in its infancy; for undoubtedly California will supply the tree in future. If this matter is to be acted upon in the coming convention of aguacate growers, and, as you intimate, likely that the attempt of change from avocado will be abandoned, then fellow countrymen, since we are making this a matter of record for future generations and trying to make them the heirs of our present decision, by all means let us go the limit and adopt the beautiful and euphonious name 'alligator pear.'

"Yours, truly,  
"PAUL S. HIFFLEMAN."

#### Stretching the Hose.

In gardening operations where the lay of the land is such that delivery of water by hose in advisable you can profitably elongate your system of hose by cutting some pieces of inch rubber hose into six-inch lengths and with these connect three-quarter-inch iron pipes, which, when thus rubber-jointed, may be laid about your garden in any direction and at almost any angle on which you can use entire lengths of rubber hose. These rubber-jointed pipes about an acre garden are quite handy, as you can disconnect the joints at any point and instantly deliver water at a nearer point along your line, if you desire. If your land is not graded, you can lay the pipe to connect from one hummock to the other and water at any point you wish. The iron pipe is much cheaper than hose, is more durable. Pieces of old three-quarter-inch hose will rubber-joint half-inch iron pipe and give you a smaller stream.

### Experts Discuss Navy's Needs

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN.)

constructors all over the world are working on that problem.

The peril is not a new one, but the increase in torpedo size gives it some new aspects. Far from being obsolete, the torpedo has sunk several naval vessels during the course of this war.

We also must look to the development of surface craft which will serve protectively against submarines. In England, small, very fast boats are being used as scouts and anti-submarine gunboats. In the navy we have dubbed them "terriers."

Destroyers have done good work, but craft even smaller have been most useful, and this presents a problem we must study.

We scarcely can hope to render capital ships immune from submarine attack, but it is not beyond reason to believe that we may make them less sensitive to it than they are at present.

Developments in the submarine itself seem likely ere long to do away with much of the present effectiveness of its small enemies. This puts us squarely face to face with the other problem. Already we have made experiments which indicate the possibility of great improvement.

Mr. Edison: Are these held as secrets?

Admiral Taylor (smiling): As a matter of fact there are few real secrets anywhere in the naval and military worlds. No nation voluntarily tells other nations of its submarines and its torpedoes, but all seem to have about the same.

Each of the great nations has its own "secret" method for making smokeless powder, but there is practically no difference between them. The war has demonstrated that no nation, when it started, had any really great military or naval secrets, unless the possession by the Germans and Austrians of the great 42-centimeter guns may be so designated. That scarcely is possible, for the French had about the same.

Secretary Daniels: Military authorities

who believe that they have secrets, usually are like the ostrich, as he hides only his head in the sand. The fact that today a government has a military or naval secret is almost prima facie evidence that it won't have one tomorrow.

Admiral Taylor: Perhaps the greatest real surprise of the war has been the use by the belligerents of poisonous gases, and yet the fact that they might do this was well known to all.

In naval warfare this struggle has developed nothing so astonishing, so epoch-making, as was developed in our Civil War when the Monitor met the Merrimac in Hampton Roads and the ironclad ship became a fact.

The various types of ships seem to have functioned about as they were expected to. None of them has really startled any of us.

We reasonably may look to ourselves for the development of the military and naval surprises of the future, for we have developed nearly all of those of the past, as clearly has been demonstrated in the course of this conversation.

It is not generally known that we not only were first to have a submarine, but that prior to the time when Holland actually built his first one, our government had a contract with him for its purchase. The French had been experimenting in secret while we were working more or less openly.

We are continually making progress with big ships, though it must be slow, because of the immense expense and great time required for such experimentation.

Secretary Daniels: And now that this board is fairly under way, new ideas, great ideas, will be plentiful.

(Copyright, 1915, by Edward Marshall)

[Philadelphia Ledger:] Downs: I am very glad it is good form not to wear a watch with a dress suit.

Ups: Why?  
Downs: Because I never have my watch and dress suit out at the same time.

### Trees for Southern California

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN.)

to forty feet high with stems about fifteen inches in diameter. Though slower of growth than the native Washingtonias, so common with us, it is far more handsome, and a street lined with them would present a richer appearance than is possible to attain by the use of any other fan palm possible to grow in this climate.

From South America comes Jubaea spectabilis, known in its native Chile by the name of "Coquito" (little cocoanut,) or as the wine or honey palm. A sweet sap is drawn from the trunk from which sugar or honey may be made, or it is fermented and becomes a wine. Fine specimens of this palm are quite common about Santa Barbara, but in Los Angeles plants of large size are very rare. The finest one in the city is in the grounds of Homer Laughlin, No. 666 West Adams street, and may easily be seen from the sidewalk. It is not, as its gross appearance would indicate, a relative of the Phoenix or date palm, but is closely allied to the cocoanut of commerce. It is one of our hardiest palms, and will no doubt grow in all parts of California. The hardiest palm of arborescent habit common in California is Trachycarpus excelsus, the Chinese windmill palm, generally known to nurserymen as Chamaerops excelsa. This palm is quite common throughout this State, and thrives in the south of England and Ireland. It passes unharmed through heavy snowstorms and hard freezes.

#### Native Dentistry in Japan.

Japanese native dentistry, which is the science of extraction only, may not be inaptly termed a handicraft rather than a profession. In many parts of Japan the dental chair is unknown. The patient is seated on the ground, the dentist bends over him, and forces his left hand between the patient's jaws in such a way that the mouth cannot possibly be closed. Then he grasps the doomed tooth between the thumb

and forefinger of the right hand and with one deft wrench removes it.

It is said that the skill of these native dentists is such that many of them are able to remove six or seven teeth in a minute. However, their skill is hardly to be wondered at when the course of preparatory training that they are obliged to undergo is considered.

A number of holes are bored in a stout plank, which is firmly fitted to the ground, and in the holes are driven wooden pegs. These pegs the would-be dentist has to extract with his fingers without dislodging the board. This process is repeated with pegs in a pine board, and then with pegs in one of oak, and it is only when the candidate has succeeded in extracting the pegs from the oak plank that he may consider himself qualified to practice on his fellow-men.

E. T.

#### Zinc in Wartime.

[Youth's Companion:] Zinc is so essential in war that it has risen enormously in price in the past year. Costing originally only two-fifths as much as copper, it now costs decidedly more than copper, in spite of the fact that copper itself has sharply increased in value. Zinc is a constituent of cartridge brass and shell fuses, and is used also as a covering for iron barbed-wire fencing. In 1913 the United States, Germany and Belgium were the leading producers of zinc. Of the three only the United States smelted domestic ores. Belgium and Germany relied mainly on zinc concentrates that they imported from the Broken Hill mines in New South Wales, where, for one reason or another, it does not pay to do the smelting. France, Spain and Great Britain also produce substantial quantities, but not enough to supply their own needs. Austria and Germany have considerable deposits of ore in Silesia, Hungary, Carinthia and the Tirol. As the zinc-smelting furnaces of Great Britain are not well adapted for dealing with the Broken Hill concentrates, it buys the bulk of its supplies from the United States.



one kind of poison which causes almost instant death if it gets into the blood. It attacks the nerves of motion and produces a paralysis of the breathing organs. At the same time it has no bad effect upon the use of the flesh of the animal as food. The Botocudos have very fine arrows which they carry in quivers. A single quiver will hold a dozen arrows, each of the size of a knitting needle. The Indians use spears of bamboo tipped with heads of bone or stone, and for hand-to-hand fights they have clubs of wood. In the ends of the clubs they put the teeth of animals. The spears are sometimes tipped with teeth dipped in poison.

Most of the Brazilian Indians are skilled in trapping and hunting. The museum has many fish traps made by them. These are so formed that the fish can swim in, but cannot get out. Many fish are taken by poisoning the water. For this a vine called the timbo is used. It is bruised and thrown into the waters of a creek or pool, which are so affected that the fish under the surface are stupefied and suffocated. They rise to the top and are easily caught. Fish are also speared by torch light, and killed by these poisoned arrows from blowpipes.

## The Mundurucu.

Another Indian tribe of which the museum has many relics is the Mundurucu, found on the Amazon and its tributaries. There are large tribes of them along the River Tapajós. These Indians are much like our Igorotes of the Philippines or the head-hunters of Formosa. They capture and cure the heads of their enemies. There are a number of specimens of cured heads in the museum. One such head is shaved, except at the crown, the space over each ear being decorated with bright feathers. The head has not been reduced in size, as is common among some of the Indians of Peru. Its features have been perfectly preserved, the eyes having been filled with rubber or gum and pieces of white bone inserted to represent the whites. The mouth is closed with black gum or rubber.

The director of the museum tells me that these savages are fast dying out and that many of the tribes now in existence are becoming civilized. During my stay in the museum some of the civilized Indians came in. They were dressed in blue calico, and at first I thought this might be a uniform and that they might belong to one of the institutions of the government. I was told they came from one of the schools which Brazil has established for the education of the red race.

Returning to the Mundurucus, they have some curious customs. They tattoo, and a man is not ready for marriage until he has a good coat of that kind. A widow is supposed to marry her brother-in-law. They make a pretense of carrying off their bride by force. They have their medicine and witch doctors, and Bates says that all sicknesses which they cannot understand they believe to be caused by a worm in the part afflicted. The witch doctor pretends to take out this worm. To do this, he blows on the place where the pain is, first filling his mouth with the smoke of a large cigar. He then sucks the place, and after a time is able to pull the worm from his mouth and show it. Mr. Bates was able to get possession of one of these worms thus taken out. He found it to be the white root of an air plant.

## Suggestions of Cannibalism.

In talking about the Indians and looking over the relics, I came across suggestions of cannibalism here and there. It is said that there are still cannibals far up the Amazon Valley, and that some of the tribes are even now eating their old and infirm members. Not long ago Lange, a traveler, published a story of his life among the Mageromas. He says these Indians trap their enemies in pits and eat them. He declares they are fond of human flesh, and that among them the greatest of delicacies are the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet, properly fried in the fat of the tapir. In the past the Mundurucus fattened their prisoners before eating them, giving them to their wives during the time they remained in captivity.

The Brazilian government is now doing what it can to convert the civilized Indians, although this movement has been very late in its organization. There is now an Indian bureau, and in 1910 the President of the republic signed a decree creating the present service for the protection of the Indians. Formerly, instead of the word "protection" was the word "catechisms," and the work

among the Indians was almost altogether that of the church. Indeed, the Catholic Church has done a great deal for the red men of Brazil. When this country was first settled the Indians were enslaved. They were most brutally treated, and one of the priests said that within thirty years—this was about 1615—that 2,000,000 Indians had died of sickness or succumbed to the brutalities of the white men. In the eighteenth century Pope Benedict XIV issued a bull excommunicating any one who enslaved the red men, but it was long after this before slavery of the Indians was abolished in Brazil. The church has missions scattered over the country. The Franciscan Sisters have a station at Itambacury in Minas Geraes, where they have 1200 Indians. The nuns are teaching the Indian girls spinning, weaving and flower making. In Matto Grosso the Salesian Fathers have a number of mission stations and in Minas the Capuchins are working.

## Territory Divided.

According to the present plans of the government, the Indian territory has been divided into ten districts, each in charge of an inspector who reports annually upon their condition to the director-general. It is proposed to settle the Indians in their own districts and to give them the same advantages as the immigrants, with the exception that they will not be allowed to dispose of their allotments. The government intends to preserve the tribal customs and internal organizations of the tribes as far as possible, and to use the chiefs in bringing about their reform. In other words, it expects that the red men shall reform themselves as far as possible, while the government protects them from robbery on the part of their fellows as well as on the part of the white man.

The government will open free schools and will endeavor to create model colonies for the installment of such tribes as are unable to exist in the districts they formerly inhabited.

Agricultural experimental farms will be established in each district, and there will be day and night schools and workshops for the use of the Indians who are already pacified. Indian settlements are in course of construction in the various States, and the work of improvement is well under way.

In the Matto Grosso the terrible Nhamiquares have been pacified by the Indian director, who is building a telegraph line through their territory. This man was attacked several times, but he retaliated by giving presents to the Indians. He had interpreters and met with the chiefs, and finally succeeded in getting their good will. As a result they have aided the telegraph department and have helped cut the way for the line through the forest. Four or five other tribes have been pacified without any loss of life, and a great deal of work is going on among various tribes all over Brazil.

## The Kaingangs.

In the State of Sao Paulo there is a tribe known as the Kaingangs, whom, until now, it has been thought impossible to pacify. But the Indian officials have gone into the forests and have put them, so it is believed, on the road to civilization. In doing this, observation posts were erected in the forests. The officials and interpreters would get up into trees and from there expound the theory of the government and its desire for the welfare of the Indians. In some places the gramophone was used and presents were liberally distributed. In this work the officials were in the heart of the woods, where they were at the mercy of the savages. It was something of a surprise that they came out with their lives.

In other parts of Rio Grande do Sul many of the aborigines have been put upon farms, and a number of agricultural establishments have been formed for them in the State of Bahia. There are also agricultural colleges for Indians in a half-dozen other States. The land for these colonies has been chosen and surveyed by the agricultural department, and arrangements are being made for the training of the Indians. The method adopted to pacify the Kaingangs and to interest them in civilization has been to establish "posts," or stations, where there are ornamental and useful articles likely to appeal to the Indians. This leads them to come out of the forest and to gradually get acquainted with the whites. The method has been so satisfactory that it is being adopted among many of the tribes of Amazonians, and some of the latter

have been given farming tools and are being taught agriculture. In addition to this, a number of laws have been passed defining the status of the Indians as regards civil and criminal law. Up until this time they have been regarded much as minors, but now it is proposed to give them all the rights of other citizens. Their privileges are to be defined, and they are to be put, in short, upon the same plane as the other citizens of Brazil.

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## According to Custom. THE TALE OF A WAIST MAKER CONCERNING HER EMPLOYER.

By Flora Barnes Munger.

"Yes, Madame Louise is a sad-looking woman. Her eyes—they never smile, but if you knew."

The waist-maker caught her breath in a quick sigh and shut her lips tight.

Defly she ran the scissors around the armhole and snipped out bits of satin. Then she dropped down on her knees to pull the lower part of the bodice gently into shape. She was a smallish, brown person, with large, capable hands, but Miss Brewster wasn't tall so it was easier to do some of the fitting on her knees.

"Nobody but me knows Madame Louise," she went on, her mouth full of pins. "That's not her real name, you know. She's Mrs. Benton Brown and I call her Mrs. Brown, but not in the shop, of course. There she's 'Madame' to all of us—and I've never told any one a word about her."

She looked at the sweet, tired face above her. "My! I know you're just awfully tired," she exclaimed, sympathetically. "Why don't you sit down in that big, comfortable-looking chair while I baste this sleeve? Madame Louise told me how sick you'd been when she sent me out with this gown this morning, and she said I wasn't to keep you standing too long."

The basting thread made a rasping sound as it was pulled through the satin; Miss Brewster lay back in the big, comfortable chair with her eyes closed, when the waist-maker began again:

"Sometimes I feel as though I had just got to tell some one. I've kept still—without a word—for three years, and I believe if I could tell you"—her small, sharp eyes looked searchingly at Miss Brewster—"you wouldn't blame her—you would just feel sorry—and," she hurried on in answer to a protest in Miss Brewster's face, "it would be a real help, for, don't you see, it would keep me from telling someone else—some one who wouldn't be so kind to her. It's got to come out," she said explosively, "and I feel safe with you; so, please, Miss Brewster, let me tell you."

She snapped off a length of thread from the big spool and threaded her needle.

"I was Mrs. Brown's housemaid three years ago—she lived at the Brackshaw Apartments. She wasn't a dressmaker then; all she had ever done in her life was to just look pretty and live, and look after her little girl. And she was lonesome out here in the West, so when he began to come to see her she was as glad as a child. You could hear her laugh and laugh in the happiest way. No, she wasn't a widow exactly"—this in answer to an unspoken question in Miss Brewster's eyes—"but she might as well have been. At first she used to talk to her little Jeanne about her father, but after a while she didn't say any more about him—and when the money came—he's a doctor in Boston—about four times a year, all she got from him was a few typewritten words and then she always had a big cry and tore the letter up. She'd never take any more money from him after—but I'm getting ahead of my story and you won't understand. She was beautiful when she was happy. Oh, yes, she is still pretty, but then her eyes would shine so, and she looked so—so alive. That was when he was coming to see her. He took her everywhere—they would be gone for hours riding, and I'd keep little Jeanne, and she'd come home with eyes like stars. But after a while she seemed so worried and cross with me and Jeanne, and even him—but he was nicer than ever to her, it seemed to me, and just smothered her in flowers, until one day it just seemed as though nothing could go right for her, and I couldn't suit her, no matter what I did. She cried something awful and didn't want little Jeanne in her sight. If it hadn't been for Jeanne, I'd have left that day, and I told her so, too. But the next day I never saw such a change in

say one. She just seemed to be in a great big ring of joy, and everywhere she moved that ring went with her. And she lived in that shining way until the day came when we left the apartment for good.

"It was awful the day before we left. He came up in the morning—came in brisk and hurried-like. I was putting the dishes in the china closet and couldn't help seeing them in the living-room—there was just a big archway between the living-room and the dining-room. She ran toward him with a little laugh and then suddenly she stopped and put out her hand as though she had been struck, and I knew it was something she had seen in his face. Then I went back to the kitchen, but I could hear his voice—low and cold it sounded—and once he spoke so loud I could hear his words.

"Don't you see it's got to end? I've got my chance now—my opportunity—and you would spoil it."

In a few moments he called out quick and sharp for me to come. I ran in and there she was, white as death, and he bending over her almost as white as she. He called to me to bring some wine quick, but when I got there with it she had straightened up in her chair and pushed him from her. Then she threw back her head and laughed—such a queer, sobbing laugh—that it just shivered me up inside.

"I'll not spoil anything," she said, 'you have freed yourself.'

"He had gone to the window, and when she said this he whirled around and clenched her hands. He was terribly excited.

"Damn it!" he said, 'I had hoped there wouldn't be a scene. Don't you think it's hard for me, too? Do you think I can forget? I wish I could. I've had no position and it hasn't mattered, but now Durgan wants to make me, and his company won't stand for this.'

"I can remember his very words, for I heard her say them over and over again in her fever. It seemed like she'd never stop repeating them.

"Well," the little waist-maker had stopped basting; her hands fell into her lap on the satin sleeve, "when he left her he stumbled out of the room almost like a blind man. His last words were, 'This thing will hang around my neck forever, but there's no other way out.' I suppose he meant like the Bible millstone. I stayed with her through the fever and I've been with her ever since. This was three years ago—and yesterday—yesterday," the sharp eyes flashed indignantly, "he came into the shop with his rich young wife. Now you know why Madame Louise never smiles."

The waist-maker wound the basting thread around the big spool and folded her work.

"I must hurry back with this now," she said. "You can have it Wednesday."

## Being a Fan is Good Exercise.

[Salt Lake Telegram:] You need not be a ball player yourself to derive physical benefits from the game. Just sit in the bleachers and let your enthusiasm do the rest. Be one of the howling mob; yell as loudly as you want to when you feel like it! It's good for you! Every time you jump up and down and yell for a home run, every time you forget yourself and let your excitement have full play, the blood is sent racing through your veins and arteries, and every organ of your body is purged and stimulated. Every time you "bawl out" the umpire and cheer your favorites the oxygen rushes into your lungs, while worry and depression are forgotten. Watching a hotly-contested game is more stimulating than drinking whisky, and it leaves no injurious after effects.

## Experimental Polygamy.

[Case and Comment:] The old negro had been arrested for "having more than one wife," the last woman being the complainant. He happened to be well known locally and an orderly character.

"How many wives have you had?" demanded the judge.

"Six, yo' honor," was the reply.

"Why couldn't you get along with them?" the judge insisted.

"Well, suh, de fust two splied de white folks' clothes when dey washed um; de thud worn't no cook; de fo'th was des nachurally lazy—en' de fif—I'll tell you, Jega—the fit, she—"

"Incompatibility?" the court suggested.

"No, yo' honor," said the old negro, slowly, "it worn't nothin' like dat. Yo' jes' couldn't get along wid her unless yo' wuz somewhars else."



# Agricultural Conventions and Rural Progress.

By M. V. Hartman.

## The City and the Home Beautiful.

By Ernest Branton.

Gardens, Grounds, Streets, Parks, Lakes.

### Beautiful Schools.

A MOVEMENT WHICH IT IS TO BE HOPED WILL EXTEND.

THE subcommittee on schools of the 1915 Beautifying Committee, together with the judges in the school grounds contest, have joined forces in asking that the work of beautifying the grounds of schools in Los Angeles county be continued until every one of them shall be well embellished with trees, shrubs and plants. The writer sincerely hopes that the judges, Messrs. Labee, Kienholz and McQueen, will aid the subcommittee in the preparation of a report sufficiently definite and specific in its recommendations so that a practical prolongation of the present line of work may be assured until not only all the school grounds of this county shall be artistically planted but the movement spread to include all of our beautiful Southland.

In the past people who should be most interested have often proved unusually apathetic on the question of embellishment of school grounds. It has been a matter of wonderment to the writer why the one piece of ground in a community in which all have common ownership and in which all have a common interest should be the only one neglected. Yet such has proved to be true in a score of cases coming under observation. Now sentiment is undergoing a rapid change for the better. The impetus given the beautifying of school grounds by the 1915 committee will be far reaching and permanent. If the one suggestion made be carried out, namely, that no prize winner of the present year be allowed to compete for two years, the time will come when nearly all will have won one or more prizes and all will be more or less beautiful. The county should have an official adviser to visit and report upon ways and means of improving each school ground, or, better still, the county should hire some competent designer to plan every school ground in the county. Then would all have the same foundation on which to begin work—the only proper foundation.

### The Great Flower Show.

OPPOSITE the City Hall, on Broadway, is now in full swing a flower and plant exhibition covering a larger floor space than any ever before attempted on the Pacific Coast and includes several of the largest individual displays made in California. The immense storerooms formerly occupied by the great Boston Store of the J. W. Robinson Co., reaching from Broadway to Hill street, are covered, two floors, with hundreds of flower-embowered automobiles freely interspersed and alternated with plant and flower exhibits by the best professional and amateur growers of this wonderful Southland. One immense display, that from the famous Huntington estate, is in itself a feast for any plant lover, containing as it does some of the largest and rarest plants of their respective kinds that money can buy. Visit this great festival of loveliness early and on Thursday, Friday or Saturday go over to Pasadena to see their peerless semi-annual exhibition and you rest full convinced of our right to the title of "The Land of Flowers."

### Chlorosis in Plants.

OCCASIONALLY a plant may be found which has come forth as an albino, having no green coloring matter in the foliage. Some time ago the writer found such a one in a native heliotrope growing between the rails of a car track. It was a creamy-white in all parts, not a particle of green being in evidence.

In the Chamber of Commerce in San Jose they have a branch of white redwood from California Redwood Park. These are rare but do not long survive, and never grow more than three or four feet high before perishing. It is next to impossible that they should permanently survive, though if part white and part green, making a variegated plant, it would thrive, yet never attain the size of the normal type.



A QUIET GARDEN RETREAT.

Every garden should have one or more garden rest houses or seats conveniently placed, as far from the dwelling as possible, so that one visiting the garden may find comfort in all parts, but particularly when too far from the house to conveniently return before every part of the garden is visited. Arbors, seats, etc., too near the dwelling but compete with the latter or its porches and are therefore superfluous. The one shown, on a lot 160 feet deep, is ninety feet in direct line from the rear of the house.

### Polarity of Plants.

IN A RECENT number of the Scientific American occurs a translation from an article by Dr. Dam, which states: "If a freshly cut willow twig is planted in moist earth or sand, or even in water, numerous roots soon grow from its lower end, and branches sprout above. If the cutting is inverted before planting, a few weak roots sprout from the buried portion, but they soon wither, while strong leaf-shoots break through the earth and grow upward. Meanwhile numerous roots sprout from the part of the cutting that is now above but was below in the parent bush. These roots grow downward until they reach their proper element, the earth."

"The experiment may be repeated with plants of all kinds. In every case green shoots sprout from the originally upper end and roots from the originally lower end of the cutting, which botanists consequently call the leaf pole and the root pole. The same results are obtained with root cuttings. Root and stalk obey the same law, and every plant has its root pole and leaf pole, as every magnet has its north pole and south pole. If a willow twig is cut into many pieces and these are planted separately, each piece similarly produces roots at the basal end and leaf shoots at the apical end. So, when a magnet is divided into many parts, each separate fragment shows itself to be a complete magnet, with a north pole and a south pole."

### The Hardest House Plant.

ASPIDISTRA LURIDA, from China, is the hardest house plant known. It will withstand neglect, rough usage, gas fumes, hot air, cold drafts, dry living-rooms, damp cellars, dark corners, almost any treatment any plant could possibly undergo, and still it will thrive. It has a variegated variety more largely grown than the normal type. It will thrive in any soil, yet with good treatment it becomes positively luxuriant.

### A Decorative Eucalypt.

SEVERAL readers have of late wished to know the name of a decorative eucalypt mentioned on this page a few weeks ago. The species is E. Pulverulenta. It has round leaves closely crowded on the branchlets, and all of a fine bluish-green, covered with a milk-white powdery "bloom." Florists use it a great deal where decorative foliage is needed, and in San Diego it will be found in every flower store. It is for sale by Los Angeles dealers.

a great tidal wave of workers against which no adverse interests may hope to stand. Remember the time and place—November 11 and 12, at Redlands.

### The Tree Tomato.

MORE than a quarter-century ago we used to sell Cyphomandra betacea, the tree tomato, by the hundreds. It was claimed that it would soon displace the common garden tomato, as the fruits were superior; they grew upon a tree, therefore insuring larger crops for area planted, a longer season, a fruit that would keep longer, a plant that was of ornamental as well as economic value, and there were a host of other reasons. But alas, alas, it did not pan "out" well, and it is not too much to say that the writer sold more from the old German nurseries in one season nearly thirty years ago than were sold in all of Greater Los Angeles during the year just past. They are of doubtful value as an esculent, but one in a thousand preferring the fruit to that of the common tomato vine. As a vegetable curio and a decorative plant its rank is somewhat higher.

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EACH country of the world has an enchanted corner of its own, else there would be no fairy tales. It is always that far-away bit of its land where railroads are few and cities fewer; where law, the ordinary and the dull, has no place, and a spoken word is more binding than all laws.

And at that Tamara's mother always lauded merrily. "Fairy tales," she would say, "are moving into town before long." And that Tamara's mother always lauded merrily. "Fairy tales," she would say, "are moving into town before long."

The mother was listening to the sound with a strange terror quickening her hearing. And suddenly Selim, the saddle horse, whose new master would not come until morning, nickered and whinnied.

the time despairing thoughts went through his tortured head, for the half hour was gone, more than gone. Perhaps the bridge had gone down in the flood; perhaps Pavel had tried to make Selim swim across.

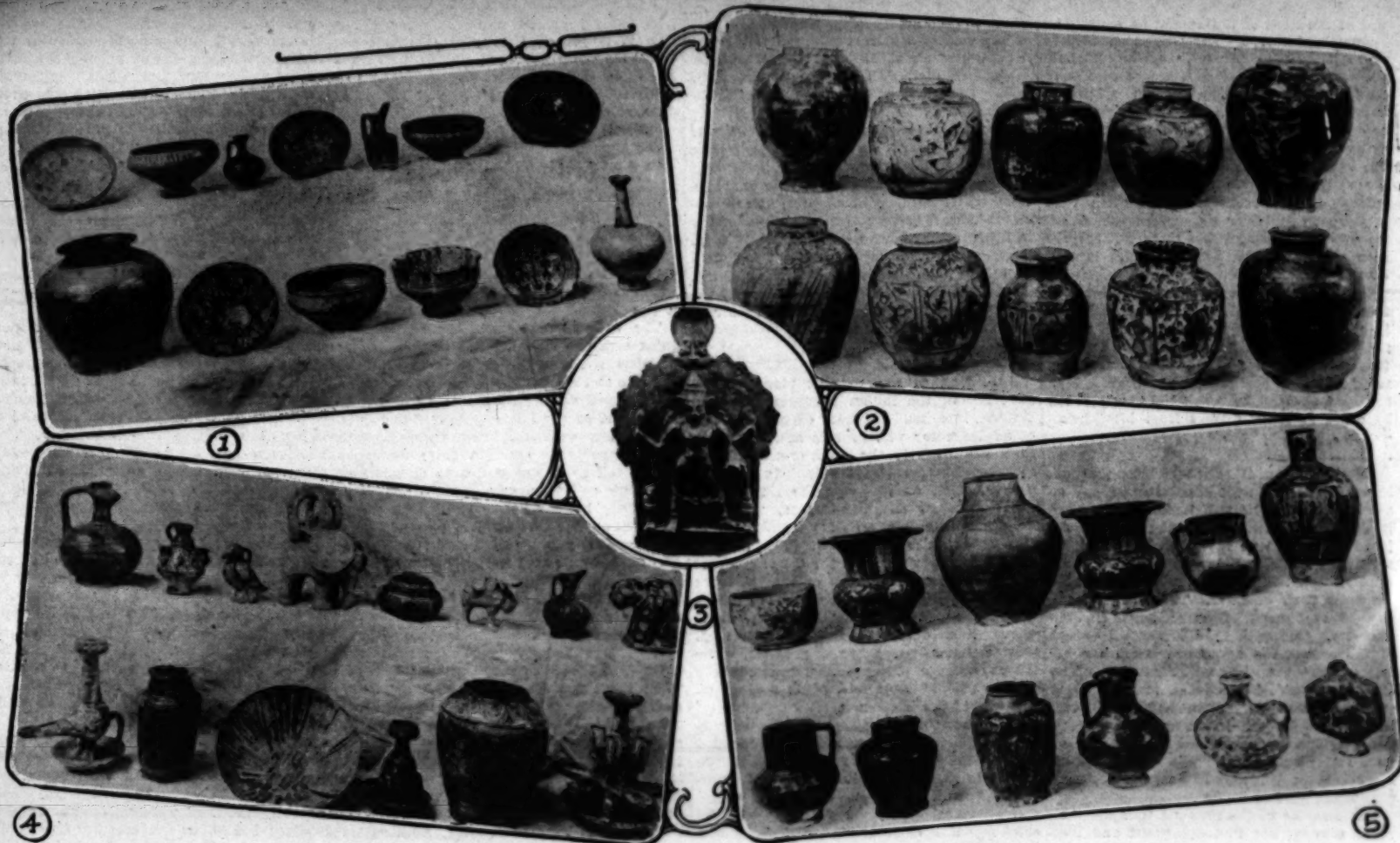
# A Tale from Russia's Enchanted Corner.

By Christina Krysto.

[Saturday, October 28, 1915.]

Saturday, October 28, 1915.]

## Exhibits of India at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.



(1) Many of these potteries are over 1000 years old, and were dug from buried cities on the slopes of the Himalayas. They are in the Palace of Varied Industries at the Hindu booth. (2) These urns were used in India a thousand years ago to carry water from wells to the tables of the nobles. They are part of the pottery exhibit in the East Indian booth, in the Palace of Varied Industries. (3) The Hindu god Kaly. This four-handed image is the god of Prosperity. It is the tutelary god of a sect of Brahmans and is to be found in many sizes. (4) Several of these objects are of the famous Persian blue potteries. It is claimed they were taken from the tomb of the Persian kings and brought as loot to India. They are in the East Indian exhibit. (5) Rose bowls, water jugs, incense burners and curious bowls in the East Indian section, Palace of Varied Industries.

### ALLURING FRAGRANCE.

When walking through the aisles of the Palace of Varied Industries at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition a queer yet alluring fragrance is sensed in the air. First it is faint, then it grows more sentient, until it becomes so poignant a part of the atmosphere that memories go back to childhood tales of Arabian Nights, Aesop's Fables and a thousand and one tales of the Far, Far East, which brings to our nostrils the odor of incense and sandalwood and the sound of the lute and the tom-tom. And, as if led by some subtle tie, suddenly upon the sight appears a real, queer, quaint and mysterious corner of this land of gods and fakirs, of spices and aromas, of strange and varied influences. It is the representation from the Empire of India, an exhibit which carries with it all the lure that everything Hindu or Brahmin or Buddhistic always does.

It is like the bazaars one reads about in Kipling, this charming oriental quarter with its incense burners, its numberless anthropomorphic gods, its brasses from Benares, its rugs from Kashmiri and Calcutta, its draperies and embroideries from Madras and Bengal.

And the attendants! They are just as atmospheric as the booth itself. There is a funny little old Parsee, there is a Brahmin, and there is an Indian Mohammedan, who are only too eager to tell you all about the wonderful things they have to show if you will only go in and ask.

"Ah, yes, Madame," says the little yellow Parsee, "these exquisite embroideries were once worn by Zaida, a marvelously beautiful Indian Princess. Her lover was doomed to death and so she followed the ancient law of her ancestors and was a victim of the suttee. She threw herself upon the funeral pyre and was burned to death. This scarf was rescued from the flames. Don't laugh, Madame," he adds as he sees the twinkle in your eye, "it's a sure thing."

And, although you know he has all the wile of the Orient, because you know the things are beautiful and wonderful, you linger on, just as much to listen to the

clever little spieler as to absorb the loveliness of the exhibit.

"Are you interested in potteries? Well, here is an urn, 2000 years old. It came from the tomb of a Persian King and was loot of war and thence came into India. Is it not wonderful? You see the design? That is the god Zoroaster riding his winged horse on his way to see his sweetheart. That man? Oh, he is a rival waiting to slay him." Then he has to laugh himself, for it is a quality of the easterner that he is not at all lacking in a sense of humor even if it is directed against himself.

And so he takes you to a case wherein repose dozens of marvelous old urns, incense burners, smoke pots and flesh pots from Egypt, Arabia, Persia and India. Many of them are the extinct shades of green and blue which none but the oriental hand melting pot has ever been able to achieve. Others are the dull shades of tan and green. All of them are very old and bear indisputable evidence of having been buried for centuries beneath the ground. Nearly all of them have been cracked or broken. All of them are hieroglyphicked and full of romance and religion. The native of the occult nations always works in symbols. Every move, every action expresses something. Time and thought are the two dominant faculties in their lives and each act must count for something in the long, long road that leads through their Karma or fate to the ultimate Nirvana or forgetfulness of all but what is beautiful and true.

In the array of bric-a-brac and potteries there are numerous articles pregnant with the breath of the ancient East. There is a jug which Rebekah might have carried to the well when she met Isaac. There is a strange-looking candlestick, half-dog, half-god, which would have well graced Cleopatra's boudoir. There is a weird-looking porcelain candelabra that would have found right usage at the Eleusinian mysteries. There are just myriads of things, brought through India from all parts of the East, which are full of the sensuous, subtle charm of the countries east of Suez.

At one of the cases in the booth is a wrinkled, old, brown Bengalee, who will

show you antique chains and bracelets set in fantastic design which, according to his tale, have had just as antique and fantastic origin. And the best of it is they don't care whether you buy or not. They seem to have suddenly awakened to the western delight of expressing themselves, for these funny, little brown and yellow and ivory men are the most willing and the most curious spieler in the whole of the exposition.

### Salute a Stone Tiger.

[Kansas City Journal:] Most people know that all soldiers are required to salute "the flag" when they are on regular duty, stand at "attention" during the singing of the national anthem, to acknowledge the presence of one of higher rank by a salute, but it is not generally known that there are other things which British soldiers in certain parts of the world are required to honor thus.

In India, for instance, a British guard of honor presents arms to a stone tiger every day. The tiger is regarded by the natives as a god who drives away all danger and calamity, and once some soldiers, in a spirit of mischief, overthrew the image from its resting place, and sent it rolling into the valley below.

So shocked and scandalized were the natives that a revolt seemed imminent, and Lord Combermere quieted the outraged natives by restoring the image to its pedestal and ordering the regiment to salute it in full view of all. Since that time a British troop has kept watch over the tiger idol day by day.

Another Indian idol which is watched over by the British is a god whose name is Kiak Kiak, equivalent to "Lord of Lords," which is supposed to be asleep for 6000 years, and whose awakening will be the end of all things.

Hence the natives of the city of Pegu, in Burma, are terribly afraid that some one will arouse the god; so the British government, to avert trouble, stationed a sentry there to prevent this catastrophe.

Once a year a strange custom is observed

in Cairo. A piece of carpet on which, according to tradition, Mahomet once sat, and which is the most famous sacred relic of Islam, is carried through the streets, and the Khedive and his troops all review it in review order and salute it as they pass.

The relic is guarded most carefully at ordinary times, and the officer in charge of it each morning must salute it with sword raised, while the bugler blows three blasts before it.

Another object which is honored with a salute is the sacred coffin of the Prophet, which rests at Medina, the sacred town, and which once in his life, at least, every Turkish officer must salute.

He is expected to throw himself flat before the coffin, clad in his full regimentals, and is said to receive his commission in this manner straight from the Prophet himself.

In Russia, at Vladimir, there is an image of the Virgin with clothes of pure gold, and which must be saluted by every soldier whenever it is seen. The honor paid to this ikon is said to be due to the fact that it was present with the troops when they gained a wondrous victory over a large Tartar army.

The Russian authorities evidently sympathize with this art of ceremony, for they actually raised this ikon to the rank of Major-General in the army, so that it is saluted by all Russian soldiers as an officer today.

### Word Origins.

[Pittsburgh Gazette-Times:] Stigmatize originally meant simply to brand, and in the days of Shakespeare the farmer was said to stigmatize his sheep.

The word prevent originally meant nothing more than to go before. It is used in this sense in several places in the scriptures.

Tawdry is derived from St. Audrey. In the early middle ages fairs were held in France and England on St. Audrey's day, and these annual gatherings became noted for the gaudy and worthless jewelry sold at them.



IN A BROAD and general way there are three fundamental values to poultry, viz., the food or meat value, the egg or productive value, and the aesthetic or exhibition value. These may impinge one on the other more or less, but after all is said and done, they constitute the three divisions or basic principles on which good poultry is judged. Excludes the exhibition value.

## Three Distinct General Values of Poultry.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

Comparing the averages of hens that were fed meat with those fed fish scraps, it was found that meat-eating hens give the most eggs. Five pens of hens, containing thirty-three each, consumed 247½ pounds of grain—whole wheat, barley, cracked yellow Indian corn or whole Egyptian corn, in the proportion of three to one, and 117½ pounds of dry mash, consisting of a mixture in proportion of fifty pounds of bran, fifty pounds of shorts, five pounds of fine charcoal and one pound of fine salt, together with thirty pounds of meat scrap or thirty pounds of a combination of meat scraps with soy bean meal or O. P. linseed meal, laid an average number of eggs for the year of 142. The cost of feeding the hens was found to be 10½ cents per dozen eggs produced.

### A Case of Ordinary Diarrhoea.

E. M., Los Angeles, writes as follows: "What is the cause and remedy of watery white discharge from the vent, keeping the fluff always wet? Also a white, chalky-looking substance clinging to the feathers and skin near the vent? I have two pullets affected in that way; their ordinary droppings seem natural, but the discharge is constant. Kindly answer through The Times Illustrated Weekly, as there may be others who would be benefited."

Your birds are evidently troubled with ordinary diarrhoea, due to inflammation of the digestive organs, causing whitish, yellowish or even greenish discharges. It may result from one of several causes, viz., climatic changes, exposure, too much "loosening" food, such as meat, oat feed, bran, etc., overdosing with "conditioning" preparations, foul water, uncleanness, crowding, vermin, etc. Alter conditions and correct the diet by giving boiled milk to drink, or use it for mixing the mash, and feed dry food. A little powdered charcoal in the mash food is also good. Feed rather sparingly and avoid grain with coarse hulls, like oats and barley. As the birds recover, the rations can be restored to normal.

### A Cold With Bronchitis.

Mrs. L. M. D., Inglewood, writes that she bought a pedigree Leghorn cockerel two months ago, an extremely vigorous bird, from a high-producing hen, that lately seems to rattle in the throat with no indication of cold. Coops are open without draft.

Rattling in the throat is an indication of a cold with bronchitis, which affects fowls variously, and if neglected may lead to

drinking water, a dozen homoeopathic pellets to a quart of water. Robinson, in his book "Poultrycraft," says that a good remedy to keep on hand to use for colds, bronchitis, etc., is: equal parts cayenne pepper, ginger and mustard, mixed as stiffly as possible in lard, then flour worked in it to make a stiff dough; form in slugs of pellets about the size of a small hazel nut; give by opening the mouth and dropping them down the throat. A single treatment often cures; if it does not, it should be followed by another dose in twenty-four hours.

### Web and Feather Aphorisms.

"Preparedness" is a word that finds a conspicuous place in the military annals of the day, and advisedly so, too; but it also possesses a significance in the poultry business, especially in the exhibition game. Are your birds undergoing "preparedness" for the coming show campaign?

Charcoal, either in the granular form or fed in the mash, helps digestion, absorbs gasses in the system, and has a physical action that is beneficial to the birds.

Play the game with spirit and robust ambition. The person who finds pleasure in his work and loves animated nature, has the other fellow beat before he gets started.

The present generation of poultry breeders have been more accustomed to comparison judging than the score card, which may in a measure account for the wide demand for score card judging. The opinion is advanced that the latter system is wanted by beginners and small breeders. If so, why not hold score card shows?

Often breeders possessing surplus stock of good quality will find a market for it as breeding specimens by a little judicious advertising. Sales thus made bring better returns than selling the same birds to the butcher.

The size of an exhibit does not always make a sportsman and a fancier; neither does large advertising space always stand for sobriety and the square deal in the salesmanship of pure-blooded birds. Indeed, we have often thought that both were at times more or less suggestive of devious methods and deceptive practices.

If your yards contain low spots and "chuck" holes, fill and level them up before the rains set in. Standing water, even for a few hours, is not conducive to the good appearance of the birds, neither is it suggestive of good sanitary conditions.

Prepotency is not confined to pure breeds far from it. Hence the importance of selecting breeders with an ancestry of recognized breeding quality.

### Caught on the Wing.

On the authority of Professors A. F. Smith and M. E. Chapman of the Minnesota State Farm School it is estimated that the poultry products of the North Star State are over \$37,000,000 per annum—which is considerably in excess of the yearly output in California.

The Cuban government has placed an order with the Pennsylvania Poultry Farm for 500 Rhode Island Reds and S. C. White Leghorns—50 males and 450 females. Delivered, the shipment will cost the Cuban government something like \$4000. The birds are to be used for experimental purposes on the government farm near Havana.

W. S. Russell, who is in charge of the view flocks at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, says they attract quite as much attention as any other feature of the live stock division. Especially is this true of foreign visitors, who are keenly alive to the value of the American breeds. Several large consignments to South American countries have already been made.

Harry Collier of Tacoma, Wash., is certainly a live booster for the big San Francisco show, and threatens to bring down 1500 birds from his State. He is also championing a publicity campaign on the part of the American Poultry Association in the interest of standard poultry. He would like to make the recognized breeds as familiar in the public mind as the Gold Dust Twins, Pears Soap and Uneeda biscuit. The idea is not without merit.

In Oklahoma, students in the six normal schools of that State are to be given a course in poultry culture, so as to be enabled to teach this branch of agriculture when they enter the profession of teaching.

Over twenty specialty clubs, covering as many breeds and varieties of poultry, are offered cups, medals, diplomas and ribbons for competition at the Panama-Pacific Poultry Show. This will certainly be interesting for the judges as well as the exhibitors and visitors.

On November 1, Mr. Nat E. Luce, judge, fancier and breeder, will commence the publication of The California Poultry Journal, devoted to fancy and utility poultry under California conditions. Mr. Luce has been a life-long breeder, handling during his career, many of the popular varieties, hence brings to his new duties a ripe experience that should be of value in placing his new journalistic enterprise on a paying basis. The writer certainly wishes him success.

Go away from home to learn the news. A late issue of the American Fanciers (Boston) says that "Ben Belt, a Homing pigeon, owned in Los Angeles, Cal., has recently

been seen in a new land across the ocean. Having made a lot of money, he has returned to his home in California. The best previous flight, recorded in 1912, a pigeon having covered 1000 miles in two days, nine hours and forty-three minutes."

At the late Riverside show there were exhibited 103 Leghorns, 75 Rocks, 47 Orpingtons, 43 Rhode Island Reds and 73 bantams. The quality was good in all classes.

### The Cost of "Digging In."

[Des Moines Register:] It is a matter of curious interest to know that twice as much dirt has been moved on the western line of the war by the French and German soldiers in preparing the trench warfare, as was taken from the Panama Canal.

For more than 500 miles from Switzerland to the channel, four, five and six trenches have been dug on either side of the dead line, each trench averaging five and one-half feet in depth, dug by private soldiers, with little war spades, an expenditure of human effort almost without parallel in peaceful times.

But curious as this item of the record may seem, how many, as they affix their attention to it, will consider for a moment what it must mean to the permanent fertility of the richest plains of Europe, which have suffered such an enormous upturning of barren subsoils.

Those who have had occasion to note the slow degree by which our Iowa clays, left in the process of surface drainage, take on a cultivated and civilized appearance will be able to form some notion of what is ahead of France when the work of restoration begins. It will be years before the farmer will harvest even half a crop on the acres of this trench warfare.

If there were nothing else to condemn the insane exhibition of folly in Europe it would be the energy that has been spent in destroying the fertility of France. If anything could be more hopelessly and and criminally ridiculous than living in ditches like rats, it would be the waste of energy expended in digging the ditches.

### Haying and Shining.

[Philadelphia Public Ledger:] A clubman, who poses as a humorist, was having his shoes shined at a railway station.

"And is your father a bootblack, too?" he asked of the boy at his feet.

"No," said the bootblack. "My father is a farmer up the State."

"Ah!" said the humorist, as he reached for his notebook to make an entry, "he believes in making hay while the sun shines."

## A Fall Start With Turkeys. By M. M. Stearns.

### BEGIN EARLY.

TURKEY raising should be begun in the fall. To wait until spring, and then purchase settings of eggs for hatching, is a good alternative, and a more economical one, but postpones the real beginning of the venture for a year, or, if the luck experienced with the limited number of baby turks hatched is bad, for a couple of years.

In the fall, and preferably before the Thanksgiving marketing, it is easy to purchase good turkeys for breeding stock; three or four hens and a good gobbler may usually be picked up for prices only a little above those paid for table birds. The necessary outlay for feed through the winter months is relatively small, and the pen of birds can be brought to the right condition at the right time after the turn of the year—at the very beginning of the breeding season.

A pen of turkeys that have been wintered on their breeding location afford the proper opportunities for experimenting with different hatches and making sure of "getting off on the right foot." Even if the turkey hens are allowed to sit on single clutches of their own eggs, there will be from, say three good hens, as many as eight or nine clutches of eggs from which to raise poult during the single season. And if the hens are not allowed to sit, they will ordinarily lay from fifty to more than a hundred eggs apiece during the year, which means generally something over 200 eggs to work with,

under the best possible conditions at that. It would be a mighty bad run of luck that would prevent even the most unskillful of prospective turkey raisers from getting at least a few good birds from as many eggs as that.

Putting the cost of three hens and a gobbler at \$30 in the fall—\$6 apiece for the hens and twice as much for the tom, which is a generous estimate—and the feed through the winter at \$5, we have a total of only \$35 necessary for everything exclusive of the buildings, which would sooner or later be required in any case.

If eggs are purchased in the spring, at least \$6 or \$8 must ordinarily be paid for two settings from good stock, so that less than \$30 may be said to cover the additional expense of a fall start. For this thirty or less one secures the almost inestimable advantages of having the eggs laid on the place, to be set as desired under the most favorable conditions possible; one secures the advantage of having turkey mothers available for brooding if desired; and one has something like ten times as many eggs to work with. Also, one has these eggs at every desirable time of year, some at the very first of the season, more during the first warm spring weather, and final clutches at the best market bird time of hatching, at the beginning of summer—instead of having eggs at one time only, and that one time placed of necessity at the convenience of the raiser from whom spring clutches of eggs are to be purchased.

Few people who buy eggs for hatching realize how much damage is ordinarily done to the embryos by the jolting incident to

transportation. No egg that has been shipped, no matter how carefully it has been packed, can be said to stand as good a chance of producing a strong, vigorous chick as an egg that goes from the laying nest direct into the incubator or setting nest. And this is quite as true of turkey eggs, with their relatively strong fertility, as of the eggs of any other fowls. So that any person counting on getting a start in the turkey business in the spring with eggs alone must count on only a fair hatch at the very best from the settings purchased at a distance, or even transported a few miles, instead of being able to expect with confidence at least a few big percentage hatches from the eggs laid on the premises. Besides, the poult hatched from eggs that have been transported will not be quite as strong as would poult from those same eggs if they were hatched at once at the place where they were laid. This may sound like a matter of trifling consequence, but a little checking up of results obtained from eggs that have stood shipment with those hatched at home will show how important a phase of hatching it is. My own worst record is of one egg from six clutches shipped to Southern California from Seattle; near Pomona lives one rancher who got six birds from a hundred high-priced eggs shipped from near Chicago, and another who got thirty-seven from a thousand eggs shipped only about fifty miles, from near the coast. Yet in each instance the eggs were doubtless good when they were shipped, as they were from reliable breeders, and they were certainly well packed.

The advantage of buying turkeys in the high.

fall over buying at the beginning of the breeding season is two-fold; in the first place it allows far wider range in the selection of the birds, as well as, ordinarily, somewhat lower prices, and in the second place it gives ample time for the perfecting of various details of turkey plans that have not a little to do with ultimate success. Under this latter head may be mentioned the opportunity for g birds from pests brought with them—body or head lice, or scale on the legs, or possibly even the beginnings of disease—colds or diarrhoea or what not. Ample time is allowed for the birds to become accustomed to their new quarters, and to the humans from whom they are to receive their feed and such handling as they require. One in a while this single item avoids a disastrous loss, as birds brought together for the first time at the beginning of the breeding season will sometimes remain wild and antagonistic to one another, refusing to mate, and so causing the absolute loss of all the eggs of the first clutches.

Owing to the general practice of selling turkeys on the high prices of the Thanksgiving market, only those breeders who do an extensive business in breeding stock are apt to keep on hand more adult birds than they expect to use in their own breeding flocks after that time. During the last weeks of October and the early part of November turkeys are almost everywhere abundant; after Thanksgiving the flocks have dwindled, and after Christmas it is genuinely difficult to get good birds for breeding purposes, while prices are apt to be correspondingly



# A Tale from Russia's Enchanted Corner.

By Christina Krysto.

## THE GIRL TAMARA.

Each country of the world has an enchanted corner of its own, else there would be no fairy tales. It is always that far-away bit of its land where railroads are few and cities fewer; where law, the ordinary and the dull, has no place, and a spoken word is more binding than all legal contracts; where an impudent glance is punishable by death, and family feuds live down through countless generations; where men are bravest and women most beautiful; where each day and each night is crowded with countless deeds of valor and countless deeds of perfidy as well, and where fact and legend are so inextricably bound together that one begins by believing nothing and ends by believing everything.

Such an enchanted corner has Russia, tucked away among the mountains which fringe the glimmering Black Sea. It is a small strip of land, not more than one-twentieth of European Russia, but no one has yet been able to count the separate languages spoken by its separate people. Its cities are veritable melting pots; one enters a mountain village in its depths and is greeted in Turkish; one walks into the center of it and bargains in Armenian in its market place, and one hears one's farewells in Georgian when one leaves at the other end. And being a land of countless tribes it is a land of countless marvels as well, though its greatest marvel is itself. For the sapphire sea which has been poured beside its snow-capped emerald mountains lives forever in one's memory, and the eyes of those who have lived under those mountains will never be content elsewhere. And those, too, who have lived under those mountains, have learned all there is to learn of man's devotion and love and loyalty, of man's cruelty and hatred and deceit. For no arm of the law is long enough to reach into the mountain heart of Caucasus, and away from the law men die for friendship as unflinchingly as they slay for revenge; men scoff at the Governors whom Russia sends to quell them as wholeheartedly as they worship the fearless rascals who nightly rob them of their huts.

These tales have come to me in many ways. Some of them, which in Caucasus still live as legends, have long ago been stretched into novels by Russian authors. Others have come from the notebooks of officials who have tried their hand at preserving law and order there. Many have been the experiences of friends living and working somewhere between Batoum and Baku. And the story of the girl, Tamara, was told in a letter many years after we ourselves had left the enchanted corner, and that story seems the most real of them all. For, as children, we often raced the girl and her small brother, Pavel, over the black sand of the now distant seashore, and it was into her unbelieving ears that we poured the stories of other seashores where the sand was white, pure white—we had read it in our geographies.

The Tamara of those days was a slender child of 8 or 9, with smooth heavy braids of glistening golden hair and great dark wondering eyes.

"When that girl grows up much mischief will be afoot," the mother's friends would say, laying their hands on the smooth-brushed head. "We shall not dare to let our sons catch a glimpse of her."

But the old Cossack general, he who for years had been watching over his people from his Batoum headquarters, and who knew the land he guarded, had other fears for Tamara.

"When that girl grows up," he would say, riding out into the country for a glass of tea with Tamara's mother, "you will have to guard her more carefully, my dear. You know how it is with the restless half of the Turks. In the mountains, where the people are moneyless, they stir up feuds for excitement. In the rich valleys they rob the land tillers. But here on the sea, with their native land just beyond, nothing pays them so well as smuggling. And sometimes, not often of course, but still, sometimes, a pretty girl is hidden among other costly packages in the bottom of a boat of theirs. You know, too, how that is with them; they think that they are doing the

girl herself a favor, also. For the rich Turks across the border are good to their wives, and they grow tired of buying their own countrywomen. And you had best be moving into town before long."

And at that Tamara's mother always laughed merrily.

"Fairy tales!" she would fling back at him. "You men of the law are always hunting trouble. One girl in a million disappears, perhaps, and forever after every mother is expected to keep hers behind bars. I have lived here all my life. I know the Turk and I trust him, and he respects me and loves my children. I will not listen to your nonsense."

So Tamara grew and daily became more beautiful, and two or three times each year the old general galloped up for his tea and repeated his warning, and was scoffed at anew by the mother.

"Look at Memed," she said triumphantly. "Would you have me fear him perhaps? There he goes now, riding by, to his home in the mountains. Watch him stop to talk to the children. So quiet always, so courteous, many Russians might profit by his manners. Tamara adores him. Would you have me fear him?"

The old general frowned. "It happens that I wanted to warn you against this Memed," he said slowly. "There are four or five in his smuggling gang; we have known it for years. We know when he leaves for Turkey; we know when he comes back. We know his comrades. But their boats are swift, and Memed is too clever for us, too quiet perhaps, too courteous. Or do you perhaps hold him incapable of smuggling?"

"Smuggler of Caucasian silks, perhaps. But why girls?"

The general shrugged his shoulders and whistled for his horse.

Tamara was no longer a little girl. Her smooth braids were lifted and wound about her small head, the edge of her skirts crept farther and farther toward her ankles. The small brother Pavel was learning to shoot. And then the mother decided to move to Odessa.

The general came up for his last glass of tea.

"Whatever you do," he urged her, "send Tamara in ahead of you. Put her on the steamer and she's safe. Or let my wife keep her in Batoum until you are ready. But don't let her stay here if the date of your going is known. Memed is getting ready for another trip into Turkey. We hope to catch him this time. But we may not, and he has been watching Tamara many years."

"And you have been listening to wild tales many years. You are saying that Memed tried to carry off the Armenian girl who works for the major's wife. But I noticed that he proved that he was in Tiflis on that night."

"And perhaps, too, you have noticed that he wears a bandage on his hand. And the leader of the bandits who stormed the major's house received a dagger point through his palm. He wears the bandage still. Well, you may decide for yourself. My Cossacks are at your disposal, of course, to search for her when she is gone."

The general rode off and the mother began to pack her furniture. A week passed. Memed still rode past the house, very full of deference when he spoke to her, very gay when he spoke to the children.

"We shall miss you when we go away day after tomorrow," Tamara called out to him one morning as he passed.

The slightest misgiving stirred in the mother's mind. Did not his smile come too quickly at that? The girl really should not have named the exact date. And there was the bandage across his palm. If she sent her to the general at once . . . but the sun was shining brightly, Memed was already out of sight up the foothill path—and the general was an old fraud. She dismissed her hired men that afternoon.

They sat next evening about the dismantled dining-room. The lamps had been packed and a single candle made weird twilight in the corners. Outside a heavy rain was falling—a real Batoum rain

—the steady streams of water beat a rapid tattoo on the roofless porch. The mother was listening to the sound with a strange terror quickening her hearing. And suddenly Selim, the saddle horse, whose new master would not come until morning, neighed restlessly in his stall.

Before she had heard a new sound through the rain, before the children had looked up whitening, she knew what had come, and she made up her mind how to meet it.

"Through the back door—quick!" she breathed to the boy, and thrust him into the kitchen, dragging the girl behind her. "Ride Selim the back way to the general! Tell him it is Memed!"

There was a steady patter of feet on the wet porch. Someone was trying the front door. In the middle of the kitchen, one end at the attic trap door, stood a ladder, forgotten after packing.

"Up there! And not a sound when you let down the door."

She tried to push the ladder through the window, but the rattle at the front door had grown louder, and a voice, familiar even at a distance, was calling through the empty house. She laid the ladder along the wall and walked toward the sound.

"Don't break it; I'll open!" she said calmly.

Memed stepped quickly into the room. He touched his fur hat with his hand and smiled pleasantly. The flickering candle light shone on the cartridges which weighed the straps crossed on his breast. Another man stepped in after him. The third remained outside.

"You want money, I suppose," said the woman, shielding the candle with her hand. "I have a hundred roubles in the house. I shall give them to you; I know there is no use to resist."

Memed smiled again. "You know what money I want. I go to Turkey to live. So I come unmasked. And I shall need much money there, much more than a hundred roubles. So—where is Tamara?"

"Tamara is in Batoum," said the mother, and through her mind went the thought—Pavel will be at the bridge soon. In a half-hour, in forty minutes he will be back, with the general and his men. She slipped her watch from her belt and hid it in her hand. "Tamara is in Batoum," she repeated.

Memed laughed and brushed her aside. "We'll begin at the bottom, Ali," he said to the man who had followed him in. "I'll go to the cellar while you stay here, lest she let the girl out the back door."

He passed into the kitchen whence led the cellar steps, and covertly the mother crossed herself. Her predecessor had been a winemaker and the cellar was still filled with empty barrels, scores of them, any one of them which might hide a slender girl. Gratefully she remembered the draft which swept through the broken windows below—many a match would be lighted ere he finished his task. Gratefully she listened to the muffled cursing which came up to them through the floor. Ten minutes he wasted there . . . five minutes . . . five minutes more . . . three minutes.

"Memed!" called the man who had stayed behind. "you'd best hurry! The old one looks at her watch too often. She waits for something!"

Another five minutes passed and Memed came back.

"The boy is gone," he reflected, "and the horse neighs no more. So you did have time, you old witch! Quick, then, where have you hidden her?"

"She is in Batoum, I tell you! You may kill me, but I tell you—she is not here!"

"Why kill you?" Memed's voice was soft. "Dead women tell no tales. A woman in pain may. Take down her hair, Ali! We'll search the house."

From room to room they went, dragging her by the hair over the floor after them. In each room they paused.

"Here?" Memed would ask, his voice purring. And at the mute shaking of her head—"Then where?" And as she kept her silence they searched hurriedly among the crated furniture and in the closets, then went on, dragging her after them. And all

the time despairing thoughts went through he tortured head, for the half hour was gone, more than gone. Perhaps the bridge had gone down in the flood; perhaps Pavel had tried to make Selim swim across . . .

They were back in the kitchen once more. Memed's face had gone white with fury.

"If you think you are being hurt," he told her, his voice a hoarse whisper, "try to keep us in ignorance another minute, and you will die as no one has died before. Look at your precious watch now and count the seconds."

He lifted his spurred boot above her face. And that instant his eyes fell upon the ladder along the wall. A moment he regarded it silently, then he threw back his head and laughed.

"What a fool not to remember that these Russians hide everything in their attics!" He raised the candle. The dim light showed the threadlike crack which outlined the trap door. With a sudden bound the mother was on her feet, but Ali caught her shoulder and held her.

"Oho!" chuckled Memed, "so I have guessed it. Hold up the ladder, Ali, with one hand—so. And hold this wildcat tight with the other. Thank you, old woman, for the gift you are about to bestow upon us. And give my regards to the general when he arrives, two hours from now. Two hours through this storm! I have chosen the night well!"

Gleefully he scurried up and lifted his hand to the outlined square. There was still hope—Tamara may have moved a bundle, a box to weight it. But the door gave easily. Memed peered inside.

"Right close by," he said. "What a good girl, to save her old friend the trouble of another search. Come now . . ."

At the front of the house someone closed the door quickly and steadily shot the bolt. The startled whisper of the third man reached them before he himself came into the dim light.

"The Cossacks, Memed! At the very gate!"

"The back door!" came from Ali, and the ladder shook under his hand.

"Hold it tight, you fool! She is right here, and there is one precious moment left."

His body was straining forward. But suddenly the mother, forgotten for the moment, threw her weight against Ali. He lurched forward and the ladder slid along the floor.

Catlike, Memed was on his feet in an instant. But his precious moment had gone. Rifle stocks were hammering down the front door.

## Parrot Talked too Much.

[New York Herald:] A woman with a parrot went in the Punch and Judy Theater and upset the lentils, as the management expressed it. Polite phrasing of things was in order after this parrot had spoken a bit and went away ruffled.

Advertisements for a parrot to take part in the forthcoming production of "Treasure Island" were inserted in the newspapers, Charles Hopkins, director of the theater, having decided it was high time a bird be put into rehearsal.

All the parrot has to say is "Pieces of eight" in the role of Capt. Flint, Long John Silver's pet in Robert Louis Stevenson's tale of adventure.

The radiator in the Punch and Judy office was spitting a trifle. When the woman who brought the bird set the cage, covered with a torn newspaper, on the floor a tiny jet of steam began playing on the parrot; in fact, the pattering vapor practically chased the bird around its cage.

First the parrot, screaming, condemned the radiator to torment even more heated than its own. Then in a harsh volley of consonants it went into a graceless survey of the mode of life of its enemy, paid heed to its ancestry in ironical cackles and at last turned into a long mumbled jumble of epithets that would easily be recognized as insulting to the scullery of a longshoreman's home.

The owner was informed that the management had already another parrot in mind.



*By Henry W. Kruckeberg.*

**I**N A BROAD and general way there are three fundamental values to poultry, viz., the food or meat value, the egg or productive value, and the aesthetic or exhibition value. These may impinge one on the other more or less, but after all is said and done, they constitute the three divisions or basic principles on which good poultry excuses its existence. Economically and in the mass, the first two immeasurably overshadow the third in commercial importance; still when it comes to "art for art's sake," the winners in the show-room invariably command the widest individual attention. For, after all, the atmosphere of the show-room possesses a certain element of sportsmanship to which the person with an eye to art is lured, and where most of us are willing to pay a little more in order to gratify our love for the beautiful, and especially if with it we are also observing the practical. But beyond these considerations, a well-conducted poultry exhibition possesses an educational value of the first importance to the industry, by extending the interest of its good birds, and so increasing the demand for the poultry breeder's goods—be they hen fruit, table or breeding stock. Poultry associations are not primarily money-making affairs, but largely organizations of people welded together by the fancier spirit and the element of competitive exhibiting between those of kindred tastes and ambitions. To the real fancier, who breeds birds as a hobby, the show-room provides good sport, but to the commercial breeder, following poultry culture as a business it is more than a passing game—it is one of his leading avenues to the selling of his choice stock at good prices. But to enjoy the atmosphere he should be quite as good a loser as he would like to be a winner. All birds in a show-room cannot wear blue ribbons.

Possibly at no time in the history of the fancy in California are there so many people scrutinizing their best birds as there are this year. This is explained by two things, viz., the Fortieth Convention of the American Poultry Association and the San Francisco International Poultry Show next month. Much of the conditioning of the birds is already under way, a phase of the subject that has on several occasions been mentioned in these columns, and to the experienced is well understood. To the novice, however, a word of caution: Do not be deceived by the general appearance of a bird, but make a careful search for hidden defects. Study the bird carefully with the standard in hand and be sure he is free from disqualifications, for if not exempt from such blemishes, he cannot enter the competing classes at all. Next note all defects that are subject to discounts, and here the would-be exhibitor cannot be too careful. Some of these can still be remedied, by removal, like broken and stained feathers, stubs of feathers between the toes, etc. To show to advantage, the bird should be in perfect physical condition, and should be groomed and handled so as not to be "coop shy." If tame and docile, perfectly at ease when people are around, he will pose naturally and show off all his fine points. To bring about this exemplary behavior the birds should be accustomed to show-room coops and conditions before entering the arena. Single birds should be confined to individual coops, but pen exhibits can be grouped in single inclosures.

It has been well said that the art of washing birds can never be taught in words. Some people have a knack in doing this somewhat delicate operation, while others never "come through." Plumage can, of course be much improved by exercising the birds on clean straw, and in addition supplying a dust bath of clean, pure fine sand. This in the case of parti-colored breeds and varieties (if well attended to) often serves the purpose; but in the case of white birds it has always seemed to the writer that the washed, when properly done, specimen had it on the unwashed, other things being equal. Defects in head and leg points of a minor nature can often be remedied, but it has always seemed to us that in this regard the

bird should meet requirements without much manipulation.

But, as already intimated, the two things to look out for are disqualifications and defects subject to discounts or "cuts." The fewer there are of the latter, the surer the chance of the bird being placed first in his class.

### Weight of Hen and Eggs Laid Compared.

In the American Poultry Journal, Mr. C. T. Patterson, of the Missouri Experiment Station, has a timely article on egg production and the variations in varieties of fowl as to weight, and also the weight of their eggs. From his observations and experiments we learn that the weight in egg does not vary nearly so much as that of the birds themselves. Does this indicate that breeding has so far advanced that all varieties that are pure bloods produce approximately commercial-sized eggs? If so, there has certainly been a gain to the industry during the past twenty years. But to the weights shown in the hens in the 1914 contest:

	Av. Weight of Hens.	Av. Weight of Eggs.
Leghorns .....	3.60 lbs.	2.11 ozs.
Anconas .....	3.40 lbs.	2.29 ozs.
Campines .....	3.12 lbs.	2.07 ozs.
Minorcas .....	5.02 lbs.	2.28 ozs.
Wyandottes .....	5.75 lbs.	2.03 ozs.
Reds .....	5.98 lbs.	2.24 ozs.
Rocks .....	6.25 lbs.	2.13 ozs.
Orphingtons .....	6.36 lbs.	2.17 ozs.
Langshans .....	6.53 lbs.	2.17 ozs.

We have heard much about the large hen fruit of the Minorcas, but what shall be said of the Anconas that go 'em one better? or of the Rhode Island Reds that come within four points of just as good? All are "up" in size, what the proportion of numbers, is, of course, another question. The profit per hen in this contest, figuring eggs laid and cost of feed, was from \$1.56 to \$2.13 per capita.

### Fish Scraps for Poultry.

As a general proposition, fish products, be they in the shape of desiccated scrap

or dried and ground into meal, has never been popular among the rank and file of poultry breeders. One of the possible reasons may be due to the average poor quality often offered, while another reason undoubtedly lies in the fact that its too free use is apt to taint the flavor of the eggs, as well as the meat of the fowl. A good, clean fish scrap would make good meat food for poultry, but often much of what is sold is wanting in this respect, and cannot always be secured at a price to warrant its more general use.

A series of experiments in feeding at the university farm at Davis, covering two years of investigation, show that a meat or fish diet to laying hens will insure a maximum crop of hen fruit, if supplemented with grain and green stuff. Birds given a vegetable diet alone do not lay so well. From

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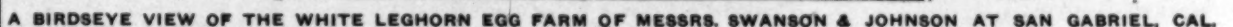
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observations carried on with fifty hens, it was found that those which were fed only vegetables averaged 102.1 eggs per hen for the year. Those that were given soy bean meal, a vegetable substitute for meat, averaged 104.9 eggs per year. Hens of a

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process does not bear too heavily upon the people. [A thoughtful pause.] I am sure that a preparedness sufficient to protect a nation against predatory neighbors, near or distant, can be accomplished without the example, disturbing industry. The preparedness of Europe disturbed industry in two ways: first it robbed it of its workers, second, it overtaxed it and them.

Admiral Taylor: And what suggestion would you make for a preparedness for us which would not be a burden on our people? Mr. Edison: The nation which is over-prepared with the machinery of war can afford to be underprepared with men. I made use of ammunition, exploding the trenches. The naval consulting board suggested the appointment of that sort in the interview.

Mr. Edison: It is wholesale foreign trade that is better than that of a state which is ready to work now, to prevent the call from coming. All this is a call from coming. All this is a call from coming. All this is a call from coming.

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# Great Experts Discuss the Navy's Needs.

Interviews by Edward Marshall.

## A GREAT SYMPOSIUM.

HERE is the detailed record of one of the most remarkable conversations ever occurring anywhere in the world. It was arranged and consummated for this newspaper.

Those participating were Thomas A. Edison, the world's greatest inventor; Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the United States Navy; Admiral D. W. Taylor, Chief of the United States Navy's Bureau of Construction, and, very humbly, as your representative, myself.

I am sure that never before has any vital subject been threshed out for the enlightenment of a nation's people as the subject of naval defense for the United States is threshed out here.

The Naval Consulting Board, which is the outgrowth of one of these interviews (that which Mr. Edison published May 30) had just completed one of its early sessions. I had been waiting all the afternoon for its adjournment, sitting meanwhile in the historic room which is the office of the Secretary of the Navy.

In various other rooms of the great building also had been waiting naval bureau chiefs and a multitude of lesser men connected with the department which would form this nation's first line of defense in case of an attack by a belligerent nation—waiting eagerly to learn what this tremendous innovation might portend.

Presently there was a stir in the corridor outside; in the anteroom the swarm of newspaper men became tense, silently expectant. Then they began to volley questions in the ears of the returning Secretary and the group of scientists and high naval officers who surrounded Mr. Edison.

### Link Between Navy and People.

A new and marvelously gratifying link had been forged between the nation's naval fighters and the nation's people, whom the fighters would defend, if need arose, as Jones did (thereby earning the historic sword), as Farragut had done, as Dewey, at Manila Bay, and other gallant men had done. It was pleasant to reflect that it had been one of these articles which had started this great movement, and particularly gratifying to remember that the Secretary of the Navy had proclaimed this fact in his first communication to the newly-organized body of experts.

Mr. Edison came in with the Secretary of the Navy and a dozen others. Soon Admiral Taylor joined them.

Presently the room was clear of everyone but us, as had been prearranged that morning.

Then we formed a little group, the Secretary, the admiral and the stenographer (a good stenographer whose name is Almond,) on three of the old room's historic chairs. Mr. Edison and myself on a settee.

The article which follows is the record of the thought of these three men, expressed at a time when they had just been keenly stimulated to reflection on these special topics by discussion of them with the most extraordinary group of scientists that ever gathered for the patriotic purpose of laying at a nation's feet their specialized ability.

### What Three Great Experts Think.

Later their expressions were carefully rounded out. I went back to New York that night with Mr. Edison to go over the whole thing, and caught the first returning train to Washington next morning, so that the Secretary and the admiral might have an opportunity to do the public a like service.

After the whole matter had been written, condensed and pulled together into concentrated form, not too conversational to distract the attention of the reader from its salient points, it was submitted to each one of its principals for his revision.

So, as it is, it must be as true a statement as in any way could be prepared of what these men, Edison, Daniels and Taylor, think we ought to do, believe we can do, and propose to try to help us do, to preserve this nation from such horrors as have plunged Europe into mourning that is near



Thomas A. Edison. Admiral D.W. Taylor. Josephus Daniels.

despair and set back the clock of civilization by decades.

I began the conversation by asking Secretary Daniels what he thought the new consulting board was likely to accomplish for the country's good. And from this point I shall use the record exactly as it has been approved by all concerned, presenting it as graphically as possible, in the form of dialogue.

### Potential Value of the Consulting Board.

Secretary Daniels: I am sure that it will prove to be a wonderful step forward. The willingness of these eminent civilians to give their time and energy to the country's welfare at this time is patriotism of the highest order.

Mr. Edison (plainly he was very much pleased by the whole trend of events:) The welcome which the navy men have given us outsiders is astonishing. It looks like patriotism all around.

Admiral Taylor (beaming at him and at the Secretary and at me, and then turning to Mr. Edison:) The United States Navy, as a whole, sir, is glad to see you aboard. Your interest and that of all the other eminent gentlemen who have come from shore to help us ought to give us the most efficient navy in the world. I believe this board is going to make history.

The Historian: It has been the general impression.

Admiral Taylor: I know. It always has been the belief, outside, that the civilian inventor has not been given even a square deal by the navy, let alone welcomed here. This has not been warranted by facts, and the appointment of this board and the eagerness with which the whole navy greets the promise of its co-operation must forever set aside even the suspicion that it can be in the future.

The Historian (directly to the Secretary of the Navy:) Has the European war developed any great new naval problems which it is especially important that we as a nation should solve?

Secretary Daniels: At least it has emphasized the importance of several.

Admiral Taylor: The submarine is a purely naval problem, and it is not clear that any of the warring powers have fully solved it. The matter of aerial navigation is as much a naval problem as it is a military problem, and, of course, we are all sure that it is in its infancy.

Secretary Daniels: Engines offer the principal difficulty in both cases.

Admiral Taylor: Is there anything insuperable in the engine problem, Mr. Edison?

Mr. Edison: I don't see why there should be.

Secretary Daniels: Even if there is, this board now will find a way around it.

Mr. Edison: That's going to be the great advantage of the board. Problems will be submitted to so many men. With so many trained brains thinking we ought to get results.

Secretary Daniels: There will be many brains at work where, in the past, only a few have thought of these particular things at all. Some wonderful minds have been organized, which immensely pleased Mr. Edison, but now many wonderful Edison and kept Secretary Daniels in a glow of satisfaction.)

Mr. Edison (nodding:) Pretty impressive gathering that was at the first board meeting. Those men represent learned and scientific societies, having a total membership of about 66,000.

Secretary Daniels (smiling:) Splendid new staff of workers we have enlisted in the navy. Sixty-six thousand new and highly-trained recruits is a good day's work for any navy, isn't it?

Admiral Taylor (and this tribute from a naval officer to civilian genius was worth hearing:) Our navy has had more from civilians already than many may imagine, and we have been more cordial than we are given credit for. It was six years ago that Sperry came to us with the gyroscope compass and a gyroscope device for controlling the rolling of ships. I think he himself will tell you that he was given a respectful hearing and a good deal of help in the department. The department has spent several thousand dollars in developing his ideas and now we are putting his devices into practical service on the ships. It would be a strange thing if the navy should scorn civilian brains.

The navy itself has turned out some good inventions, but I can name three epoch-making achievements of civilians. Indeed, they have revolutionized the sciences of naval defense and offense.

Holland was a civilian, and the world owes the practical submarine to him.

Wright was a civilian, and the world and all its navies owe him for the aeroplane.

Marconi, a civilian, gave to the world, and more especially to its navies, that inestimable scientific advance—more important to the seafaring man than to the landsman, all must admit—wireless communication.

Mr. Edison: Fine! Any more?

Admiral Taylor: Plenty. For years, in irregular and unsystematic ways, the navy has been able to utilize the ideas and the advice of civilians. It was an officer in the Revenue Service, not in the Navy, who discovered that floss-silk makes fine life-preservers, and we are now making not only life-preservers proper, but other things which may be used as life-preservers, such as pillows, mattresses, etc., for naval use out of this material.

Secretary Daniels: Electric steering-gear was a civilian invention, was it not?

Admiral Taylor: Yes. Before the Spanish war we had several methods of turning the turrets on our warships, among them hydraulic and steam systems. Then a civilian came along, suggesting that we turn them by electric power. It was an absolutely new thought. Our navy eagerly took it up, and in that detail remains far in advance of the other navies of the world. I think that all the European vessels engaged in the present war turn their turrets by one or another of the old systems. Since we adopted that which we now use we have tried out three other methods, all originating outside of the department.

(This surely was generous talk from the Chief Constructor of the navy! It was this spirit, shown everywhere in the department during the momentous days of the board's organization, which immensely pleased Mr. Edison and kept Secretary Daniels in a glow of satisfaction.)

Secretary Daniels: Aside from the enormous compliment which has been paid to the navy and the vital service which has been done the nation by Mr. Edison, in accepting the chairmanship of the board, it is a remarkable body as a whole and cannot fail to be an extraordinary influence for good in every sense of the word.

It is representative of eleven of the most important scientific societies in the United States. I find it almost as gratifying to reflect upon the patriotic zeal evinced by these men in their willingness to serve, as it is to reflect upon the benefit which they are sure to be to our sea-fighting forces.

Mr. Edison: And the board represents pretty nearly every civilian activity from which the navy can want to ask co-operation.

Secretary Daniels: Yes. With a body of men so large and so entirely representative, who have given their lives to study of the problems which are akin to or identical with the problems of the navy, acting as advisers, as helpers of the navy, I cannot see how our nation can fail to be secure against attack, and that, as I understand the situation, is what we all are working for.

I feel certain that these scientists, these learned men, backed as they are by great constituencies of other learned men, members of the societies who have selected them, suddenly have come to the front as the most comprehensive, effective and novel instrument of defense which any nation ever has had. I cannot believe that in any conceivable circumstance any problem of defense can arise which will at once defy the ability of the naval forces of this country and that of this great and now, happily, closely-organized body of allied civilian intelligence. I am elated.

The Historian: You are entirely satisfied with the way the idea has worked out.

Secretary Daniels: It is magnificent. These men not only show willingness, but they already have evidenced an enthusiastic desire to serve their country. Theirs has been a splendid enlistment. I must say that I have been astonished by their evident desire to thoroughly co-operate, to give their highly-valuable time to the problems of the nation, although, from the time when the first responses began to come in to my suggestion to the scientific societies that we might develop this constructive idea into a big and practical thing, I have felt perfectly confident that the gentlemen were deeply in earnest. It is positively true that I now find it utterly impossible to worry over the future of this country. The existence of this board adds vastly more to our national defenses than the construction of a dozen fortresses or the launching of a fleet of naval ships could do.

Mr. Edison: We must make it too dangerous an adventure for any nation to enter into war with us. (The great inventor spoke very slowly and impressively, with closed eyes, as is his habit when he is very deeply thinking.) Always in the past war has been left to solve its own problems. If peace now foresees them here and provides against them, war will not need to solve them. There are more kinds of unpreparedness than one. That kind really might prevent war.

Secretary Daniels: Speaking generally, you believe in preparedness for war?

Mr. Edison (again slowly, very thoughtfully:) Not for war but for defense. It was unpreparedness for defense that wrecked Belgium. If France, Belgium and England had been prepared for defense as well as Germany was prepared for war, would any of them have been embarked, today, on the adventure which has so upset the world? I don't think so. Those who began the fight would have been well aware that if it started they would not have the slightest chance of winning it.

Until some way has been devised for making international agreements count, as long, indeed, as one bad boy, one ruffian, exists among the nations, other nations must be ready to protect their right, just as we must have police upon our city streets until the last burglar disappears from them.

Secretary Daniels: How would you define preparedness, Mr. Edison?

Mr. Edison: The nation which is ideally prepared, is prepared in such a way that the







Saturday, October 28, 1915.]

# Great Experts Discuss the Navy's Needs.

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LOS ANGELES TIMES  
[A thoughtful pause.] I am sure that a preparedness sufficient to protect a nation against predatory neighbors, near or distant, can be accomplished without, for example, disturbing industry. The preparedness of Europe disturbed industry in two ways: first it robbed it of its workers, second, it overtaxed it and them.

Admiral Taylor: And what suggestion would you make for a preparedness for us which would not be a burden on our people?  
Mr. Edison: The nation which is over-prepared with the machinery of war can afford to be under-prepared with men. I said something of that sort in the interview which first suggested the appointment of the Naval Advisory Board.

Secretary Daniels: You are satisfied with the working out of your own plan toward preparedness so far as the appointment of the board goes?

Mr. Edison: Naturally it pleases me. The old way of industry and of war was first men and then, perhaps, machines. The new way is first, certainly, machines, and then, perhaps, men. With inventors working with trained brains, and with machinists working with trained hands, the trained sailor or soldier for the ranks becomes much less important than he used to be. We ought to have trained officers in great abundance. I think we should have not one but several schools like Annapolis and West Point for each branch of service. We need many trained officers but comparatively few trained men in the ranks.

Admiral Taylor (noddlingly): In the old days we had sailors in the navy. Now we have machinists.

Mr. Edison: Precisely. The more efficient our machinery is the less we shall need large bodies of men kept out of industry for the purposes of military drill. Industry trains machinists.

Drill hasn't counted in this war as it counted in old wars. Technical training, such as is to be had in industry, has counted more than anything else.

There is much which may be learned in industry that is sure to prove valuable on board battleships (which are great machines,) in the trenches, and in the crews of modern artillery. So far the European war has been principally a matter of machinery.

Secretary Daniels: Machinery and money. Mr. Edison: Yes; machines and money. And the nation which keeps its men at industry will have most money—most money to spend upon machinery in case war is forced upon it. And men trained in industry and keeping at that industry even when their nation is at war, very well thus may serve a purpose quite as useful and as patriotic as they could serve if they enlisted as naval sailors, or put rifles on their shoulders, or packed parts of machine-guns on their backs, then going to the zone of fire. The man who stays at his machine in the European factory actually gets credit for a patriotism as great as that shown by the man in the trenches or at sea upon the warships.

Secretary Daniels: I am wondering if, really, patriotism in time of peace isn't as creditable as patriotism in war-time. I believe that we never have had a finer example of patriotism than the willingness of the members of this board to give their time to our problems of defense.  
There are members of this board who have become not only celebrated for research but who have developed their ability to that practical extent which makes their time extremely valuable in a monetary sense. Membership in this board will take time from their own affairs. It is very big Americanism.

Admiral Taylor: It confronts those who have maintained that devotion to scientific research or to financial affairs dampens patriotism.

Secretary Daniels: The men of '76 showed no finer spirit. Class does not affect America's patriotism. This is very plain. These men all are far above the average, not only of mental capacity, but of mental training. The ease with which this great board has found its members shows that there is not much difference in patriotic spirit between the man who thinks in terms of volts or logarithms and the man who sweats in digging trenches, or bares his arms so that he may effectively work a fourteen-inch gun.

I believe we have here a fine example of that democracy which we call Americanism.

Machinery and money, brawn and brain—we have all four in abundance in this country, and both brawn and brain evidently

are in a state which is better than that of men who will be ready when the call comes—they seem to be ready to work NOW, to prevent the call from coming. All this is foresight.

Mr. Edison: It is wholesale foresight, and that is as it should be, for modern war is a wholesale affair.

In Europe they have just found out how to advance beyond the trenches, which were dug by wholesale, and the entanglements, which were built by wholesale. They do it by wholesale amassing of artillery and wholesale use of ammunition, exploding the entanglements away and blowing up the trenches.

In the days of the past, which are no more remote than those of our Spanish-American War, the Russo-Japanese War and the South African War, wire entanglements were attacked with nippers, each soldier being provided with a pair. And there were wire-cutting appliances of other sorts. But none of them was wholesale. They were little, petty, ineffective. They would in this great war; they will not do in wars, which will be still more wholesale.

Very fire, as it goes on in Europe now, wholesale. The contending armies spent two or three hundred thousand lives and millions of money in finding out how to attack entrenched men. Now they know. It is wholesale artillery fire.

Admiral Taylor: Sea-fighting of the future will be wholesale fighting, too. Submarine building and operation certainly have been upon a wholesale scale in this war.

Mr. Edison: There will be no disagreements between the navy and the board, I think. The object of this board is to assist the navy to bring everything in its jurisdiction up to date. It will be the business of the board to give the navy the benefit of what experience it may have had, which may have a valuable bearing upon any point in relation to our national defense.

We are not to tender our opinions, but to give them when asked for them. (Mr. Edison turned to the historian directly.) James J. Hill was right, two or three weeks ago, when he told you for one of your interviews, that the army ought to have a similar board co-operating with it. Co-operation—that's what we need, all along the line. None of us ever gets anywhere without offering our help to other people and taking help from other people.

Admiral Taylor: The navy will ask the board for help. We all feel, Mr. Edison, that your advice, particularly, will be invaluable to us. Your assistance will be a great asset to the navy. We are honored and delighted.

That knowledge is power, is truer today than it ever was before and that it is becoming increasingly true in warfare is shown by the events in Europe, where the war is so very largely one of science against science.

The organization of the board places at the disposition of the navy an inestimable reservoir of knowledge, for it places at our disposal not only the knowledge of the members, but that of the societies behind them.

The Historian: Secretary Daniels, do you think the board's request for the establishment of a large laboratory, or several laboratories, to be in the control of naval experts and to be used for research work, a wise one?

Secretary Daniels: I think it one of the wisest suggestions ever made. I trust and believe that public opinion will range itself behind a well-devised plan and that it will find enthusiastic endorsement in Congress. The potential value of such a laboratory cannot be overestimated. An institution like that which Mr. Edison has conceived would be such a one as no nation ever has had. Here, again, we would be working intelligently and the lines of recognition of the power of knowledge.

Out of this laboratory not only will come knowledge, but will come systematized effort in the application of the world's knowledge to our especial problems. This, in its turn, will mean the growth of knowledge. Even the failures made by the experimenters will mean much. I believe that most experimenters will tell you that those of their experiments which have failed have been of great instructive value. (Mr. Edison nodded with some emphasis.)

Mr. Edison: Progressive individuals and great corporations in business have found research work a very profitable way of spending money. I know of a number of concerns which have started small labora-

tories, only to increase them steadily as they learned of their importance, and I know of no concern which, after the establishment of research work, has abandoned it.

If research will pay the individual or the corporation in dollars and cents, it will pay the United States in efficiency.

Secretary Daniels: There is no problem which the American cannot solve, and none which he will not solve if he is given time enough and the right facilities for work. I am sure that this is true especially of the Americans who serve as officers in our navy. With proper research facilities our navy men will accomplish marvels.

We invented and built the Monitor, even as we had invented and built the first steamboat; we invented and built the first airship, and we invented and built the first submarine; we invented and built the first machine gun; Morse invented and built the first telegraph; Bell invented and built the first telephone; Edison, who is at the head of our new board, invented the electric light, and with it has illuminated the whole world, as with the phonograph, which he invented, he has given music to the world in a sense in which it did not have until he came. He has made more inventions of importance than any other man who ever lived—and he is chairman of the board.

Through the influence of the fact that they are associated with a board of this sort, its civilian members will invent new marvels for our navy, and through the fact that such a board is in existence and will bring into existence, through Mr. Edison's inspired suggestion, the research and experimental facilities necessary for such work, we may be sure of an unprecedented output of new, practical and perfected ideas from our naval men.

Mr. Edison: In the commercial world Americans have spent more than any other time and money on experiments. American private corporations have spent millions on experiment to thousands spent in similar ways in any other nation. Private American corporations have spent far more in this way during the past twenty years than our government has spent since the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

We shall not find the work of this board an expensive matter. Really, experiments made in advance are those which are made in the face of emergency, after the need has arisen and is so urgent as to require haste, and those whose cost are greatest are those which are deferred until they are too late.

This is preparedness of the right sort, I am sure. The trouble with most military and naval preparedness is that it usually is accompanied by all sorts of waste, due principally to the fact that it has not been preceded by enough experimentation.

Secretary Daniels: Working as we now are planning to work, it ought not to be difficult to avoid waste. Co-operation, such as now seems certain between this civilian board and our high-minded navy men, will, for the first time in the history of any nation, make that possible.

Mr. Edison: While the laboratory will cost money, it will save money, too, for it will do away with much fruitless expenditure, such as has been unavoidable under the old system.

The experimental tank at the navy yard saved a large proportion of the coal bill of the fleet and notably increased its speed. The lessons it has taught have benefited not only the navies of the world, but the world's merchant marine as well. Think of what the experiments to come may do.

I am infinitely more confident of the plan's success since I have met the navy men. It certainly is true that we have in our navy some of the world's highest-grade men. If they had been small, they would not have hailed with delight a suggestion which might have seemed like outside interference. In this they have been bigger than the publications which claim to represent them.

The Historian (who had heard some talk in Washington of increasing difficulty in securing recruits for the navy): Will this plan tend toward adding to the attractiveness of naval service among high-class young men?

Admiral Taylor: It seems inevitable that it should do so. Indeed, I am convinced that it will have a powerful influence in that direction. It will help to make the navy understood and popular with the country at large.

The more young men know about it, the more likely they will be to want to join it.

Young Americans are getting to have a pretty high regard for training which will help them toward efficiency. Naval training will do that, and, because of this board, will do it more emphatically in the future than in the past.

It has been proved abroad that a certain amount of drill and discipline is a distinct help in civil life. And a young man entering the navy has a perfect opportunity to qualify among one of several lines sure to be valuable after the period of his enlistment ends.

The navy offers splendid technical training in mechanical and electrical engineering; it inevitably must tend to help immensely any youngster with a trend toward either. To young men who, through lack of opportunities, find themselves deficient in any of the common branches, it offers splendid opportunities to become proficient during their period of enlistment.

I am told by those who come in contact with ex-navy men that those of them who have taken advantage of the opportunities offered by the service, have no difficulty, if need arises, in getting better work than they were capable of doing before their first enlistment.

Young men in the navy see more of the world than otherwise they could, but those who enter the service with the expectation that it will offer special opportunities for learning and loafing are sure of disappointment.

Life in the navy gets more attractive every day, and the influence of the board in that direction is likely to be powerful. Already the percentage of re-enlistments has gone up almost to 90 per cent., as against 50 and 60 per cent. a year or two ago.

Secretary Daniels: The board, too, will be an influence toward peace. That is the essential thing that we, as a nation, must hope for. The very fact that Mr. Edison is at its head will produce a profound impression in all foreign countries, where he, unquestionably, is the best-known living American, and where he is held in almost superstitious awe as a man capable of wizardry, as, indeed, he has proved himself to be.

The very fact that he has given his life over to the perfection of the instruments of peaceful life and has contributed to peaceful life, more, probably, than any other one man ever did, makes his membership in this board an impressive thing.

Personally, I hope that after this great war the whole world will come together for peace, and I am sure that every member of the board emphatically shares this hope. I believe it will be an influence in that direction.

Admiral Taylor: And every officer of the navy, too, sir. It is my belief that no idea could be more erroneous than that which credits the professional navy or military man with a desire for war. Why should they want war? If war comes they will not be the ones to suffer the most, whether we win or lose? We in the navy don't want war. Our hope is that we serve a very useful purpose in preventing it, and we regard a prepared army and navy as the best insurance against war.

I cannot believe that the best way to avoid it is to be unprepared to defend ourselves, when so many nations are so completely prepared to make assault upon us.

The Historian: What are some of the unsolved problems which the board most usefully can look into?

Admiral Taylor: The rapid development of the aeroplane for land work makes its more complete development for naval work a real necessity. Everywhere the instruments of aviation are far less developed for ship-work than they could be and should be.

Although aero manufacturers here and abroad have done much, much remains to be done, and there is this satisfaction about aero development: Whatever is done along that line by the armies and navies of the world, or by private manufacturers for army and navy use, will be of general benefit, for there can be no doubt that we are on the eve of the beginning of an era of air navigation, with a commercial as well as military significance.

Mr. Edison: Great things are coming to us through the air.

Admiral Taylor: The European war has demonstrated the necessity for improving the protection of our ships against undersea attacks by mines and submarines. Naval

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN.)





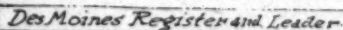


A Puzzler for Perkins. By Kenneth C. Beatson.

Saturday, October 23, 1913.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

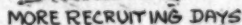
## THE NEW RACE IN THE BALKANS



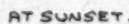
THE INCIDENT IS CLOSED



*Philadelphia Record.*

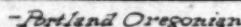


— Washington Star  
**WHEN A LITTLE MAN CASTS A BIG SHADOW!**

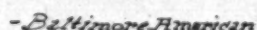


ET.  
-Baltimore Star

### THE CHEERFUL FAN



IN THE NAME OF ALLAH!

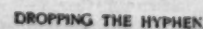
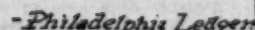


NO DUAL ALLEGIANCE.



## SALUTING IT.

-New York World.



— *New York Herald*



# Alaska—Descriptive, Historical, Contemplative.

By Walter Lindley, M. D., LL.D.

SEWARD'S PURCHASE.

in Valdez and... per annum. Yet their... cold. The mercury rarely reaches zero. Chicago is far colder than Seward.

Not many hours after leaving Seward our ship entered Cook Inlet, a body of water twice the size of Puget Sound. June 5, 1878, Capt. Cook entered this same inlet thinking he had found the passage to the Arctic Ocean. Later the muddy water made him think he was in the mouth of a large river.

All my fellow passengers were commenting on the opaque muddiness of the water. It is due to a muddy bottom and the velocity of the ebb-tide. Capt. Cook, nearly 150 years ago, was troubled by these same conditions. The tide in Cook Inlet is the second highest on the western hemisphere, rising to forty-eight feet, while the highest is sixty-eight feet in the Bay of Fundy. In the harbor at Panama three years ago I noticed a remarkably high tide from day to day and was told it was twenty-four feet. The tide in Los Angeles harbor is but five feet. Capt. Cook was a brave and wise man. He had 185 men with him on this voyage around the world, was absent from England three years and returned home with 184 of his men alive and good health. This was due to the fact of his advanced ideas of hygiene, diet and sanitation and his firm but intelligent discipline. He was at Cook Inlet again a few years later, stopped at Honolulu on his way home and, sad to say, was there assassinated by a native.

The next day, Sunday, was July 4, 1915, and a very impressive natal day celebration was held in the dining-room of the ship. Here on this historic, Alaskan body of water, near latitude 62 deg., with Mr. McKinley—the highest mountain on the western hemisphere—in plain view, all united in singing "America" with a fervor rarely experienced. A comparatively young Methodist Episcopal bishop from Juneau was the first speaker, a United States Assistant District Attorney,

gave a... of the speaker referred to the attempted assassination of Secretary of State William H. Seward on that night in April, 1865, at the same hour that a fellow-conspirator, Wilkes Booth, assassinated Abraham Lincoln. It was two years after this that Secretary Seward completed the purchase of Alaska from Russia for \$7,000,000, and at the same time paid \$200,000 for the buildings in Sitka. The speaker said: "Had the assassin been successful it is doubtful whether Alaska would have become a part of the United States, as it was a pet project with Secretary Seward, and on its purchase the Secretary was almost universally lampooned and ridiculed."

The next morning we reached the government town of Anchorage, which on that date had a population of 3000, with many active business establishments. Both business houses and residences were all in tents. The permanent town of Anchorage was to be about a mile from this tent city and three days after we left the government held an auction and sold \$150,000 worth of lots at prices ranging from \$25 to \$500 each. The Federal authorities police, govern, furnish light, water and sewers for five years and then turn the city over to its inhabitants. During this five years it must be a strictly dry town and at the end of this period the people are to vote on the subject. For many miles in this vicinity there is much good farming land on which there are already some 300 farmers. In fact the agricultural possibilities of Alaska are great and the agricultural college that has recently been established at Fairbanks will do much toward intelligently developing this great industry.

The government is rapidly building a railroad from Anchorage to connect with the railroad from Seward. Both of these railroads will tap the extensive Matanuska coal

banks. The day at Anchorage and vicinity was at for Southern California, and I left the town and wandered out in beautiful meadows that were tinted with sweet peas and half-dozen other varieties of wild flowers.

Our good ship took us to the very northernmost navigable spot in Cook Inlet—Goose Bay. The surroundings at this point were great undulating meadows, while at a short distance are hills covered with trees, and then farther on are the great snow-hooded mountains.

The night of July 5 we started on the uneventful trip to Los Angeles. Uneventful, but all-enjoyable, with one day in Seattle, one day in San Francisco and then, just twenty-eight days from the date of leaving Los Angeles Harbor, I walked down the gangplank and was home again.

My glimpses of Alaska satisfied me that it deserves and needs the thoughtful fostering care of our national government. It is in the same latitude as Norway, Sweden and Finland, has a much better climate, more arable land, and is a much larger territory than all three of those European countries combined; yet they have a population of 10,030,000, while Alaska has a white population of less than 40,000. The Federal government should issue 1,000,000 copies of a booklet, giving a comprehensive statement of facts in regard to this territory.

Where are its gold mines, its coal mines and its copper mines?

What is the outlook for the prospector and the investor, and where should he go?

Where are the agricultural lands, and what are probably the most profitable crops?

What should a man of limited means do to secure a quarter-section or a section of agricultural land?

Who and where are the government officials with whom he must confer in order to secure land?

through the long winter seems to acquire the fact that the Alaskan who lives there close it themselves. That reminds me of them. They must like the name, for they think Hootler is to the gentleman from In-Sourdough is the same to an Alaskan that tenderfoot does in California.

SEWARD'S PURCHASE.

What schools are Federal, Territorial, local, private?

What game is to be found, and where? Describe various trips that may be made through and around Alaska.

Where and when may the midnight sun be seen best?

Where are the most accessible glaciers? Which are most noteworthy?

What birds are to be found, and where? Give sketch of laws governing killing or capture of birds and animals.

Give names and localities of lakes and rivers.

Give names, location and altitudes of mountains and volcanoes.

What is the rainfall and snowfall at various points?

Give extremes and mean of temperature in chief towns.

What tribes of Indians live in Alaska? Designate locations of tribes and numbers of each tribe.

Are they increasing or decreasing in numbers, giving data.

Such a book of information, accompanied by a reliable map, would make a trip to Alaska far more illuminating than it can be at present. It has—in America—been the general rule that the youngest in a family is the favorite, but in a governmental way the United States should adopt the English plan of giving the oldest the preference. Alaska is our first born of detached territories, and while Uncle Sam is pouring money into the Philippines, Hawaii, Canal Zone and Porto Rico, let him not for a moment neglect his oldest son.

## My Lady Tokay.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD DAYS AMONG THE VINEYARDS. By Annette Reynolds.

A bunch of grapes—mammoth red, luscious Tokay grapes on a fruit stand in a busy street of a city in Texas. They fairly shout a greeting. I lose sight of my surroundings and again am a child in a mining town in California, one of those towns whose glory has long since departed. Once more I am with my brother in the old spring wagon delivering goods from our father's store to the miners, said goods, for the most part, being flour and bacon.

As a side issue, we leave the old sorrel horse to browse at a pair of bars, and taking the family bushel basket make a short cut to the vineyard by skinning up a steep bank, through a hole in a dilapidated fence smothered in wormwood and glowing golden-rod, and across an orchard sweet as honey with ripe apples. We pause long enough to ride a tree of Lady apples, the rosy-cheeked flat little apples so dear to the hearts of the children. We cross a foot-log over an irrigating ditch—oh, the fearfulness of the swiftly-moving mass of water and the peril of edging across that log. But that feat is not a circumstance to shinning across the big flume spanning the ravine on a board laid lengthwise over the darkly running water.

Through a patch of stinking tar weed, all abloom with starry white flowers, and a section of Eden is before us—a vineyard ready for the harvest. Autumn is fast stripping the long arms of the yellowish leaves spotted with scarlet, leaving the fruit exposed to view. We are as familiar with the different patches of grapes as we are with the plan of the old sitting-room at home. Here grow the luscious white Muscats on straggling stems, there the Black Moroccos and Black Hamburgs glistening like dusky oiled beauties; beyond that the Californians, a trifle more plebeian and plentiful, covering the vines in purple profusion. The little red Sultanas grow in an exclusive colony by themselves. In that ravine the Isabellas and the Catawbas run riot, fashioning natural arbors. We strike for the corner devoted to Sweetwaters, but their day is over. Gathering as we go, we aim for the aristocratic Tokays, our favorites. The huge pink clusters hug the limbs close, and our little dirty fingers with difficulty break the sturdy stems. With a generous supply we pick our way over the plowed ground to a big boulder under an overhanging bower of crimsoning poison

oak, and there, tired, sweaty and dusty, we regale ourselves. I have trembled to think of the clods, sticks, spiders and insect life we probably devoured at one of these feasts, but this I do know: Never have grapes tasted as these.

Hitting the well-worn trail, we hurry to the spring that lies dark and cool at the foot of an oak tree. We drink deeply from a rusty oyster can that hangs from a bough. Sterilized and individual drinking cups are unknown, and the old rust-red can dangles aloft hospitably, year in and year out, furnishing refreshment to all who pass that way. Curled brown leaves skim on the surface of the water. Many-legged water bugs zigzag frantically about. A brook, gathering up the surplus water, hurries across the road with a bustling "don't-you-stop-me" air. There are prints in the mud and dust of little wild creatures of the wood that have come under cover of night to drink. The chaparral and manzanita bushes are whitened by the dust of the long summer. On the wooden slopes the wind catches in the tops of the slim pines and plays weird music, now soft and low, and then a mighty swell like trained fingers swept over the keys of an invisible organ. All this is soothing, and while we rest in the shade we pick the stickers from our bare feet and lapse into silence.

There is a clump, clump of heavy feet on the rocky path above, a ki-yl, and there heaves in sight Ah Ting, the faithful Chinaman who presides over the destiny of our father's sidehill ranch. His greeting is the same to all comers, direct and to the point—"Who men come? Whas molla you?" We are invited to the ranch house forthwith in the gladdest of glad pidgin English.

Ting reserves the house for the storing and packing of fruit, and has removed his lares and penates out under a near-by locust tree, stoutly maintaining that the house is haunted. To offset this real or fancied state of affairs he has placed on each side of the door a can of sand stuck full of joss sticks which burn bravely most of the time. There are little red candles dripping sperm about, and this combination of incense is enough to drive away the spookiest spook that ever spooked, so it would seem.

Our host's speech is not only "broken English," but many times shattered; his teeth are as broken as his English, and he confided to my brother that he was going to the blacksmith to have them mended. He has sent to his cousin in the Orient to choose for him a wife. His boots are many times too large—Ting believes in the Chinese maxim—get all you can for your money.

There is a pot of tea continually on tap, so to speak, in a curious-padded tea cozy that is a perpetual source of delight to us. Cluttering around, grinning proudly at the honor of this visit, he produces from a black pot on the home-made fireplace two bowls filled with beautifully cooked rice with two little dried fish perched atop, and a large bowl containing a soupy mixture of greens with bits of salt pork swimming on the surface—first cousin to the present-day chop suey, then in the undiscovered realm. For the boy he supplies chopsticks, looking on with great satisfaction at his ability to shovel in the rice with the long black sticks; but for the girl he brings forth from a box nailed in a tree an old battered tin spoon. I have never yet forgiven my brother for the ready proficiency in the art of eating pork soup and rice with chopsticks. With each a tiny bowl of clear tea the smelly meal proceeds. Oh, ye germs and germicides! If your bite were as bad as your bark, the writer never would have lived to tell this tale.

We trudge down the dusty path to our chariot, the basket swinging before us. The air is so still, so hot. An occasional blue vicer darts across the path, rustling the dry foxtail, giving us a delicious thrill of fear.

Our destination is the cabin of "Sam and Plumtree," two partners who "batch" together. No miner locks a door when he fares forth to find or lose his fortune. It is contrary to the code of social ethics. The built-in bunks are neatly "spread up" with gray blankets, and to one side of the table two plates and two cups have been washed, the two cups placed upside down. The side of bacon we deposit on a bunk and the can of yeast powder on the table. We know we are welcome to whatever the cabin affords, so we forage, not because we are hungry, but because it is part of the regular programme. We dip into the ever-present pot of brown beans on the back of the stove and pronounce them good. Closing the door carefully, we clamber over the wheel on to the seat of the wagon. Bare legs dangling, scrapping, telling fairy tales by turns or crooning a song, we move homeward. The old horse, going slowly and more slowly, finally comes to a dead stop sleeping soundly. A flock of quail scuttles across the road, topknots bobbing saucily. As the shadows grow longer they call to their mates peremptorily, gathering in for the night. Doves settle on the top rails of fences, cooling most mournfully. A jack rabbit lopes into the open, sits on his haunches, throws erect his monstrous ears, sniffs, listens and is off like a flash.

We waken our steed, splash through the shallow creek, crawl along the grade, go rattling down the road which is the main street of the town, and are safely home.

I bow to you, My Lady Tokay, and lo, I am back in the whirl of present-day life.

### Mystery of a Dog.

[Louisville Times:] The Newlyweds out in Crescent Hill are wondering if Rex is a thief or a detective.

Rex is a dog, a white, wooly dog, who, fifteen minutes after having his bath, looks as if he hadn't had a bath for a week. Rex is not a hunter. He doesn't know what game looks like. He doesn't even chase cats. He is afraid of other dogs. He is so tractable that he makes friends with anybody who pays him the slightest attention. He would be on terms of intimacy with a burglar in two minutes.

So it can be seen that Rex's owners had good reason for thinking him good for nothing, even if they did love him. Now they are wondering whether he is worse than good for nothing, or a valuable retriever.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Newlywed lost a purse containing \$16 in cash. A long search failed to reveal it, and it was given up for lost.

Last Sunday Rex walked into the house with something in his mouth. He laid his quarry on the floor. It was the purse, and the \$16 was intact.

Now the question at the home of the Newlyweds is: Did Rex play detective and find that money for its legitimate owners, or did he return it after carrying it away himself? Rex's real character promises to remain a mystery for a long time.

### Alaska's Fur Production.

[Leslie's:] Alaska is the great fur-bearing section of the United States. It produces about \$1,000,000 worth of furs annually. These include all varieties, from squirrel pelts of an average value of 8 cents each to black fox pelts at from \$250 to \$1250 each. The fur output in 1913 included 2600 bear skins valued at over \$33,000, at from \$9 for brown bear skins to \$40 for the grizzly or polar bear. The greatest fur market of the United States is at St. Louis, but of the world is in London. The war in Europe has cut the price of Alaska furs about 50 per cent. this year. Some fox pelts bring very high prices and are very much sought after.





## Recent Cartoons.

Saturday, October 23, 1913.

[Saturday, October 20, 1913.]

# A Puzzler for Perkins. By Kenneth C. Beatson.

### GIVING A CHANCE.

**D**AVE PERKINS, owner and proprietor of the Perkins Peerless Grocery, suddenly sat up in bed with a conviction that something was not as it should be.

The exact nature of that "something" he did not know, but of its existence he was absolutely certain. Dave hadn't been a city man long enough to have a nervous system. Until six weeks before, when his brother had died and left him the store in the back room of which he was now lying, he had never been more than walking distance from the peaceful village of Huckle-town; and he knew he had not started up out of a sound sleep in almost a frenzy of excitement without there being some good reason for it.

He listened intently. From overhead came the resonant snoring of the Jones family—Mr. Jones, in his deep bass, carrying the air, while Mrs. Jones and the little Joneses joined shrilly in the chorus. Outside an early morning street car rumbled noisily. Somewhere a cricket creaked.

These sounds, however, were all natural and insignificant. Dave was positive none of them could have awakened him.

He decided to put a little light on the subject. Accordingly, he pushed back the covers, gripped the edge of the bed and started to rise—and just then he discovered what was wrong.

The window directly across the room from his bed was wide open, and the chill night air was blowing in briskly.

"Well, I'll be gol-darned!" muttered Dave. "I could've sworn I closed that window. I reckon I didn't, but—"

He broke off. He knew, all at once, that he had closed that window. There was no room for doubt. He remembered distinctly how he had caught one of the curtains and torn it a bit.

Fully five minutes passed before the precise meaning of this dawned upon Dave. When he did understand, he promptly jumped out of bed and jerked on his trousers.

"Burglars, by gosh!" He pulled one suspender over his right shoulder and started off with the other hanging. "There ain't no other way to account for it."

Across the room he went on tip-toe, his bare feet making scarcely a sound. It was only a matter of a moment till he reached the door leading to the store in front. Opening this door cautiously, he peeked in.

What he saw set his heart to jumping wildly. At the left side of the store, well up toward the front, squatted the dark figure of a man, one hand holding a dark lantern and the fingers of the other toying with the combination lock of Dave's safe.

For a moment Dave stood still, gaping blankly. Then, with a determined little catch of breath, he crept steadily forward.

The circle of light from the dark lantern illuminated not only the entire face of the safe, but a small patch of the floor as well—enough of it to show the intruder's revolver, which he evidently had laid down to have both hands free for his work. Dave saw that revolver and made for it.

Nearer and nearer he crept. Three feet away he stopped and reached. He scarcely breathed as his fingers closed about the gun's handle. It seemed incredible that the burglar did not hear him and glance around. But the burglar didn't, and Dave straightened up with the balance of power held securely in his firm right hand. Keeping the crouching man covered, he backed along the wall a yard or so. Then he pressed a button, flooding the room with light.

"Stand up, gol-darn you!" he cried. "Stand up, you pesky skunk!"

The other did stand up—his eyes blinking, his expression ludicrous, his mouth a black circle of astonishment.

"What the—well, I'll be damned!" he gasped. "Where, for the love of Pete, did you come from?"

"Never mind where I come from. I've got some questions to ask before I start answerin' any. What're you doing here, hey? What're you doing here in my store?"

The burglar looked at Dave. He looked at the place where he had laid his gun. Then he grinned.

"Me?" he asked, with palpably exaggerated innocence. "What am I doing here?"

Oh, I just thought I'd drop in and make you a little social call."

"Social call! It's likely you did, at this time of night. Why, you—you're jest a thief, that's all you are. Jest a pesky, ornery thief."

"Aw, now!" the other grinned in remonstrance. "You're a little hard on me, aren't you? I wouldn't say I was just a thief—not a pesky, ornery one, anyhow."

"You are, too! You was kneelin' there before my safe, tryin' to get into it, and don't you deny it!"

"Well, seeing you caught me at it, I won't exactly deny it. I'll admit I am a kind of a thief. I won't admit I'm the sort you called me, though—not the pesky, ornery sort."

"Humph! One thief's as bad as another. The only difference is how much they have a chance to steal. If you could've pried your way into my safe you'd have taken every cent you could lay your hands on. You know you would."

"Now, I don't see how you can be so sure of that. Maybe I wouldn't. Maybe I'm just one of those down-and-out guys you read about, and only meant to take enough to keep my wife and babies from starving till I could get work."

"You with a wife and babies! Why, you're jest a boy. I bet you don't even shave yet."

"Oh, yes, I do. I'm not so young as—"

"How'll your mother feel when she hears about this? How'll your father feel? Hey?" The other shrugged.

"That," he said lightly, "is the least of my worries."

"It is, is it? You don't even feel sorry for them, hey? Well, I feel sorry for them. I've got a boy of my own about your age, and I'd rather see him in his grave than to have him do a thing like this. Your parents—"

"As a matter of fact, I haven't any."

"What?"

"My father killed my mother when I was 3 years old, and he killed himself when I was 10."

"Humph!" Dave grunted skeptically. He rubbed his chin. "Humph!" he grunted again—less skeptically.

Suddenly, with a nervous little start, the burglar stopped grinning. His eyes narrowed. His face became inscrutable. He leaned forward, studying Dave's face intently.

When he spoke again a subtle change had come over him. Before he had been merely "kidding" the storekeeper, merely making the best of a bad situation. There now was sincerity in his voice and bearing.

"Look here, mister," he said. "I wasn't joshing you a minute ago when I spoke of my wife and babies. I wasn't exaggerating so much when I said I had to steal to keep them from starving, either."

"Wha—what's your name?" Dave asked hesitantly.

"McMahon—Pipe McMahon, they call me. I'm a plumber by trade, but the plumbing business is overdone these days. There's ten men for every job. I haven't had steady work for over a year now."

"Why didn't you try something else, then? Most anything'd be better'n this. Why didn't you try to get a job at some other kind of work?"

"Didn't I try to? Haven't I been legging it around from one employment office to another for over a month, trying to get a job at something else? It's just like the plumbing business everywhere, though—ten men for every job."

"Shucks, you oughta been able to get something to do. I thought a fellow could always get some kind of work if he jest tried hard enough."

"Yes? Well, you try it some day. You just jump out and try to get a job. You'll see how easy it is."

"My oldest boy came up here to the city three years ago, and he got work all right. It took him pretty nearly two weeks, but he finally got a job. He didn't get it through anybody that knew him, either."

"Maybe he did—three years ago. But three years ago isn't now. Jobs are scarcer than they used to be. They're getting scarcer and scarcer, too."

"It don't seem possible you couldn't get some kind of work, though."

"You just try it some day."

"You should've told about your wife and babies, and how hard up you are. Nobody'd have had the heart to turn you down."

"Too bad they wouldn't. A hard-luck story gets you nothing in this town, mister—nothing at all."

"You should've come around to me. I—"

"Didn't I, though? Didn't I come here to this very store last week and try to get work. And I got turned down cold, just like I did everywhere else."

"You tried to get a job from me last week?"

"Sure I did. Don't you remember? I was willing to do most any kind of work—dusting, cleaning out, or any old thing. You said you had help enough, though. You turned me down cold."

"I remember now, but you never told me about your wife and babies. If you had, I'd have found something for you to do. I couldn't have refused you."

"No, you couldn't! You're just like all the rest. You won't give a man a chance to make an honest living, and when he has to make a dishonest one you send him to jail."

"I—I ain't said I was going to send you to jail."

"You don't need to say so. That goes without saying. You'd be likely to catch a man breaking into your safe and not send him to jail, wouldn't you?"

Dave did not reply at once. He wet his lips and swallowed, plainly trying to solve some problem. Unconsciously he let the gun he held drop down till it pointed toward the floor.

"You'll send me up, all right," his captive went on. "You wouldn't give me a chance to make an honest living when I asked it, but you'll send me to jail now. You—"

"I won't either!" Dave cried suddenly, stepping forward. "I won't either send you to jail. I—I'm going to let you go."

"Yes, you are!" taunted the other. "Yes, you're going to let me go. I'll bet you are." "I am, I tell you. You've made me see a new side of this burglar business. You can go right now, jest as quick as you want to."

"I'll bet I can."

"You can, too. Jest try it and see. What's more, I—I believe I'll—yes, sir, I will!—I'll give you a job, right here in my store. I'll give you the chance to make the honest living you asked for."

It occurred to Pipe McMahon, all at once, that the storekeeper meant what he said. He stared blankly.

"You—you'll wha-at?" he gasped.

"I need a new clerk, anyhow. I meant to send home for one of my sister's boys, but I won't. I'll give you the place."

"You're going to let me work here in your store—after catching me breakin' in to your safe?"

"I'm satisfied you wasn't thievin' because you wanted to. I'm satisfied you had to do it. Come around in the mornin' at 7, and I'll start you in. I guess I'd better lend you enough money to last you till the first pay day, too."

Producing his purse, Dave extracted a bill and handed it over. McMahon took it stupidly.

"You're—giving me this?" he stammered. "Jest lendin' it to you. I'll take it out of your first month's salary."

"Well, I'll be damned!" muttered Pipe McMahon—"I'll be teetotally damned!"

"You can go, now, any time you want to," Dave assured him. "I ain't keepin' you. Jest be sure to be back by 7."

McMahon, however, made no move toward leaving. He merely stood there, staring puzzledly. It was as if he still could not but doubt the other's sincerity.

Presently he opened his lips to speak, but he closed them without a sound. Then, starting slightly, he advanced swiftly up past Dave's shoulder. Noting the action, Dave started to turn—and immediately something small and cold and hard was pressed none too gently against the middle of his thinly-covered back.

"Stick up your hands!" rasped a voice behind him. "Drop that gun and stick 'em up!"

Dave obeyed, promptly and without parley. Then a slim little man, his coat pulled high

above his ears and his hat pulled low before his eyes, stepped into view.

"Well, for the Lord's sake, Pipe, what's went wrong?" this new arrival demanded. "How'd old hayseed here get the drop on you? Where'd he come from, anyhow?"

"I guess he sleeps in that little room in the back," Pipe exclaimed. "I didn't notice it when I was in here last week. I—"

"Didn't notice it? Well, you're a bright one. You're a bright partner to work with! Bluffed your way all through the store, and then didn't notice there was a sleeping-room in it."

"I didn't get all through the store, though. That's just the trouble. He turned me down cold when I struck him for a job, so there wasn't any excuse for hanging around. I had to take a quick glance and clear right out."

"How'd he come to get your gun?"

"I set it down while I was working and he sneaked up behind and grabbed it."

"You're getting careless, Pipe—mighty careless. What if I hadn't noticed the light and come in to see what was up? He'd started yelling for the police in a minute or two, and then where'd we have been?"

McMahon commenced grinning.

"Oh, no, he wouldn't," he said. "He wouldn't have yelled for the police. As a matter of fact, he told me just before you came in that I was free to walk out whenever I wanted to."

"What?"

"You don't know what an orator I am. I never knew myself till tonight. I wanted to stall him off till you came, so I started giving him a song-and-dance about my starvin' wife and babies—and darned if he didn't fall for it. He even gave me—"

He broke off suddenly, dropping his eyes to the bill which he still held in his hand. A little frown appeared on his face.

"Well, let's get busy," the other urged impatiently. "Come on. We've wasted enough time here. Let's go ahead and open that safe."

McMahon took a step forward; then he paused. His gaze shifted curiously from Dave to his partner, then back again to Dave.

"The—the safe?" he said at last. "Why, I've already been in the safe. I was just closing it when he caught me."

"How much did you get?"

"Not enough to get excited about. He turns his money in at the bank every day, I guess. Let's go home and go to bed. This is our unlucky night."

Long after the two had fled out, Dave stood staring after them.

"So he was lyin' about his wife and babies, was he?" he muttered finally. "He'd already been in my safe, hey? I might have known it. I might have known there wasn't any good in him."

He moved over to the safe and fumbled with the combination. The door swung open. Craning his neck forward, he peered within.

"Well—well, I'll be gol-darned!" he gasped. "He never was in here! He never was in my safe! There ain't a thing been touched—not a single thing!"

### One Way of Speeding Up.

[Rockland Independent:] The Stetson Shoe Company of South Weymouth has adopted an entirely new innovation in the shoe trade. A certain room is closed and the machines stopped for ten minutes in the forenoon and five minutes in the afternoon, and a boy passes through with cold milk for all who want it, and workers take a positive rest.

### His Right by Inference.

[Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph:] The magistrate looked severely at the small, red-faced man who had been summoned before him, and who returned his gaze without flinching. "So you kicked your landlord downstairs?" queried the magistrate. "Did you imagine that was within the right of a tenant?"

"I'll bring my lease in and show it to you," said the little man, growing redder, "and I'll wager that you'll agree with me that anything they've forgotten to prohibit in that lease I had a right to do the very first chance I got."



# Alaska—Descriptive, Historical, Contemplative.

By Walter Lindley, M. D., LL.D.

## SEWARD'S PURCHASE.

CHECHAKO means the same in Alaska that tenderfoot does in California. Sourdough is the same to an Alaskan that Hoosier is to the Gentleman from Indiana. They must like the name, for they chose it themselves. That reminds me of the fact that the Alaskan who lives there through the long winter seems to acquire a melancholy tendency. He does not get discouraged, but seems to have a melancholy method of thought and speech. Take Robert W. Service, who is Alaska's Bret Harte, and you will see at once that all his "humorous" poems are sad and gruesome. There is "The Cremation of Sam McGee." In this poem the narrator has promised Sam that on his death he would cremate the corpse. When he thought the job was completed he said to himself: "I'll just take a peep inside. I guess he's cooked, and it's time I looked;" . . . Then the door I opened wide.

And there sat Sam, looking cool and calm, In the heart of the furnace roar; And he wore a smile you could see a mile, and he said: "Please close that door. It's fine in here, but I greatly fear you'll let in the cold and storm— Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee, it's the first time I've been warm."

There are strange things done in the midnight sun by the men who mull for gold; The Arctic trails have their secret tales that would make your blood run cold; The northern lights have seen queer sights, But the queerest they ever did see Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge I cremated Sam McGee.

"The Ballad of Blasphemous Bill" is another cheerful specimen of Service's Alaskan humor. This is the story where the narrator promised to bury Bill MacKie in a coffin Bill had selected. Now the "joke" is in the following lines:

"And I lit a roaring fire in the stove, and I started to thaw Bill out. Well, I thawed and thawed for thirteen days, but it didn't seem no good; His arms and legs stuck out like pegs, as if they were made of wood. Till at last I said: 'It ain't no use—he's froze too hard to thaw; He's obstinate and he won't lie straight, so I guess I got to saw.' So I sawed off poor Bill's arms and legs, and I laid him snug and straight In the little coffin he picked himself, with the dinky silver plate; And I came nigh near to shedding a tear as I nailed him safely down; Then I stowed him away in my Yukon sleigh and I started back to town. And as I sit and the parson talks, expounding of the law, I often think of poor old Bill—and how hard he was to saw."

Another of Service's poems that conveys the Alaskan idea is "Grin." It isn't a happy laugh, its grin. The whole poem is exemplified by the following line: "If you up against it badly then it's only one on you. So grin."

Instead of giving a cheerful thought one can almost see the grin of a death's head.

During the three weeks in Alaska Territory I heard of only one joke and that was evidently unpremeditated. The day before we arrived in Juneau the funeral of James Ostrander, an Alaskan pioneer, took place in the Presbyterian Church. The pastor in his eulogy said: "Brother Ostrander was twice married and also served in the Civil War."

There may be something in the climate that tends toward taciturnity. The Russians noticed early that the Alaskan Indians would sit side by side on the beach looking at the sea for hours and not exchange a word. They once took the son of a chief as a hostage. He was absent on a Russian ship on a voyage that took several months; when they returned him to his father there was not a word of joy or greeting from either sire or son.

I left Los Angeles Harbor June 20 and

after a day in San Francisco and a day in Seattle awoke one morning some 200 miles north of the latter city, in the great inland sea. From my berth the forests of the mountainsides seemed but a few yards away, while the still, cool water gently lapping—side of the ship was almost within arm's length. It was all so restful and fascinating. For three days I sailed over the placid surface of this beautiful sea. Every now and then a whale would spout away near us. At times the ranges of mountains come so close together that in the intervening "narrows" there is only room for one ship to pass at a time. When it is foggy ships must wait until the fog lifts for fear of collisions. On one of these occasions when our good ship Admiral Watson was waiting, three beautiful specimens of the North American bald eagle sailed along in all their majesty. The largest of the three was at least eight feet from tip to tip of his wings.

Two and one-half days out of Seattle is Ketchikan, the first Alaskan town under the Stars and Stripes, a busy place with two canneries, one of which has a capacity for 4000 cases daily. Over \$20,000,000 worth of canned salmon was shipped from Alaskan waters during 1914; in other words the output for the year was 300,000,000 cans, three cans for every man, woman and child in the United States. Throughout our whole trip we daily visited canneries, most of them being controlled by Libby, McNeill & Libby. The process of canning is practically all done by machinery that seems to be moved by a living intelligence.

A few hours north of Ketchikan is Juneau, the capital of Alaska. It is a flourishing mining city. Here is the Treadwell mine, the largest gold mine in the world, milling 6000 tons of ore daily. Col. D. C. Jackling's mine, in the equipment of which he spent \$9,000,000, and which is now turning out \$80,000 in bullion daily, is only two miles away. Gold is being taken out in increased quantities all over Alaska. The steadily increasing quantity of gold that is being added to the world's capital must reduce its purchasing power and have something to do with the high cost of living. California alone has added \$1,600,000,000 to the world's gold supply since 1848. From 1851 to 1911 the world's output of gold was \$11,579,150,000, which is three times as much as was produced during the preceding 400 years. Since 1911 the mines have been yielding gold in still larger quantities. Mining is no longer a haphazard affair of luck but is being conducted, as it is here in Juneau, as a settled industry.

Tourists usually end their Alaskan trip near Juneau, but I started from here for Seward and Cook Inlet, 1000 miles to the northwest across the open sea. As I passed through the icy straits, twenty miles long, the first section of the out-bound voyage, with its snow-capped mountains reaching toward the heavens on either side and live glaciers, those rivers of flowing ice, always in sight, our good ship wending her way along between icebergs—seventy-two of which were seen in an hour—I felt remarkably subdued and awe-stricken. Amid these bleak surroundings with now and then the bulk of a vessel that had ended its last voyage on some rocky point, thoughts of dear Los Angeles—my home for forty years—and of friends true and tried, came to me and my hope was, should I never return from this trip that no one would ever associate me with these lines from "As You Like It."

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen  
Because thou art not seen  
Although thy breath be rude.

"Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,  
Thou dost not bit so nigh  
As benefits forgot;  
Though thou the waters warp  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friends remembered not."

Soon we were out on the open sea and to the north of us great mountains hooded with snow. This is the Fairweather range. The greatest of this range is Mt. Fairweather,

15,250 feet high. Twenty-four hours out from Juneau we reached Yakutat, our first landing place on the Gulf of Alaska, which is really the North Pacific Ocean. Once seen quaint Yakutat with its scores of almost speechless Indians, its pebbled shores, forest-covered mountains, acres of wild strawberries, blackberries and profusion of wild flowers will never be forgotten. The quiet Indian village is about a mile from the wharf—a delightful walk. The Baptists have a commodious church and manse here, but there was no sign of activity or religious life about the place.

Capt. Cook was here May 3, 1778. The Russians established a convict settlement here in 1795. The American Indian had an easy time compared with the fate of the Alaskan Indian. Sometimes the Russians would kill off all the able-bodied men in order to get possession of the Indian women. Again they would hire the Indian men to go off hunting and on their return all the young and comely women would have been carried away in the ships. History leaves no doubt but practically every Russian ship carried away some of the Indian women. Indian men were killed on the most trivial provocation. The total population of Alaska today is 60,000—39,000 whites, 21,000 Indians. The Indian population at the time the Russians discovered Alaska was doubtless at least 100,000. The Russian was as extravagant with the life of the animals of Alaska as he was with the life of human beings. On one trip to this Yakutat section, in 1746, Emilian Baseof secured 1600 sea otters, 2000 fur seals and 2000 blue Arctic foxes. In 1766 the ship Vladimir in a few months secured 1400 sea otters, 2000 fur seals and 1050 blue foxes. In 1767 one ship secured 6300 fur seals, while many other ships were securing these valuable furs in smaller numbers. From 1842 to 1862 shipments from the Russian settlements in Alaska included 25,600 sea otters, 338,600 fur seals, 161,000 beavers and 129,600 fox skins.

Seated on the wharf near the ship were quite a number of Indian women selling moccasins, baskets and other Indian curios. They would state the price of an article and without smile or frown would simply wait until the customer would come to their terms. Yakutat is considered the best place in Alaska to buy Indian baskets.

Not many miles out of Yakutat—some distance inland—and with an altitude of 18,000 feet, Mt. St. Elias is to be seen. This is a historical spot. It was this mountain that Vitus Bering, a Dane, long in the employ of the Russians, first sighted, July 16, 1741, while Alexi Ilch Chirikof, captain of another boat—it also being under the general command of Bering—thirty-six hours before gained the first view, by a white man, of Alaska, three degrees further south. The Russians were all very proud that one of their countrymen discovered Alaska before it was seen by the Dane. Both of these intrepid seamen suffered terribly on their homeward trip and Bering died on his ship when nearing home December 8, 1741.

The great English discoverer, Capt. James Cook, sighted Mt. St. Elias May 5, 1778. A Spaniard, Capt. Ignacio Arteaga, saw the same mountain about a year later, and Commander La Perouse who, with two French frigates, was making a scientific cruise, viewed the gigantic outline of this great mountain June 25, 1786. It was on the summit of this giant that the Duke of Abruzzi, now in command of Italy's navy, stood 151 years after its discovery by Bering; Americans and Englishmen having failed in this endeavor.

The next great landmark is barren and forbidding, Cape St. Elias, where the government is erecting a much-needed lighthouse. This cape ends in a sheer cliff nearly 2000 feet high and then, a few hundred feet out at sea, is a "sugar loaf" 490 feet high. The waves certainly dash high against this rock-bound shore.

After leaving Yakutat, Katalla is the next town. There are some promising oil prospects here and quite a little oil of a good grade is already produced. There is no landing for large ships at Katalla. Scows and launches come out to the ship about a mile from shore for freight and passengers.

On the ship from Seattle out were a number of half-breed Indian girls who had been attending school in Oregon. They

were met by their families at various Alaskan towns. Here one, who is about 17 years old, left the ship. She had been away at school seven years. As we neared Katalla all that reputed stolidness disappeared and she ran from one part of the ship to another to get the best possible view of her old home, hoping to see some one of her family. Her father, a prosperous white man, came out in a launch to meet her and climbed the ladder that went from the scow to the ship and carefully protected her as she went down step by step, 200 people on the ship watching them with great interest. It is said these Indian women make faithful wives, devoted mothers and good housekeepers and that many of the brightest and most respected young people in Alaska are the offspring of these mixed marriages.

The next landing was the town of Cordova, the terminus of the Copper River and Northwestern Railway, which leads to the Kennicott or Bonanza copper mines of the Guggenheims. These mines send out \$2,000,000 worth of copper ore from Cordova monthly and pay in dividends \$2,000,000 annually. The site of Cordova, at the mouth of Copper River, was discovered by the Russian, Nagieff, July 18, 1783. Cordova has two daily papers, a bank and other things necessary to constitute a bustling western town. It would pay well to stop over here one boat and go up on the train to the Bonanza mines. On this trip one gets a view of the Miles Glacier, that every now and then drops off an icy section that falls into the Copper River, raising the stream twenty feet and causing a menacing flood.

A few hours from Cordova is a copper mine known as Landlock. A more beautiful location is beyond conception. It is on a landlocked harbor with mountains and forests on all sides. W. A. Dickey is the owner of the Landlock mine. Mr. Dickey is a Princeton graduate, one of Alaska's most prominent citizens, and as an engineer and prospector took careful notes and made maps of the Mt. McKinley district and, as it was about the time of the assassination, named it for the martyred President.

On from Landlock we went through Prince William Sound to Valdez, another considerable town with two daily papers, bank, etc. The Valdez Glacier is five miles back of the town. Five of us hired an automobile (Ford) and took a wonderful trip out to this glacier. It was about 9 o'clock in the evening, yet the sun was far above the horizon. The torrential roar of a terrifying stream that is formed by the melting ice of the glacier, the lateness of the hour and the brightness of the day all seemed uncanny. As we neared the glacier there were acres of beautiful flowers and our only regret was that, for fear of missing our ship, our time on the edge of the glacier was limited. A day could be enjoyably spent climbing over this icy mass. This is called a dead glacier and is gradually disappearing. As we rode back to our ship between 10 o'clock and 11 o'clock p.m., the sun as it disappeared was painting the snow-capped mountains that surround Valdez in beautiful tints that only an artist could describe. At midnight automobiles were scudding around the town without any lights, as there is no real night in Alaska at this time of the year.

After leaving Valdez we next touched at La Touche, a romantic spot where the Guggenheims have another copper plant. Standing on the wharf at La Touche was a jauntily-dressed, attractive woman, Mrs. Helen Van Campen, the authoress. Her husband is the superintendent of this mine, but Mrs. Van Campen's receipts are more than the salary of Mr. Van Campen, as she was paid in 1914 by the Saturday Evening Post and other publications over \$20,000 for her stories and sketches.

The next town is Seward, a flourishing place on one of the best harbors in the world. This is the water terminus of the government railroad, which will extend through the coal mines to Fairbanks. Here are two banks, daily papers and many excellent stores. It is a popular place to outfit for hunters and prospectors. The drawback at Cordova, Valdez and Seward is the great rainfall, probably averaging 120 inches per annum, while the snowfall has reached



**EUCALYPTUS FOREMOST.**  
 THE valleys and mesas of Southern California were naturally almost treeless, and even where the live oaks abounded in considerable numbers they were ruthlessly destroyed, not alone for fuel, but to make more common species, ranking in height a species perish during a winter of great severity, for if a few years should elapse before another cold snap of like severity, the State grounds at Stockton seven of the same sorts would escape unhurt. In a crop of blossoms sufficient in number and color to suit all. If we cannot "ring the change" in the burning forth of blossoms, leaves and beautiful color of both stems and foliage make it attractive to all who love tropical luxuriance. The harder rubber tree (*Picus macrophylla*), known as the Moreton Bay fig, belling as it does from

# Ornamental Trees for Southern California.

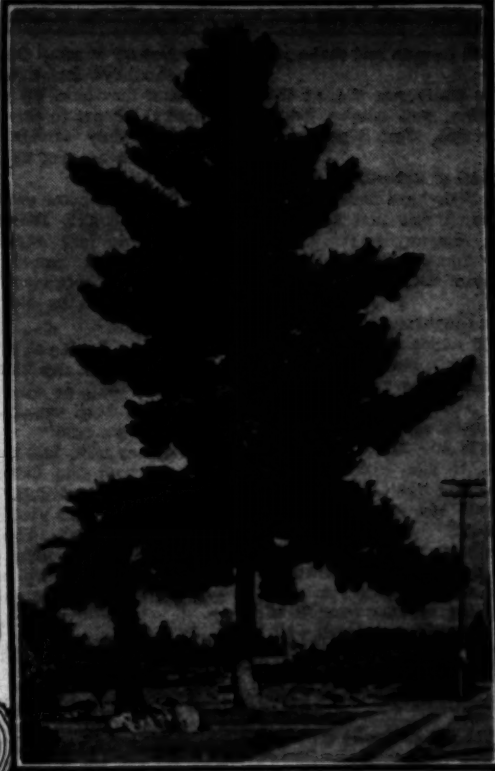
By Ernest Braunton.

[Saturday, October 23, 1910.]

*Some of the Beautiful Trees Grown in Southern California.*



*Blue Gum.*



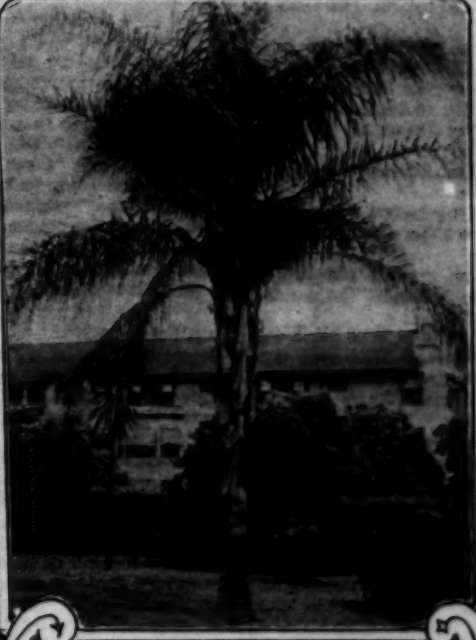
*Monterey Pine*



*Norfolk Island Pine.*



*Chilean Wine Palm.*



*Queen Palm.*



*Mexican Blue Palm.*



*The Giant Cedar of the Himalayas*



*Canary Island Date Palm.*



# Good Short Stories

Compiled for the Times  
From Many Sources  
Brief Anecdotes Gathered

## Fulfilling the Law. By Vera Heathman Cole.

### WHERE LOVE IS.

THE warm afternoon of a late winter day was shedding its kindly beams upon the snow-capped mountains, the green-tinted hills, newly-plowed fields and orchards golden with fruit, a scene which whispered the name "California" to every beholder. Scarcely a sound broke the silence of the still Sunday, except the constant chatter of the songsters in the trees on each side of the road; even old Tommy, the faithful little horse, seemed to walk with light, reverent tread, least he mar the harmony. Nor was the quiet beauty of the day lost upon the two who rode behind him, for they were drinking in the charms of landscape and air in blissful content. There was no need of an attempt at conversation for a perfect understanding existed between them—perfect in that they were lovers, and the solitaire upon the girl's finger told the story of their future hopes.

Several times during the last year, since they had become engaged, Richard Cary had asked Louise Preston to set the day for the wedding, and she had sweetly but firmly put him off, first upon one excuse and then another. The present state of affairs was entirely satisfactory to her. She had his love and he was a devoted lover; she was growing more and more successful in her musical career, and she coveted those honors for which she could not strive were she to take the care of a home, and perhaps maternity, upon her. Each time it was thus deferred. Cary would settle down in his

he, too, half dreaded the responsibilities of married life. He loved the care-free existence of his bachelor days, and he knew that the dearest girl in the world loved him, and him only. Thus were they becoming content, each believing at heart that their love was deeper, stronger and truer than any the world had ever known.

On this particular afternoon they were driving out to the mill in the little village where Cary had begun his life in the West, where, seeking health, he had also found those talents which had led him out and beyond the four mill walls to the management of a similar concern in the city and to success—as men measure success. Now, for the first time in many days, he was living life over again as he had lived it in that first happy year in California. His eye marked each well-known spot, each view that had appealed to his sense of the beautiful, and once in a while a familiar face made his heart beat as at the finding of a long-lost treasure.

"Here is Mentos, short for Sacramento de Caballero," he smilingly said and drew rein beside a shabby but clean Mexican cottage near the mill. "He was the best driver we had when he was well," he continued.

"Hello, Meester Cary," was the hearty salutation of the young Mexican man as he came to the fence, a broad grin on his thin, dark face. "I knew you would be for a comin' back to the meel some day, Meester Cary, and each day I think you come, maybe, and you no come."

club chair with almost a sigh of relief, for "Sure; I had to come back to see you all,

Mentos. Glad to see you looking so well; are you able to work all the time now?" The Mexican had shown first signs of tuberculosis long before Cary left the mill, and had it not been for the latter would have been thrown out of work altogether, during his first brief illness.

"Oh, but I am no much well, Meester Cary—much sick here," and he placed his hand on his chest and shook his dark head, unable to speak further of what he knew to be the truth.

"Too bad, Mentos; you must not work so hard; you always were a little too faithful," and mentally resolving to get some easier work for the man he lifted his reins to go.

The Mexican clung to his hand pleading, "Oh, not yet, Meester Cary, please, until I have told you of my great happiness; so long I've wanted to tell you, Meester Cary. You are my friend, my great, good friend. You know the man who pay monees for dead men? You know you tell me about him, Meester Cary—"

"Insurance agent?" asked Cary. "Yes, yes; I pay him each month; he pay my woman when I die. He pay my woman five hundred dolla—five hundred dolla when I die."

His story here was interrupted by a violent spell of coughing, but when he had recovered he went smilingly but breathlessly on:

"I love my woman, Meester Cary; she give me five sons; so much I love and she must no know till I die. She think I gamble, maybe I drink, but I no drink, Meester Cary. I pay de monees to that man for my woman. When I live I work, when I die she have the

home and the monees. I love her, Meester Cary, you know—" and he nodded significantly toward the girl at Cary's side.

"Yes, Mentos, I know," said Cary quietly. "And so long I have wanted to tell you of my great happiness. So long I have had that paper, when you first came to the meel, you told me about that man who pay monees for dead men. And you will see that my woman get the monees, Meester Cary? Tell her how much I love her. so much I love her—" but the sentence was never finished, for a more violent spell of coughing was followed by a hemorrhage and death.

Together in the little sorrow-stricken Mexican cottage, Richard Cary and Louise Preston told the woman whom Mentos loved of his sacrifice and love for her. Tears stood in their eyes as they drove homeward, and for a long time the silence of the evening was not broken, until the man spoke, saying:

"Louise, dear, that man's religion was love."

"And love is the fulfilling of the law," she answered softly.

Then each became lost again in their own thoughts. In each heart there dwelt a deeper meaning of the work love. The sacrifice and devotion of the simple, true-hearted Mentos to the woman so worthy of his love had taught them that love meant more than enjoyment, that love meant service. When he helped her out in the drive and his arm encircled her, Louise Preston smiled through her tears and with a strange new tenderness in her voice she asked, "Would next month suit you, dear?"

### The Sod-breakers.

THEIR COURAGE AND ENDURANCE PUT TO THE TEST.

By Warren McCulloch.

The thirty acres of ripened wheat and the twenty acres of sod-corn adjoining conferred visions of wealth and plenty to the eyes of Axel and Minnie; and the toneful exaggeration of the bobolink, as it poised in the air above their heads, was threaded with boastful prophecies.

"Wheat-eat-eat! And plenty o' corn! Wheat-eat—!"

It careened away to the shelter of a bunch of sunflowers beside the road when little Gus came galloping up from the rear, in childish imitation of "Dolly," the much-prized spring colt.

Axel viewed the scene with a triumphant grin.

"I wonder what Joe Mavity would say now!" said he, waving a sunburned hand toward the field. "I don't reckon he'd be expectin' us back there quite so steady—hey, Min?"

Minnie shifted the weight of little Alice to the other hip, and cast a sidewise glance at her husband. She had hoped that in time Axel would cease to hold Joe Mavity's jocular remark so much at heart.

"Good-by," their old neighbor had said, as he saw them off on the train that day three years before. "We'll be expectin' you back in a year or two. Nobody can ever tide it over them dry spells they have out there."

"Don't you ever believe we'll be comin' back!" Axel had called back to him, as the train began to glide away from the station. "Good-by, Joe."

And little Gus, aged 3, had noted with wide-eyed concern the tears that trickled down his mother's cheeks, as they cast the last backward look at dear old St. Louis. Little Gus had never before seen his mother in tears, and he long held the event in vivid recollection.

But tears had not been so rare with Minnie since that time; for the women who join the ranks of the sod-breakers of a State must not turn about at the first tears. Even that day before they had moved into their new sod-house, little Gus had discerned with childish sureness the signs of secret tears on his mother's face.

And stout-hearted Axel had been so jubilant about their new house, too.

"It will sure be a warm house for winter," he had boasted triumphantly. "Look at those walls—they're nearly two feet thick. It won't take much fuel to keep us warm

next winter—that's a cinch!" And a few hours later, when her husband was out doing the evening chores, Minnie again thought she was keeping the tears she could not suppress profoundly secret from the unobserving child, who was so busily arranging a few blocks about the floor into a miniature St. Louis.

The new house was all that Axel had prophesied. And it was well that it was so, for the problem of fuel was among the gravest that perplexed the sod-breakers of that great "Out West" that has forever passed away. Though Minnie had been almost stubbornly reluctant to begin burning the "prairie fuel" in the new cook stove which Axel had been so proud of when he brought it from the railroad twenty miles away, she finally recognized the virtue of necessity, and ceased her protestations.

"Better than coal!" Axel had declared of the new fuel—and Minnie had succeeded in smiling in acquiescence to his absurd argument.

"I wish Curtiss had started binding that wheat this morning, as I wanted him to," complained Axel, letting his hands drop at his side for an instant. "It's awful ripe, and it wouldn't take a great sight to shatter it all out of its stands."

"But nobody ever gains anything by working on Sunday," Minnie philosophized. "Don't you remember the wheat Sam Glassy lost last year—heatin' in the stack? Well, we know he started stackin' on Sunday—and I always laid it to that, somehow."

Axel raised his straw hat and drew his sleeve across his moist brow.

"Whew!" he whistled. "It's awful hot! I wouldn't wonder if it would come up a rain."

He stopped and gathered a handful of dust from the path and, holding it aloft, let it sift between his fingers.

"It's blowin' from the southeast," he warned prophetically. "I wish Curtiss had started bindin' this morning."

"We wouldn't have made anything by it—beginning on Sunday!" Minnie persisted. "Nobody ever does. Look at Sam Glassy—he always works on Sunday. And I believe it's more a sign of bad luck than of being work-brittle. He loafs nearly all week—as a general thing."

"I wish that wheat was in the shock," reiterated Axel. "It hain't every year we get such a stand as that."

He took off his hat and tossed it horizontally upon the surface.

"Just look there, will you? Nobody ever seen the beat of that in Misurie! I just wish Joe Mavity could get a glimpse of that wheat. He'd quit lookin' for us back there—that's a cinch."

A haze was settling over the northwestern horizon—dim, very dim at first. But as the sun lowered it loomed up with threatening darkness. The southeast wind was soft and moist. Axel stood at the corner of their little sod house and watched it with eyes transfixed. At uncertain intervals a streak of jagged flame gashed the approaching blackness, as though threatening it with the direst consequence, should it persist in its dogged course. The slow rumbling that followed the fiery gashing soon augmented into deafening crashes.

Thud! Clatter! What was that?

Axel had retreated into the doorway, and he and Minnie looked into each other's eyes in fearful understanding. There was no mistaking that sound—by members of the sod-breaker's clan.

A hailstone as big as a pullet's egg rolled from the roof and bounced on the door-step. The thuds increased with terrible rapidity, till all other sounds were drowned in continuous roar. Little Gus clung to his mother's hand, and watched his father's set face with childish forebodings.

At sunrise Axel and Minnie stood on the spot from whence they had glimpsed the vision of plenty on the previous day. Before them lay a blanket of tangled straw. Farther on rows of green stalks stood in unblushing nakedness to indicate a broken promise of corn.

"But it wouldn't have done any good anyway," Axel was complaining, in a feeble attempt to soothe away Minnie's look of painful self-accusation. "Hall like that would have thrashed it out in the shock!"

"Do you suppose there'll be any show for the corn to come out all right?" Minnie inquired, mechanically.

Axel shook his head. "It was in full tassel yesterday, Minnie. You know that."

In the long silence that followed, the twain was gazing into vast prospective-retrospective spaces. To Axel's vision loomed the friendly countenance of Joe Mavity: "Good-by, Axel," said the well-remembered voice; "we'll be looking for you back in a year or two." And—"Don't you ever believe we'll be comin' back," came a boastful retort from somewhere.

Before Minnie's eyes passed a scene from the interior of a steam laundry of St. Louis. Stifling and oppressive, as it had seemed to her before that day when she had been introduced to Axel. Before a super-heated mangle machine stood little Alice—the little Alice that Minnie had already pictured in the bloom of young womanhood. But she was pale and languid now—worn listless by the eternal persistence of a soulless machine. And in the background, somewhat dimmer but no less real, she saw little

Gus. What was keeping him there so intent, so hurried—speeding faster, faster, faster? Yes, she saw it all in its terrible reality. He was carrying huge trays of "green" brick from the gnashing maw of a tireless machine—the same insatiable monster that had once threatened to sap the very life of the big, good-natured Axel of long ago. Could it be possible that their little Gus could be doomed to the same deadly process? Was the repetition of history, then, a fatal reality, after all? No! A thousand times no!

As she turned to look into the honest, blue eyes of her husband, a world of understanding was flashed by wireless between them.

"I can get a job in Salt Lake that will tide us over," said he. "Sam Glassy got a letter from his brother up there last week, and he said the brick yards are runnin' extra shifts this summer to keep up with their work. I know it will be lonesome for you here by yourself, Minnie. But—we've got to live somehow. And the stock's got to be looked after—and—there's seed-wheat for next spring!"

His eyes were searching hers for a sign—the sign that he had never before dared to put to such a test.

Through the moisture of Minnie's eyes shone her old brave smile—the light that had cheered them over so many tides of misfortune in the past. It was the smile that has rarely been seen, save in the eyes of the women of the sod-breaker's clan.

"Oh, I'll get along all right," she was saying. "Gussie is a lot of company now. And little Alice, too. I won't get lonesome—and, of course, we've got to have seed-wheat for next spring."

### The "Watch on the Rhine."

[Pall Mall Gazette:] A century ago was born Carl Wilhelm, composer of the "Watch on the Rhine." A music teacher of somewhat Bohemian habits, Wilhelm did not set out to write a national anthem, and the "Watch on the Rhine," when sung for the first time as a chorus for male voices in 1854, does not seem to have attracted much attention. It was the war with France which gave the song appropriateness, and raised it to the status of a national hymn. In 1871 Wilhelm was awarded a small annual pension by the German government, but lived only to draw it twice.

The words of the "Watch on the Rhine" were written, in 1840 by Max Schneckenburger, a Swabian merchant, and seems to have formed his one essay in poetry. At least, he published nothing else of note, and did not live to enjoy the fame of his songs in 1870.



# Ornamental Trees for Southern California.

By Ernest Branton.

## EUCALYPTS FOREMOST.

THE valleys and mesas of Southern California were naturally almost treeless, and even where the live oaks abounded in considerable numbers they were ruthlessly destroyed, not alone for fuel, but to make room for citrus trees and other crops. Not until the introduction of the Australian eucalypts did man begin to repair the damage his predecessors had wrought, but in the span of years from that time to the present the transformation of California landscapes through the use of this wonderful family of trees has been little less than marvelous. Regions once treeless have become so dotted with groups, woodlots, or acreage plantations of eucalypts that even the climate has been modified and for control of surface currents of air they have changed bare wind-swept plains into protected, home-dotted districts of comparative repose and comfort, an inestimable economic value quite aside and distinct from their esthetic value in making our great Southland beautiful.

### Uses of Eucalypts.

In spite of close acquaintance and long study of these trees we still regard them as mere windbreaks for orchards or as material for conversion into fuel. Though sparingly used for lumber and oil supply we have yet to learn of a score of ways in which they are used by the natives in their far-away home of Australasia, though indirectly we reap some food in the honey our bees obtain from the blossoms of nearly all species grown here.

In Australia the natives gather both food and drink from various species of eucalypts, many of which are more or less common in Southern California. E. Gunnii is usually designated as the cider gum, and in Tasmania the settlers convert the sweetish sap into a kind of cider. This tree has been grown about Los Angeles for a score of years, but has not proven of especial value except in respect to hardiness. Several other species, especially, E. viminalis, are known to the Antipodeans as "manna gum," owing to the sweet, sugar-like substance which results from the drying of sap exudations, and which is much relished by them as an article of food. Still other species have their roots or bark eaten by the Australian natives. The lemon-scented gum (E. citrodora,) produces one of the most valuable oils used by the medical fraternity as an antiseptic. In addition, it has an aroma so pleasant that it far surpasses in this respect the oil made from any other species. In fact, the fragrance is more pungent and pleasing than many perfumes that are sold the public as such. If these trees are ever sufficiently planted to get enough to pay we will have this oil in the local market, for it is much more valuable for medicinal purposes than the oil from the common blue gum. Several species yield heavily of tannic acid, yielding above 65 per cent. One quite extensively planted in California (E. tereticornis,) yields 62 per cent. of tannic acid and twenty-eight ounces of oil from 100 pounds of dry leaves. E. haemastoma, which yields 66 per cent. of tannin, gives thirty-three and one-half ounces of oil from 100 pounds of green leaves. E. siderophloia, well known here, yields 25 per cent. of tannin and 42 per cent. of arabin, by which it will be seen that they yield numerous products of commercial value. In Australia the leaves and small branches of E. microtheca are placed in water to poison fish, and the inner bark of the same species is used as a poultice for snake bites.

### Hardiness of Eucalypts.

Californians have also much yet to learn regarding the hardiness of eucalypts, for the question is often heard: "Are there any species sufficiently hardy to grow on the foothills above my ranch? You know that snow often falls there and ice freezes thick enough to bear my weight." It is well to know that we may grow some species on the top of Mt. Wilson, as we shall show. But for ordinary purposes we have a great number of species that will endure lower temperatures than are commonly found in the southern half of California. The older a tree the harder it is and one should not be discouraged if young trees of

a species perish during a winter of great severity, for if a few years should elapse before another cold snap of like severity the same sorts would escape unharmed. In the State grounds at Stockton seven of the more common species, ranging in height from 50 to 130 feet (the latter blue gums,) have stood unscathed for many years, though several times the temperature has dropped to 17 deg. above zero and once to several degrees lower. But when it comes to real hardy trees E. coriacea (or pauciflora,) grows on the mountains of Tasmania up to 4000 feet elevation, though at that height but a shrub. At Hammer Springs it stood a temperature of zero while quite young and some trees at Ranfurly sustained a snap of 14 deg. below zero without serious damage. Surely this species would endure on many California mountain tops, and under favorable conditions it attains more than a hundred feet in height, with a diameter of four feet. E. Gunnii has withstood zero weather and grows at many points in England, Ireland and Scotland and in its native land runs up to 300 feet high. E. Sieberiana, Stuartiana, coccifera, and urnigera are all hardy, but of these the fastest growing species is E. Stuartiana and is a most excellent species over all of California. The best species for desert sections, where great extremes of heat and cold abound, yet where fast growth is demanded, is E. viminalis, the well-known manna gum. It has been thoroughly tested in both the Mohave and the Colorado deserts and has passed unscathed through severe freezes and fiery sandstorms.

### Pines, Cypress and Other Conifers.

Near rivals to the eucalypts in landscape transformation are two conifers native only to Southern California, the Monterey pine and the Monterey cypress. Both make a rapid growth and have been much used as ornamentals, windbreaks, etc., while in former years the cypress was our chief hedge plant. Luckily both these trees are being replaced by others, for they are dark and funereal in aspect, short-lived, well-nigh useless for posts, timber, not valuable for fuel and really of little value except rapidity of growth and ability to grow in almost any soil or location without water throughout our long dry summers. We have so many fine native conifers that the public is fairly well conversant with them through voluminous forestry reports and similar writings, but the redwood and several others should be more largely planted in this end of the State.

Of exotic conifers none is being more extensively used than Cedrus deodara, the Indian cedar, the "big tree" of the Himalayas. It is now to be found growing in gardens, parks, along streets and roads from Redlands to the sea, while the United States Forest Service has planted it freely in nearby Federal forest reserves. It gives satisfaction everywhere and for all purposes tried but those farthest from the coast thrive best and have the brightest foliage. Two other species, making the only three species of true cedars in existence, are but little less beautiful and useful, and for sentimental reasons the cedar of Lebanon is extensively planted. The Mt. Atlas cedar is somewhat rarer, but nevertheless a most desirable tree for park and garden. Half a dozen species of Araucarias from Australasia contribute much to the beauty of Southwest California, and one, the best of all, is extensively planted in all parts of the State and appears to thrive from the coast to interior valleys. This one, A. Bidwillii, is doubtless the best of the lot, though in the south parks and gardens bristle with the too formal living exclamation points known as Norfolk Island pines.

### Flowering Trees.

Much of local planting in the past has created a monotonous, somber appearance, which needs lightening or variation. Some misguided persons think this should come and is possible only through the use of deciduous trees. They believe that the change in blossoming, the opening of the leaves and their autumnal coloring would properly relieve this monotony. But ripening leaves in Southern California do not take on the beautiful tints and colors found east of the Rockies and in a semitropical climate we

should have few deciduous trees, certainly none mixed in with evergreens. We have plenty of suitable trees that each year bring a crop of blossoms sufficient in number and color to suit all. If we cannot "ring the change" in the bursting forth of blossoms, at all seasons—where on earth may such a scheme succeed?

Aside from the acacias, of which we have hundreds of fine yellow-flowering species, we have trees which bear flowers of every possible hue; flowers as beautiful as any grown on the best so-called "flowering plants." Surely no greater variety is necessary than may be found in our national colors and not to make too long a list, a few only will be noted. For red we may use the flame tree, Sterculia acerifolia, the red-flowering gum; Eucalyptus scicifolia, two grevilleas, G. Banksii and G. Thelemanniana. Add to these the red berries on the Toyon or Christmas berry (Heteromeles,) and the pepper tree, Schinus molle, and we have enough of shades of red. For white we have several white flowering gums, though, but one, Eucalyptus calophylla, is sufficient, for it is round topped, spreading, low crowned with beautiful foliage. The water-loving magnolia, which few know how properly to grow, is another. Then there are privets (Ligustrum;) bottle brushes (Callistemon,) Photinias and the Victorian box. Pittosporum undulatum. For blues the beautiful Jacaranda (J. ovalifolia,) easily stands first, followed by our own and other wild "mountain lilacs" (Ceanothus,) and the large-leaved Wigandia macrophylla. These are but a few of the possibilities, and touch but three colors. Will three not bring sufficient change and color to overcome the somber tones of many conifers, palms, dracenas, etc.? In the opinion of the writer they will, and we should use far more of them than are at present being planted.

### Foliage Trees.

St. John's bread or the carob (Ceratonia siliqua,) grows forty feet in height, a native of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, and is cultivated to a considerable extent for the sake of its pods, which contain a fleshy edible pulp surrounding the seeds. They are known as carob beans, pronounced kharoub by the Arabs. These pods contain a quantity of agreeably-flavored mucilaginous and saccharine matter, although not very nutritious. They form a prominent ingredient in various cattle foods of trade. The exports of these pods from Cyprus amount to thousands of tons yearly. They are also known as locust pods, or St. John's bread, from a supposition that they formed the food of St. John in the wilderness. A kind of brandy is prepared from the carob bean, which is sometimes flavored with juniper berries and passed as a substitute for gin. The Agricultural Department has, from time to time, propagated and distributed many hundreds of carob plants, chiefly in Texas and California, but no returns have been received in regard to the outcome of these distributions for the reason that no one, at least in our State, has experimented with them in sufficient quantities to be able to judge of their economic value. As an ornamental drought-resistant tree it is of unusual value, one thoroughly adapted to all parts of California, and we may expect to see its extensive use as a street tree in the near future, for it is equalled by few for this purpose and should be more generally planted in parks and gardens.

A successful rival, in every way, of our live oak is the cork oak (Quercus suber,) of South Europe and North Africa. It attains a height of fifty feet, is very symmetrical in growth, and the bark is deeply furrowed, spongy and elastic. It is cultivated in many countries and seems to thrive in all parts of California. It has one decided advantage over other oaks, it will grow deep enough in the soil to prove highly drought-resistant. This oak, though somewhat slow of growth, is an evergreen, makes a beautiful shade tree and is deserving of more notice than has been given it in this State. A few miles from Los Angeles there are several of these trees fifteen or more inches in diameter. Another tree of moderate size but of more rapid growth is Pircunia dioica from Brazil, though often injured by severe frosts. Its mammoth

leaves and beautiful color of both stems and foliage make it attractive to all who love tropical luxuriance. The hardier rubber tree (Ficus macrophylla,) known as the Moreton Bay fig, hailing as it does from the shores of Moreton Bay, in New South Wales, grows very well with us, and many very large, fine specimens may be seen in Los Angeles. In wide parkings on wide streets it would prove an excellent street tree, though aside from a short stretch of frontage in San Diego the writer does not recall an instance of its use on streets except in isolated trees.

The wonderful resources of our soils and climate are strikingly illustrated in the rapid growth and perfect symmetry of the camphor tree, as in its native home it grows to perfection only where the average rainfall is considerably above 200 inches. On this coast it is hardy as far north as Oakland and the bay region. From a commercial standpoint the tree is of greatest value for the camphor gum and camphor oil, which is procured from all parts of the tree by a process of distillation. This process produces the crude camphor gum, which is refined before being placed on the market. Crude gum is usually worth about three-fourths as much as the finished product. But it is as an ornamental we most prize it and it has proven a general favorite wherever grown south of the Tehachepi.

### Palms for General Use.

Early in the history of botany palms were called the "Kings and Princes of the Vegetable Kingdom," not inappropriate titles, though there are also queens and princesses among them. Palms are peculiarly fitted to the California garden, lending thereto a grace and tropical luxuriance not attained by any other plants and, therefore, in the vegetable kingdom they are the royal family. The chief attraction of California gardens lies in the luxuriance of our ever green vegetation. Here we assemble all the horticultural glories of the world, and aim to make our home grounds rich with the wealth of the temperate and tropic zones to the almost total exclusion of the cold, inhospitable deciduous trees so common to all other parts of the country.

Cocos plumosa and the closely-allied species are conceded by nearly all plant fanciers to be the most handsome species. Those most common are known as C. plumosa, C. flexuosa, and C. Romanzoffiana. Several other quite similar species are grown sparingly in Southern California. Of the plumosa group the most hardy is C. datil. Among the dwarfier species the C. australis type is the most popular. Another palm, which comes up near the standard of Cocos plumosa, is known locally as Seaforthia elegans, though its botanical name is Archontophoenix Cunninghamii. On the north side of the Los Angeles Courthouse, at the Temple-street entrance, stand fine specimens of both Cocos plumosa and Seaforthia elegans, and a still finer plant of the latter, the finest in the State, may be seen in the Forrester place on Seventh street west of Figueroa.

The palm best suited to local conditions, all points considered, is Phoenix Canariensis, from the Canary Islands, usually called the ornamental date from its being so closely allied to the date of commerce, yet far surpassing that species in beauty of form. More of this species is planted in our gardens than all others of the feather leaved section combined. Surely none is more effective as garden ornaments in spacious grounds. Down in Mexico, Erythea armata, the blue palm, grows to a height of sixty or seventy feet, and does not require a century to make the growth. In California its growth is so slow that we quite despair of seeing it attain dignified height. In its younger state it is stiff and conventional in habit, but with age it becomes more graceful by the drooping of its leaf stems. It is so distinct in color that it is almost a necessity in palm collections. North America's most beautiful fan palm is beyond a doubt Erythea edulis, and is also her most rare species, since it is native to the Island of Guadalupe, some 250 miles south of San Diego. There these palms grow

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN.)



## Fulfilling the Law. By Vera Heathman Cole.

## Good Short Stories

Brief Anecdotes Gathered From Many Sources.

Compiled for the Times.

## Spoiled the Dinner.

MRS. ANDERSON, who lived on her beautiful farm thirty miles from the city, decided that she would do a charitable thing by throwing open the place for a day to a lot of poor boys who had never had a chance to romp and play in the country. The party was a grand success, and at dinner time all the urchins gathered about the festive board and ate prodigiously.

One of the best appetites ever exhibited was that of Tommy Jones. Tommy, who was somewhat grimy of face, ate all of everything that was handed him, and his enjoyment was so great that good old Mrs. Anderson's heart was warmed to him.

But something went wrong when the pie—grand, old-fashioned apple pie, cut in tremendous slices—was passed around. Tommy took one mouthful of the pie, felt around on the table, and picked up the plate as if he expected to find something concealed under it. Then, with a look so dismal that it frightened Mrs. Anderson, he asked, sadly:

"Who in thunder ever heard of servin' pie without cheese?"—[Popular Magazine.

## An Unfit Companion.

MRS. ATHERTON had tried to impress upon her young son, Eugene, that he should play only with good boys.

"Mother," said Eugene, as he came in one day, "you don't want me to play with wicked boys, do you?"

"No, indeed," said the mother, pleased that her son had remembered her teachings.

"Well, if one boy kicks another little boy, isn't it wicked for him to kick back?"

"Yes, indeed, it is certainly very wicked," was the mother's reply.

"Then I don't play with Richard Whitney any more," said Eugene; "he's too wicked. I kicked him this morning, and he kicked me back."—[Chicago Journal.

## Why He Did It.

AT ONE of the military camps some recruits were being put through the riding test, says London Tit-Bits. One man didn't know much about horses, but trusted to luck to get through.

He had not properly adjusted his saddle, and on mounting he swung, saddle and all, right under the horse's body between its legs, where he was suspended for a few seconds.

"Hi, there!" yelled the non-com. in derision, "call that riding, do you?"

"Oh, no, sergeant," was the instant answer, "that's a new trick for the Dardanelles. Riding under here's a fine protection from the sun."

## Unusually Considerate.

MISS MILLY was rather a talkative young lady. Her bosom friend, having missed her for some time, called to find out the reason.

"No, mum, Miss Milly is not in," the maid informed her. "She has gone to the class."

"Why, what class?" inquired the caller, in surprise.

"Well, mum, you know Miss Milly is getting married soon, so she's taking a course of lessons in domestic silence."—[Tit-Bits.

## Improving on Shakespeare.

A MEMBER of the business staff of Robert Mantell, the actor, tells of a conversation he overheard "in front" on the occasion of Mr. Mantell's production of "Hamlet" in a western town.

"Oh, Harry," said the young woman. "I think it's an awful shame to drown Ophelia and kill Hamlet. They ought to have been married."

Whereupon Harry heaved a sigh and looked earnestly at his companion.

"I ain't great on tragedy," said he, "but that's how I should fix it."—[New York Times.

## Great Linguist.

HE WAS a shining light of the intelligence corps, and before he arrived at Swakopmund his abilities as a linguist were spoken of with bated breath. To him there came his captain.

"Glad you've come, Jones," said he; "we need a man who speaks German. Take a file and go down and tell that officer we made prisoner yesterday that I'll parole him, but if he attempts to escape he'll be shot."

Off marched Jones, full of the importance of his task.

"Spechen sie Deutsch?" he asked the chap, to the great admiration of the on-lookers.

"Ja, ja," said the big German, eagerly, glad to find someone who understood him at last.

"Oh, yer do, do yer?" said Jones. "Well, the captain says as 'ow 'e'll give yer parole, but if you blooming well tries to skip it, there's a bullet fer yer. See?"—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## What Could He Do With It?

"THE manager of my store," declared the merchant to a little coterie of friends, "is a peculiar genius. Why, would you believe it, when he draws his weekly salary he keeps out only \$1 for spending money and sends the rest to his wife in Indianapolis."

His listeners—with one exception, who sat silent and reflective—gave vent to loud murmurs of wonder and admiration.

"Now, it may sound thin," added the speaker, "but it's true, nevertheless."

"Oh, I don't doubt it at all," quickly rejoined the quiet one; "I was only wondering what he does with the dollar!"—[Chicago News.

## Not So Green After All.

AN IDAHO guide, whose services were retained by some wealthy easterners desirous of hunting in the Northwest, took them to be the greenest of tenderfeet, since he undertook to chaff them with a recital something as follows:

"It was my first grizzly, so I was mighty proud to kill him in a hand-to-hand struggle. We started to fight about sunrise. When he finally gave up the ghost the sun was going down."

At this point the guide paused to note the effect of his story. Not a word was said by the easterners, so the guide added very slowly, "for the second time."

"I gather, then," said one young gentleman, a dapper little Bostonian, "that it required a period of two days to enable you to dispose of that grizzly?"

"Two days and a night," said the guide, with a grin. "That grizzly died mighty hard."

"Choked to death?" asked the Bostonian.

"Yes, sir," said the guide.

"Pardon me," continued the Hubbits, "but what did you try to get him to swallow?"—[Chicago News.

## Sheridan's Wit.

SHERIDAN was once staying at the house of an elderly maiden lady in the country, who wanted more of his company than he was willing to give. Proposing one day to take a stroll with him, he excused himself to her on account of the badness of the weather. Shortly afterward she caught him sneaking out alone.

"So, Mr. Sheridan," said she, "it has cleared up?"

"Just a little, ma'am—enough for one, but not enough for two!"—[Tit-Bits.

## Pat Was Ready for Him.

ON PAT'S arrival in New York his Yankee friend began to boast of the heat, which, he said, was so hot that it burnt the wings off the flies.

"Oh, that's nothing to the heat in Ireland. Why they have to feed the hens on ice cream to keep them from laying boiled eggs."—[Chicago News.

## News for Historians.

THE inspector was examining a school and all the class had been specially told beforehand by its teacher, "Don't answer unless you are almost certain your answer is correct."

The subject was history.

"Who," asked the inspector, "was the mother of the greatest Scottish hero and King, Robert Bruce?"

He pointed to the boy in front of him and then round the class. There was no answer. Then, at last, the heart of the teacher leaped with joy. The boy who was standing at the very foot indicated that he knew.

"Well, my boy," continued the inspector, "who was she?"

"Mrs. Bruce," said the lad.—[Chicago Journal.

## An Underbidder.

"Y'LL excuse me, captain," said O'Harrity, addressing the commander of the battleship, "but is it three ut costs sivin hundred dollars to fire wan o' thim big guns?"

"Yes, O'Harrity," said the captain. "Why do you ask?"

"Oo, t'ought Oi might save yes some money, sorr," said O'Harrity. "Sure, and Oi'll fire 'em for yes for tin."—[New York Times.

## Was Too Flighty.

TOMMY was at tea with his mother, when she suddenly noticed that he was eating his apple jelly with his teaspoon.

"Tommy, dear," she reproved him, "you shouldn't eat you jelly with a spoon."

"But, mummy, I must!" replied the youngster firmly.

"No, dear, you must not. Put it on your bread."

"I did put it on my bread, mummy," explained Tommy promptly, "but it won't stay there; it's too nervous."—[Chicago News.

## A Good Old-timer.

A TENDERFOOT was standing directly behind the dealer in an old-time poker game in a western mining town, and saw the latter deal himself aces from the bottom of the pack. He turned to the native who stood beside him, who also had been watching the deal closely, but the face of the native was quite expressionless.

After a moment or two the tenderfoot leaned over closer to the native and whispered:

"Say, did you see that?"

"See what?" queried the native.

"Why," exclaimed the tenderfoot, in some surprise, "that man just dealt himself four aces from the bottom of the pack. Didn't you see it?"

"Well," responded the native, complacently, "it's his deal, ain't it?"—[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

## Blaming the Bard.

THE woman visitor to the prison cells was amazed to find such a theory of depravity.

"Do you mean to tell me," she asked, "that reading Shakespeare brought you to prison? What works did you read?"

"Romeo and Juliet, mum," said No. 411.

"But what evil influence could that have on you?"

"Why, it learned me to be a porch-climber, mum."—[Puck.

## Not a Booklover.

AFTER spending the summer in a mountain hamlet in Tennessee, the visitor hired a native to help pack up. As they were engaged in boxing a shelf of books the mountaineer remarked:

"Somehow ah nevah keered much for books; but," he resumed after a thoughtful pause, "ah can't read an' mebbe that had sumpin' to do wit' it."—[Exchange.

## Trained Fies.

A SALESMAN who had been working a small midwestern town wished to catch a train which passed through it about half an hour before noon, and asked the village landlord to serve him before the regular "dinner" hour. Soon he was admitted to the dining-room, where a fairly good meal was spread before him. But flies were so numerous that the landlord had to stand behind his chair and shoo them with a napkin.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the salesman, "I never saw so many flies."

"Flies?" retorted the landlord, scornfully. "Shucks! this ain't nothin'. If you want to see flies, just wait till I ring the bell for dinner. They're all out in the stable now."—[Kansas City Star.

## Wanted to Be Sure.

HE HAD taken a transfer from the agent and started across to the other line when a sudden thought struck him and he turned back and asked for the agent.

"Is this ticket also a beer check?"

"Of course not," was the reply.

"Good for nothing except to ride some where else on?"

"That's all."

"No beer, soda or ice cream, eh?"

"Not a bit."

"All right—all right," mused the man as he turned away. "Stranger in town, you know—got to learn the ropes—don't want to miss a good thing. No beer—no soda—no ice cream. Guess I'll ride around and look for a line which has the interests of its patrons at heart."—[Washington Herald.

## These Lawyers Again.

AN ENGLISHMAN, while passing along the main street in a small town in Maine, stepped in a hole in the sidewalk and, falling, broke his leg. He brought suit against the city for \$1000 damages and engaged Hannibal Hamlin for counsel. After settling up the claim, Hamlin sent for his client and handed him \$1.

"What's this?" asked the Englishman.

"That's your damages, after taking out my fee, the cost of appeal and several other expenses," said Hamlin.

The Englishman looked at the dollar. "What's the matter with this?" he asked; "is it bad?"—[Unidentified.

## Some Hand for a Sick Man.

A CERTAIN man stayed out much later at night than his wife liked, and as he would never tell her where he had been she got their little boy to ask him.

One morning at breakfast the youngster said, "Dad, where wur yer last night?"

"Never your mind where I was," answered the father.

"But," insisted the boy, "where wur yer?"

"Well, if you must know, I was sitting up with a sick friend."

"Oh, did yer sick friend die?"

"What an absurd question! Of course he didn't die!"

"Oh, but did you hold your sick friend's hand?"

"No," answered the father; "how foolish you are. Of course, I didn't." And then he added, with a far-away look in his eyes: "I wish to heaven I had. He held four aces!"—[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

## Called His Bluff.

THERE are a lot of four-flushers who go through life without learning that four-flushing is a fine art. Such are beneath contempt. But one has great admiration for those few who have mastered the game.

"If a man calls me a liar," asserted one of such, "I'd sail in and lick him if he weighed 300 pounds."

"Well, you big bluff," answered one who was tired of listening, "I call you, right here and now. You're a liar."

"Bluff yourself," came back the artist, without a minute's hesitation. "You don't weigh more than 150, and you know what I said."—[Hartford Courant.



